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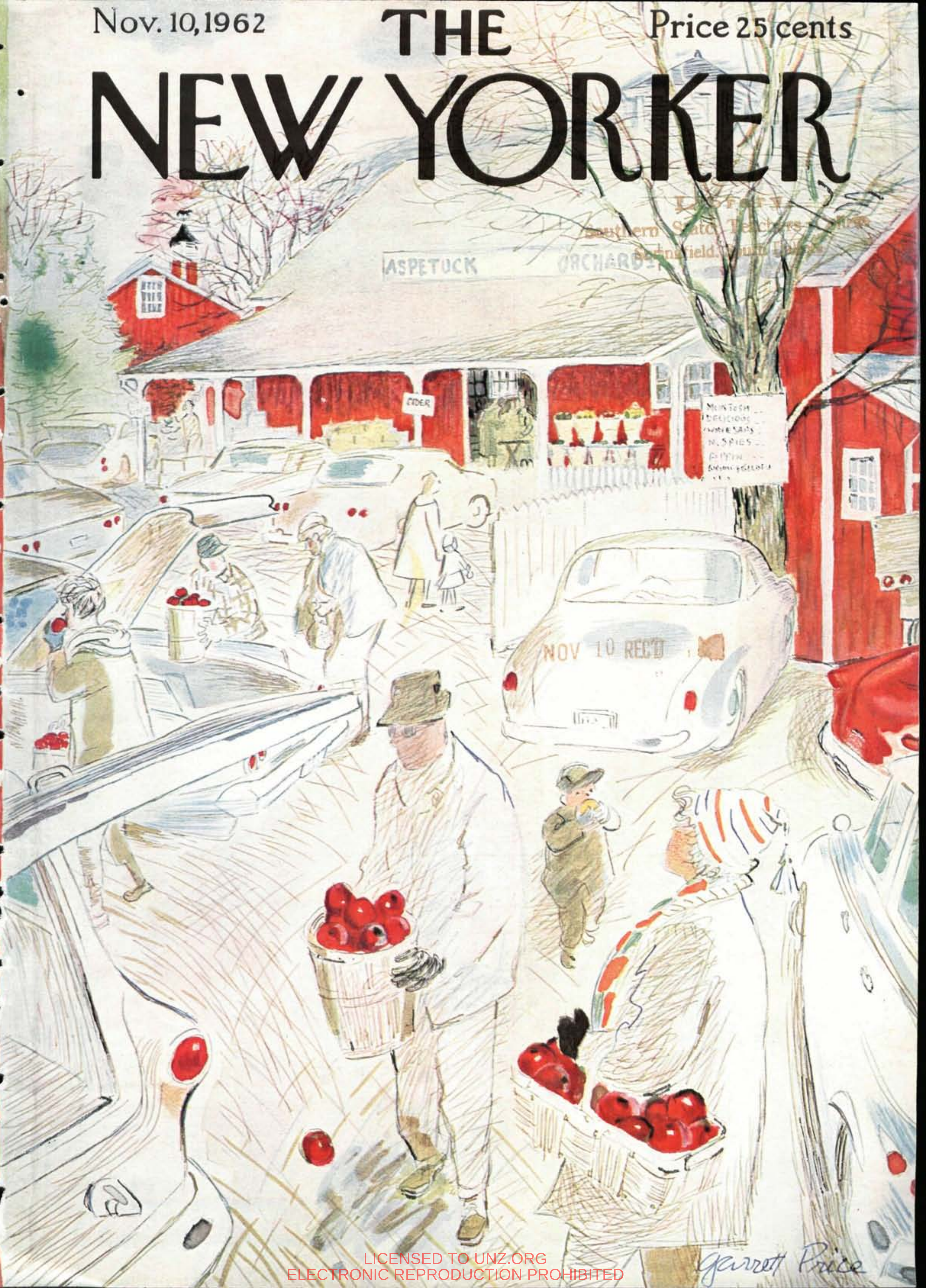
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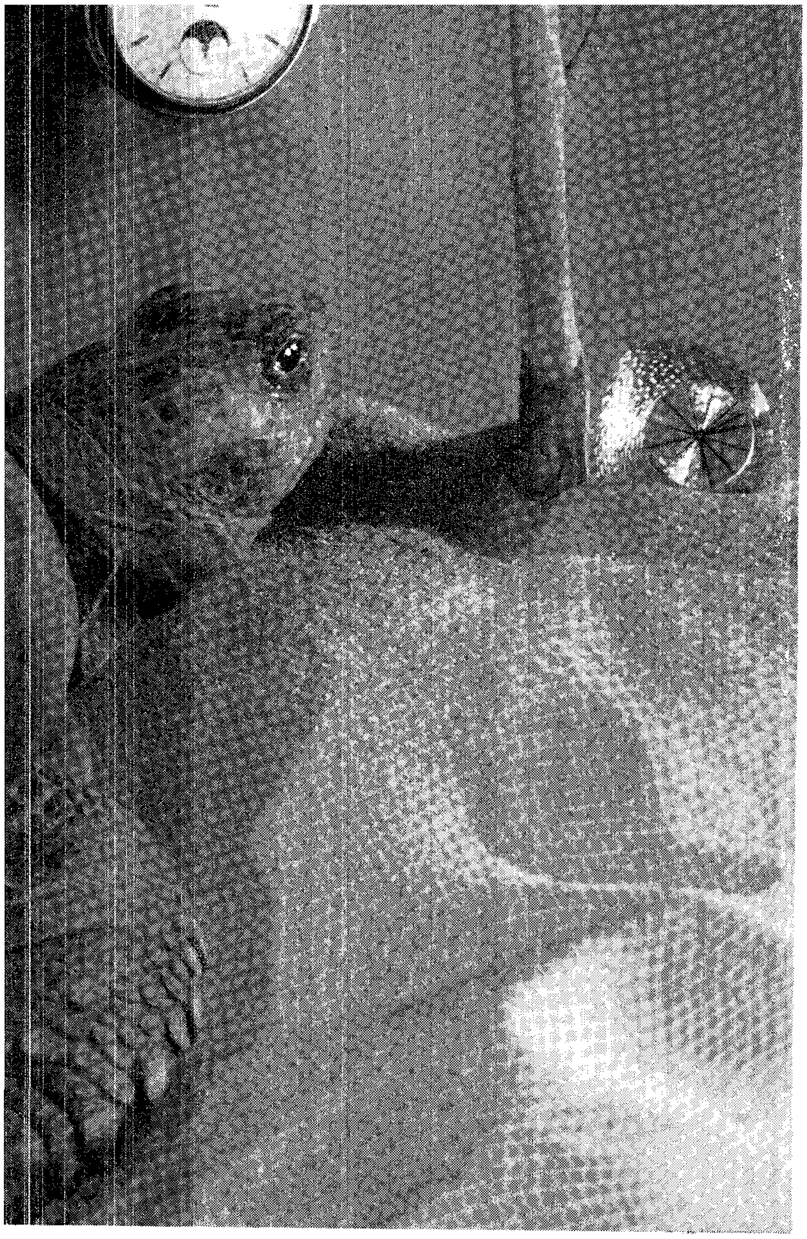

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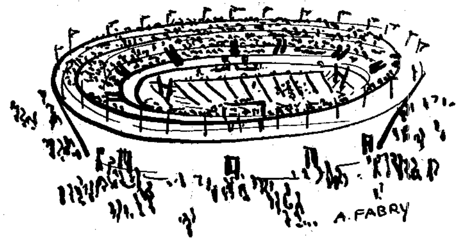
NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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11	12	13	14	15	16	17

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Affair—Trouble at a Cambridge college when the authorities are induced to review the case of an ill-mannered young physicist of Communist leanings who has been dismissed for allegedly falsifying facts in an important paper. Adapted by Ronald Millar from a novel by C. P. Snow, the piece is long on dialogue but short on action—and, for that matter, any really original ideas. Brewster Mason leads a competent cast of American and British actors. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Beyond the Fringe—A delightful diversion in which four superb English comedians—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—cock their snooks at everything from The Establishment to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Calculated Risk—A drama concerned with the ins and outs of a struggle for control of a New England woollen mill. The actors, led by Joseph Cotten, try hard to inject an element of suspense, but they fail, alas, since the play, by Joseph Hayes, just doesn't have a great deal of melodramatic content. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Night Life—In this effort to duplicate the success of his previous melodramas, Sidney Kingsley sets his stage in a Manhattan night club, but unfortunately he doesn't generate much excitement. However, Neville Brand, Carol Lawrence, Walter Abel, Carmen Mathews, Salome Jens, and Jack Kelly give perceptive portrayals of sordid after-hours types. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Seidman and Son—An amiable if uneventful investigation into a few days in the life of a Seventh Avenue garment manufacturer who has difficulty with his heir and sympathy for his lonesome and toothsome lady designer. Sam Levene is mildly diverting as the dress man, and Nancy Wickwire is lovely to look at as the designer. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tchin-Tchin—Margaret Leighton as an English lady who has been abandoned by her spouse, and Anthony Quinn as a construction boss who is in the same predicament. The play that throws these two together is short on logic, but the acting is laudable. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—Jason Robards, Jr., as a fugitive from Madison Avenue who finds that he may have to go back to the cave of the winds if he is to continue to serve as guardian of a beloved twelve-year-old nephew. As written by Herb Gardner, this is a rather loose-hinged but funny enough affair, and it has splendid performances by Mr. Robards, Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—Edward Albee employs some grim charades to expose the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The language is rough by any standards, and the play goes on much too long, but there are some dramatic episodes. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, George Grizzard, and Melinda Dillon; for the matinées it is Kate Reid, Shepperd Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Avra Petrides. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS:** An English drama, by Robert Bolt, outlining some high points in the career of the sixteenth-century Roman Catholic martyr Sir Thomas More, now played by Emlyn Williams. George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart are also in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Tom Poston, and Edward Mulhare are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE:** A comedy by Phoebe and Henry Ephron about the agitation of a West Coast father (Art Carney) who doesn't quite know what his daughter (Elizabeth Ashley) is up to at an Eastern college, and suspects the worst. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel leading a lively cast through ancient Rome in a very merry show written by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, with an assist from Plautus. Mr. Mostel has the strong support of Jack Gilford, David Burns, John Carradine, Ronald Holgate, and, for that matter, every participant in the comedy. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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I Can Get It for You Wholesale—Jerome Weidman has adapted his scathing, funny novel about the garment business into a musical that is just as scathing and funny. Harold Rome's songs are, with a couple of exceptions, tuneful, varied, and ebullient. The performances—singing, acting, and dancing—by all concerned are quite wonderful. Elliott Gould, Barbra Streisand, Harold Lang, and Lillian Roth head the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Mr. President—Although Irving Berlin, Howard Lindsay, Russel Crouse, and Joshua Logan had a hand in this one, it never quite jells into a first-class musical. Nevertheless, it is not without merit, and Robert Ryan, Nanette Fabray, and Anita Gillette are pleasant as the principals. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—A show that affords every conceivable treat for ear and eye. The songs (lyrics, too) are by Richard Rodgers; the settings—Paris and various spots *au bord de la mer*—are by David Hays; and the choreography is by Joe Layton, who also handled the direction. The only flaw is in the book, by Samuel Taylor, which deals, in part, with the literary frustrations of an expatriate novelist. Richard Kiley, as the writer, and Diahann Carroll, as a Paris *Vogue* model, make an appealing pair of lovers. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stop the World–I Want to Get Off—The seven ages of man, or something of the sort, interpreted by Anthony Newley, who owes a large debt to Marcel Marceau. The pantomime, songs, and patter leave everything to be desired. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** How things were at the Round Table. With Kathryn Grayson, William Squire, and Arthur Treacher. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **CARNIVAL:** Tent shows, jugglers, puppets, an embittered puppeteer, and a lovely waif. Susan Watson, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard are among those present. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; on Fridays at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** A show about a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MILK AND HONEY:** Eight widows, all eager to take another plunge into matrimony, on the loose in Israel. The cast includes Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Hermione Gingold. On Monday, Nov. 12, Molly Picon will return to her original role, replacing Miss Gingold. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Nancy Dussault in a Rodgers and Hammerstein confection based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, ex-

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, A. J. Russell, Jr., E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 38, November 10, 1962. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1962 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER ADVICE
to a woman in love with her mink

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PAMPER ITS WHIMS. A good mink will go through sleet, rain or snow for you, but is not too happy next to a radiator. It expects special treatment just once a year. Insists on summering in a cold climate. Mink is allergic to plastic garment bags and chemical sprays and has a morbid fear of moths. Otherwise it's romantically rugged.

APPRECIATE ITS VIRTUES. It embraces you so warmly. Kisses your cheek tenderly. And nothing's more faithful to you in its fashion than American natural dark ranch mink. Become a blonde or redhead and it won't turn a hair. Dark mink's true to you whatever your coloring.

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cept Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Nowhere to Go but Up—A musical with book and lyrics by James Lipton, music by Sol Berkowitz, and a cast that includes Tom Bosley, Martin Balsam, and Bruce Gordon. Directed by Sidney Lumet and produced by Kermit Bloomgarden and Herbert Greene, with Steven H. Scheuer. Opens Saturday, Nov. 10. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—The opening performances of a four-week engagement of Gilbert and Sullivan that will run through Sunday, Dec. 9. "The Mikado": Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 7:30; Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 17-18, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Gondoliers": Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8, and Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Little Me—Sid Caesar in a musical with a book by Neil Simon, based on Patrick Dennis's novel of the same name. Carolyn Leigh wrote the lyrics and Cy Coleman the music. Staged by Cy Feuer and Bob Fosse, and presented by Mr. Feuer and Ernest Martin. Opens Saturday, Nov. 17. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Anything Goes—This revival is youthful and merry enough to satisfy even the most stubbornly nostalgic old-timer, although he may object to the inexplicable addition of songs from other Cole Porter shows to a score that certainly doesn't need them. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Anvil—A play by Julia Davis. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be; the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is better. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. The six actors in the company manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker—A play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hostage—A revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house, and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland heads the cast. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Intimate Relations—Jan Miner in the first play in a Cocteau repertory. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man Is Man—The final revision (1953) of a play in which Bertolt Brecht, with cumbersome irony, recorded the metamorphosis of a credulous, obliging day laborer into an enthusiastic soldier. The production as a whole is shrill and tedious, in spite of many good performances, notably those by Joseph Chaikin, in the leading role, and Judith Malina, as a sinister widow who runs an army canteen. Gerhard Nellhaus was the translator. Reopens Tuesday, Nov. 13. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Man's a Man—An earlier and more limber version of the same script, translated by Eric Bentley. There is a lot of horseplay onstage, some of it entertaining and some just repulsive. Olympia Dukakis makes a fine, lusty widow, and Michael Conrad is funny as a bloodthirsty sergeant, but the rest of the acting doesn't amount to much. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A young playwright named Arthur Kopit, a young actress named Barbara Harris, and a veteran director named Jerome Robbins split the limelight in this disturbing farce about a man-eating mother, her spindly son, and a girl who tries to seduce him. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Old Bucks and New Wings—Smith and Dale in a revue with book and lyrics by Harvey Lasker and music by Eddie Stuart. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 8:15 and 11:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Three one-acters by Thornton Wilder: "Someone from Assisi," "Childhood," and "Infancy." "Childhood," in which a father makes a wish that he can be an invisible witness at his children's games and becomes a participant instead, is Mr. Wilder at his magical, almost best; and Dana Elcar, Susan Towers, Nora Elcar, and Philip Visco do him proud, as father and children, respectively. José Quintero is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Thursday and Sunday at 8:40, Friday at 9:30, and Saturday at 8 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 11.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A double bill. The more important half is a faithful and quite effective dramatization of key episodes from Joyce's novel. "The Barroom Monks," a sentimental yet also rather affecting first play by Joseph Carroll, deals with the encounter of an alcoholic priest and a young medical student who works as a bartender. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

P.S. 193—A professor of philosophy vs. a vengeful and addled veteran of the Korean War. At its best, David Rayfiel's melodrama manages to be frightening, touching, and funny; at its worst it is somewhat high-toned and cloudy. Severn Darden and James Earl Jones play the antagonists. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes funny and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

We're Civilized?—A musical with book and lyrics by Alfred Aiken and music by Ray Haney. Opens Thursday, Nov. 8. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Whisper into My Good Ear and **Mrs. Dally Has a Lover**—These one-acters by William Hanley, a new dramatist, often seem rather contrived, but the lines, whether amusing or sad, have a quality that is rarely heard at any playwright's début. The first is a dialogue between two lonely old men, the second a dialogue between a middle-aged woman and a teen-aged boy in the midst of an affair, and both are well performed. Roberts Blossom, Boris Tumarin, Estelle Parsons, and Robert Drivas are the cast. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

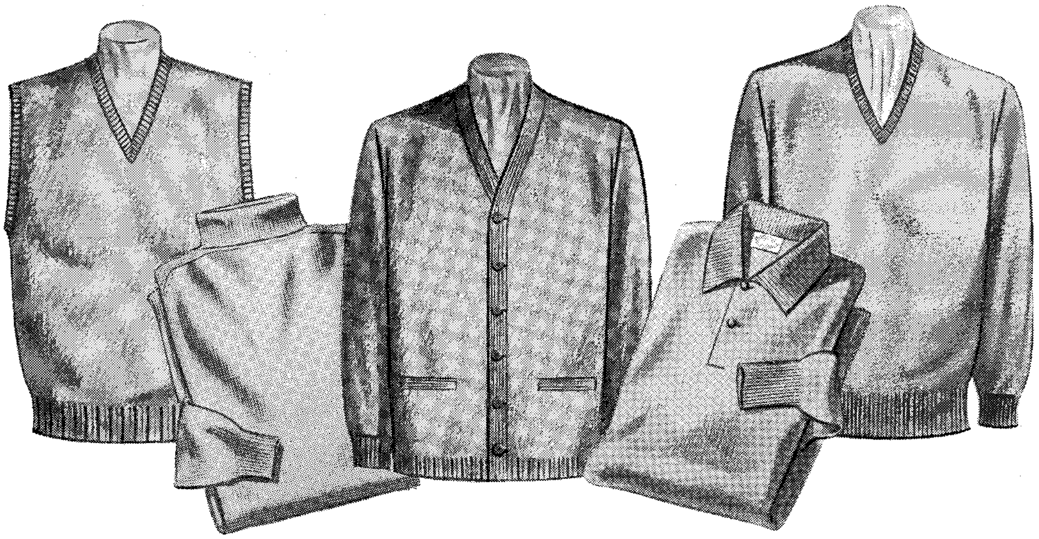
MISCELLANY

Foo Hsing Theatre—A troupe of forty children from the Republic of China, appearing here for the first time, in a musical drama called "The Beautiful Bait." A one-week engagement that will run from Monday through Saturday, Nov. 12-17. (Longacre Theatre, 48th St. west of Broadway. CI 6-5639. Opening night curtain at 8; evenings thereafter at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Paul Taylor—With his company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 8-9, at 8:30. For tickets, call OR 7-6416.)

Donald McKayle—With his company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nov. 10, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 11, at 3. For information about tickets, call LA 8-4280.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—People who live in this glass house will find, in the middle of it, the Royal Box, which is large enough to be our fifty-first state. At one end of it are Tony Martin and his patent-leather songs. Lester Lanin's band gives its dance music the staccato incisiveness of a drill sergeant. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A display room suitable for all sorts of public occasions, particularly fashion shows and passing shows. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra play industriously for anyone not content with being a mere spectator. The alcove called the Champagne Room, designed for immobile types, gets along with Gleb Yellin's piano and Janet Vaughn's violin. Closed Sundays.

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—New York, New York, it's a hell of a town, and here's a small cross-section, complete in detail. Chauncey Gray, who's New York, New York from way back, has a dance band in service after ten. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the *de-rigueur* Café Pierre, Stanley Worth's small group does prancing music evening after evening, giving way just on Mondays to another band.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Robert Goulet, a prince of the realm of words-and-music, is chanting tone poems in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Emil Coleman's large band and Mark Monte's minute one play for dancing all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Every day but Monday, Leo LeFleur's duo in the Palm Court burbles from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven-thirty and nine-thirty.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—After these many years, Jan Garber's orchestra is in town (his address is the Grill), stirring up all kinds of it-was-only-yesterday recollections. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Anywhere from the first to the tenth generation listens and/or dances in the Maisonette, that noble pile, to the band run by a second generation—Peter Duchin, son of the historic Eddy. Ray Bari's group shares the bandstand. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a below-stairs haven small enough to be engraved on the head of a fraternity pin, is full of richly inlaid peace and quiet even when piano and violin are cajoling the dinner and supper guests. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns is a greener pasture now that Ted Straeter, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, is again wintering his happy, heady dance band in a northern clime. Ray Hartley, the soloist of the hotel's Savoy Room, sits in at the piano between seven and eight; Arturo Arturos and his Latin trio sit in after that whenever the Straeters are at leisure. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In between his sets in the Columns, Mr. Hartley works the Savoy Room, every night but Sunday, with lots and lots of neatly turned keyboard.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two formal gardens that bloom only in the colder months: the ample Embassy Club (Gunnar Hansen's orchestra and Quintero's rumba buffs) and the tiny Knight Box (Jani Sarkozi's violin). Both gardens revert to the caretakers on Monday nights.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room provides, at both evening mealtimes, a chance to listen in on the distressed conversations of Shelley Berman, for whom the telephone booth is often—spiritually, anyway—a form of isolation booth. Milt Shaw's orchestra does the best of the music, both ballad and dance. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley is once more a mild sounding board, for Emile Petti is at the piano from five to one. After nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, he also runs a trio for dancing. No music Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The old grads of Louis (Goldie, that is) Hawkins' earlier clubhouses chatter side by side with the undergraduates of his present one, while the music plays on and on. The score runs like this: the romantic piano of Bob Printz from five-thirty to eight; the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from Mr. S. and Mr. H. Closed Sundays. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper every day but Sunday, when the keys are given to Forrest Perrin, who also turns out a set from one to three-thirty that day in Mon Plaisir, another inglenook here. . . . **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine opera house when it's not busy being a Florentine *trattoria*. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. His resolute little opera company lives a Puccini sort of *vie de bohème* every night, and his dance trio operates after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. . . . **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Plenty of water (and *vin du pays*) has flowed under the play drawbridge of this toyland since Norbert Faconi began circumnavigating the tables with his Casanova violin. No music Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566: A companion piece to the Château Henri IV (q.v. *supra*) and, like it, decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, Herman Honigsberg, a master among violinists, and a pianist are steadily on the go. No music Sundays. . . . **Ritz Bar,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the quarter-deck of the ship-of-state bar in the Carlton House sits Victor del Monte, who placidly addresses his piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The "Tiber Rag" is what you'll hear from the musicians who course through these premises. They operate from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Zambra,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hardcore but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays. . . . **Barberry,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A rainless plain in Spain, to judge by the topography, but the bill of fare and the music, which is Conrad Monjoy's piano, are midtown Manhattan. He's there from six to ten every night but Sunday. . . . **Liborio,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): No Spanish moss grows under the feet of the Andalusian singers and dancers who find their way to the tiny stage now and then. They are Angel Mancheno, who is built of the finest coiled-steel springs, and a covey of quail, of which Luisita Sevilla is the boldest. Mondays through Saturdays, there's dancing, too, for the patrons, and Sunday afternoons there's tea dancing from two to seven. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Make-believe Central Europe under a harvest moon, which calls for celebration by violin, zimbalon, and voice. Lili France, head of the voice department, gives way to Laureanne Lemay on Tuesday, Nov. 13. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman legion is forever on the night march through this pic-

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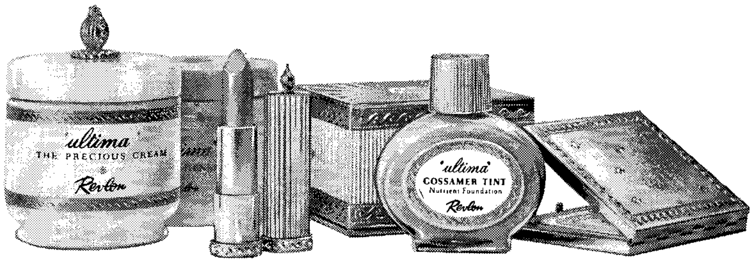
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

turesque and lively residential area, but its only instruments of war are violins and accordions. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an unbridled *femme fatale* in her musical-comedy incarnations, is simply a docile housewife when she does her at-homes (songs, mostly) in this small efficiency apartment and dining room. An accordion or something talks in whispers whenever she's not front and center. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A few of the seats on this stock exchange are hereditary. Not very long after the market closes, George Feyer begins a long evening of greeting-card piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): The age of reason and romance is restored at ten every night, when Greta Keller starts applying her calm ministrations to arias that are often passwords to her native Vienna. Earlier on, there is zither music, and at any time the inner nourishment is regional, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti has just reclaimed the piano stool in the bar of this exemplary manor house. Closed Sundays. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): The gentle and dulcet Joan Bishop has the run of the piano in the Palm Court from five to eight-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): A good deal of *Kaffeeklatsch* for one evening, but there are, on the other hand, Yvonne Constant, a faultless specimen of Parisian soubrette, and Adriana Dalmare, a rare and diverting specimen of Venetian soubrette. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): J. S. Bach seasons the leisurely dinner hour from seven to midnight, and the harpsichord of Pamela Cook is the distributor of the seasoning. Mondays are silent nights.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "The Venus Touch," a dream of fair women, comes twice a night to Donn Arden, a producer for whom the Garden of Eden remains evergreen. The wittiest of the young ladies (practically three dozen of them) is the fully clothed and accomplished Barbara Heller, who can make manic depression fun for one and all. A couple of superb European variety acts remind one that there are still men on earth; the duets of François Szony and Nancy Claire remind us that ballet can be beautiful. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The wily and persuasive Nat King Cole intones his Pied Piper ballads, and Gary Morton, one of the better familiarity-breeds-content talkers, talks. All this comes to an end on Wednesday, Nov. 14. Dancing for the guests. . . . **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): "Minsky's Follies" goes to a lot of trouble and noise to show us burlesque as it was, as it wasn't, and as it isn't today. It contains any number of young hoydens (female) just stepping out of the shower, and one old-line comic, Irving Benson, who simultaneously arouses blushes and peals of laughter. Closed only on Watch and Ward Society rally nights. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3000): The required reading for a passing mark at Julius Monk's brand-new and decorative revue, "Dime a Dozen," is often between the lines allotted to his fleet *farceurs*—Jack Fletcher, Ceil Cabot, Gerry Matthews, Mary Louise Wilson, Rex Robbins, and Susan Browning. The music is two mighty Steinways plied by William Roy and Robert Colston. The work program is twice a night every evening but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the lounge, there's betweentimes piano by Carl Norman. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Michael Brown returns at last to night life, armed with a quartet and the wildest, woolliest, and probably wittiest homemade folk songs of the season. The cast also includes Carmen Torres, a soprano of concert level, who does Latin folk songs, such as breezy *bossa nova;* Carolyn Hester, whose countryside ditties (unlike Mr. Brown's) weren't born yesterday; and Russ Lewis, who represents the disappearing art of ventriloquism. . . . ¶ In the lounge, after ten every night but Sunday, one can follow the bouncing ball that Cal Bostic has with his voice and piano. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): A group of dedicated and determined players, all first-rate (Zohra Lampert, Alan Arkin, Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, and Eugene Troobnick), are engaged in a revue without music, part prepared and part spur-of-the-moment, whose leading motto is "Don't spare the political war horses." Mondays and Tuesdays darkness reigns; the rest of the week the charade starts at eight-thirty and runs past midnight, except on Sundays, which have a three-o'clock matinée and an eight-thirty evening session. . . . **PREMISE**, 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): Another revue without music, partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, is being presented in a coffeehouse with theatre seats instead of tables. Its method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty; Fridays at eight and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Jane Connell and Bill McCutcheon, in whom the spirit of mockery rides high, can do no wrong in the course of the evening, but that's not entirely true of their librettists or of their companions in "No Shoestrings," a recently arrived portmanteau revue. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The incumbent revue doesn't know whether it's a hymn to the newest sense of humor or a warehouse for clichés. It goes most smoothly when Cy Young is in action. Performances occur around ten and midnight on weekdays, three times on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The new revue is twentieth-century, not traditional, Latin America, which could make it second cousin to Miami and Las Vegas. The everyone-for-himself dancing of the customers, done to the compulsive strains of two perfect bands (one is Pupi Campo's), is sometimes a triumph of amateurism over professionalism. The Sunday *thés dansants*, which replace the evening floor shows, are bacchanalian. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a most matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Gerry Mulligan comes on strong at the head of a muscular quartet, his instrument of choice. On Tuesday, Nov. 13, they'll be succeeded by Miles Davis's quintet and Bill Evans' trio. An extra session meets on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The power and the glory of Peggy Lee, whose voice can do everything, from mourning dove to whiskey soprano, are generously displayed twice a night, with the assistance of Benny Carter's colossal band. Closed Sundays. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): One of our best coffee plantations, with the sort of music that has become obligatory. Mike Settle, a young Oklahoman who serves up folk song without rhinestone trim, is the principal caroller; Woody Allen, a master of the spoken word, is the humorist. They stay home Tuesdays so that guest offerings may be presented. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, an exponent of everything-in-moderation, is filing her term paper on progressive piano with the assistance of a trio that includes Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker. Howard Reynolds, the intermission pianist, never spoils the prevailing mood. No sound on Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Larry Adler and Paul Draper, the world's only harmonica-and-ballet squad, are reviving their fun-and-games art form after a lapse of several years. Nina Simone and her trio are also available. Mondays are devoted to other talents. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-

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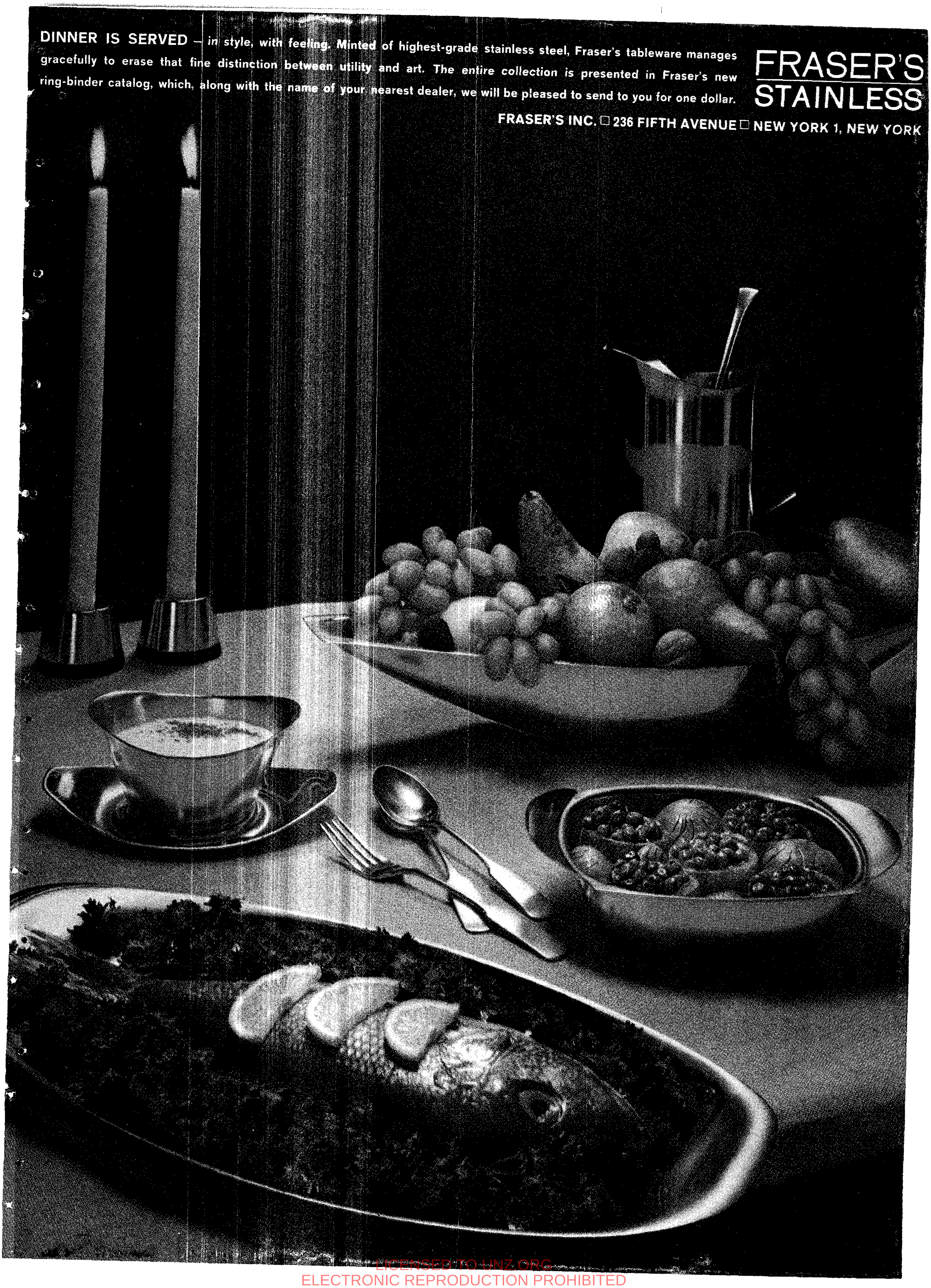

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

5388): Wilbur de Paris and his acolytes—Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Doc Cheatham among them—are expounding, very much out loud, their version of ancient history. Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart, whose lyrics and music produce featherweight soufflés, are the other amusement. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The mute to stifle Wild Bill Davison's horn has yet to be forged. Grouped around him are such fellow-primitives as Vic Dickenson, Dick Wellstood, Buster Bailey, Cliff Leeman, and Willie Wayman. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The Dukes of Dixieland, a real strong-arm squad, are doing the blowing. Guest performers take up the cudgels on Sundays. . . . ¶ Saturday nights, there's Twist music, and the catatonic calisthenics that go with it, upstairs in the haymow. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The main bout is the quartet of Stan Getz, a switch hitter, since he now bats from the South American side of the plate, too, in the manner of *bossa nova*. Sonny Stitt's foursome provides the rest of the action. On Thursday, Nov. 15, a new broom will sweep in, among others, a quintet involving Lee Morgan, late of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, and Jimmy Heath. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB**, 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): From eight until two every night but Sunday, Herman Chittison plies his calm, steady piano in a twentieth-century sort of Gay Nineties bar. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Art Farmer, who looks on the bright side of progressivism, has three fellow-thinkers at his side. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): An old Condon alumnus, Tony Parenti, is now head man. His quintet, which is in the Condon tradition, has Sammy Price, another local alumnus, on piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones and his quartet can generally outspeak the ringside visitors. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Extracurricular weekend courses in the music of our forefathers. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 9-10, it should emanate from Jo Jones, Edmond Hall, Eddie Barefield, Herman Autrey, Conrad Janis, Marty Napoleon, Johnny Letman, and Panama Francis. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

KAREL APPEL—Abstract Expressionist oils (1951-56) by the Dutch painter; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Hahn, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

PIERRE BONNARD—Water colors, drawings, and sketches that were studies for his first illustrated book, "Petit Solfège Illustré" (1893); through Dec. 1. (Deitsch, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JAMES BROOKS—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

REG BUTLER—Bronzes by this English sculptor; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SYLVIA CAREWE—Eight new Aubusson tapestries, as well as new paintings; through Dec. 1. (French & Co., 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

CHRYSSA—Abstract sculptures and paintings by a young Greek-American artist; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

PACHITA CRESPI—Impressionistic paintings; through Thursday, Nov. 15. (Crespi, 1153 Madison Ave., at 85th St. Weekdays, noon to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 3 to 6.)

WILLEM DE KOONING AND BARNETT NEWMAN—Retrospectives of their paintings by two leaders of the New York School; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

VICTOR DE PAUW—Assemblages and water-color collages; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Preston, 3 E. 63rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

STEPHEN ETNIER—Paintings of Mexico, Florida, and Maine; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

TERRY FROST—Paintings by a contemporary British abstractionist; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

JAN GELB—"The Great Beach" is the theme of a series of abstractions; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

PAUL GEORGES—Female nudes, landscapes, and family scenes; through Dec. 1. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Seascapes and figure paintings; through Nov. 24. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAOUL HAGUE—Abstract carvings in wood; through Dec. 22. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to noon and 2 to 6.)

GRACE HARTIGAN—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT HENRI (1865-1929)—Early landscapes and figure drawings; through Nov. 24. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St.)

FANNIE HILLSMITH—Semi-abstract paintings, including interiors and still-lifes; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

MARGO HOFF—Collage paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St.)

CARL HOLTY—Abstractions; through Nov. 24. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

EARL WADE HUBBARD—Figure paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

GENICHIRO INOKUMA—Abstract oils and temperas by a Japanese painter; through Nov. 24. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT KABAK—Abstract landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Osgood, 137 W. 55th St.)

ARISTODEMOS KALDIS—The second section of a two-part show of paintings of Greek landscapes, or abstractions derived from them; through Nov. 24. (Kornblee, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

OCTAVE LANDUYT—Figurative paintings by a Belgian artist; through Dec. 1. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT LAURENT—Sculptures in bronze, alabaster, and wood; through Nov. 24. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

LAWRENCE LEBDUSKA—Paintings by this modern American primitive; through Friday, Nov. 16. (Tutti, 45 Canal St. Open Sundays; closed Mondays.)

MORRIS LOUIS—Previously unexhibited late paintings by this artist, who died in September; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

MARCIA MARCUS—Figure paintings primarily; through Nov. 24. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

GABOR PETERDI—Abstract paintings derived from nature; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

SOPHY REGENSBURG—Still-lifes mostly; through Nov. 28. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

ATTILIO SALEMME—Geometrical abstractions by this artist, who died in 1955; through Nov. 24. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ETHEL SCHWABACHER—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

JACK SMITH—Geometrical abstractions by a young English painter; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WALTER STEIN—Somewhat abstract landscapes with people, plus still-lifes and pictures of animals; through Nov. 24. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

SAUL SWARZ—Abstract bronzes; through Dec. 1. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

MARK TOBEY—An exhibition of non-abstract

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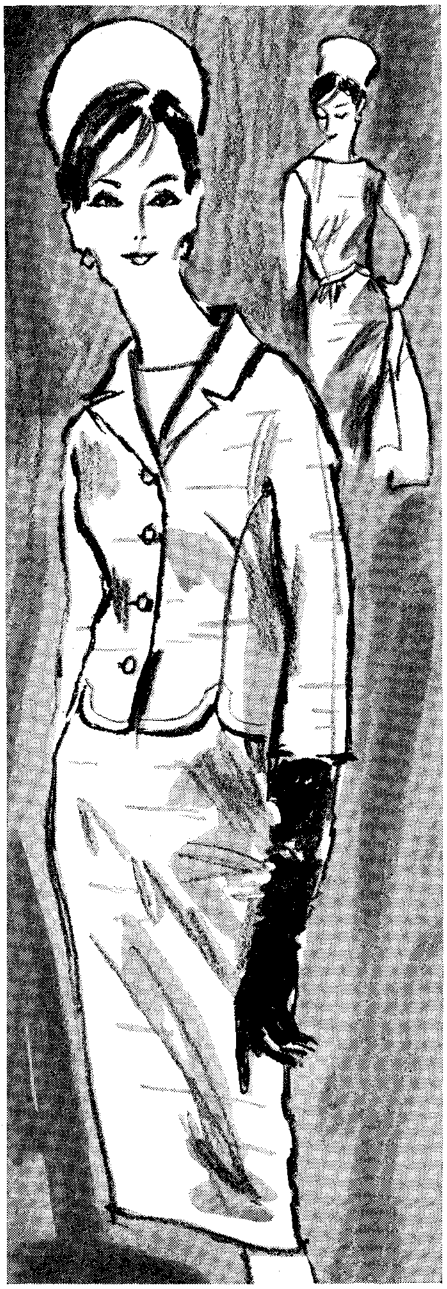

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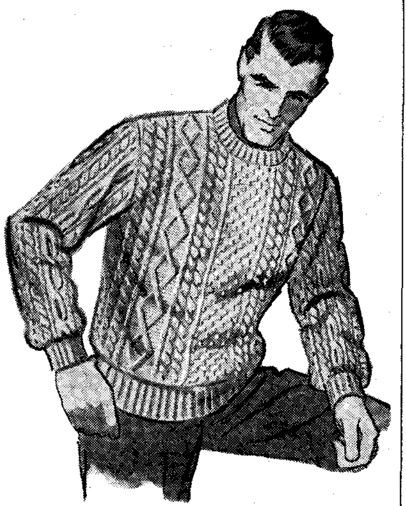

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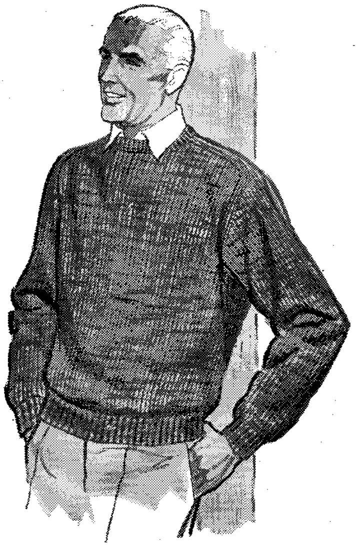

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Anthony Toney—City and country scenes; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9.)

Hugo Weber—Chiefly Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Nov. 24. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

New Directions of Art From South America—Forty-five paintings from Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and Uruguay; through Wednesday, Nov. 14. (American Federation of Arts, 41 E. 65th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Sculptors Guild—A twenty-fifth anniversary exhibition, comprising some seventy pieces (by Rhys Caparn, Robert Laurent, Bernard Rosenthal, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Nov. 20. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Sculptures and Manuscripts—Medieval and Renaissance sculptures by Donatello, Luca della Robbia, and others, together with thirty illuminated manuscripts, most of them fifteenth-century Italian; through Dec. 29. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

African Art—A survey of tribal styles from the newly formed African states of Mali, Ivory Coast, Ghana, Nigeria, and so on. There are carvings in wood and ivory, bronzes, masks, statues, stools, and sculptures used in religious and magic ceremonies. Through Nov. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Sculptures From the New Hebrides—Primitive fernwood carvings of ritualistic figures; through Dec. 1. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: A thirty-seventh-anniversary exhibition of new paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and William Zorach; through Saturday, Nov. 10. . . . **grand central moderns**, 8 W. 56th St.: Lamar Dodd, Seong Moy, and Kenneth Campbell are three of the artists represented in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Friday, Nov. 9. . . . **national academy of design**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The forty-ninth annual of paintings and sculptures by the Allied Artists of America; through Nov. 18. (Daily, 1 to 5.) . . . **new school**, 66 W. 12th St.: "Humanists of the Sixties: Man in Modern American Sculpture, Drawing, and Print," a display of works by Peter Agostini, Seymour Lipton, Gabor Peterdi, and others; through Nov. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **trabia-morris**, 7 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by artists from North and South America, among them Armando Morales, Rufino Tamayo, and Alexander Calder; through Saturday, Nov. 10. . . . **zabriskie**, 36 E. 61st St.: Landscapes, drawings, and water colors by artists of the Hudson River School, including Thomas Doughty, Frederick E. Church, and John F. Kensett; through Saturday, Nov. 10.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **janis**, 15 E. and 19 W. 57th St.: Factual paintings and sculptures from France, England, Italy, Sweden, and the United States, by Jim Dine, Peter Blake, Jean Tinguely, and other artists known as the new realists; through Dec. 1. . . . **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: Seventy-five paintings, by Hassam, Beckmann, and Appel (to mention a few) lent from the collection of the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Foundation and running concurrently with the showing of Mr. Hirshhorn's sculptures at the Guggenheim Museum; through Nov. 24. . . . **schweitzer**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Oils, water colors, and drawings by Courbet, Degas, William Merritt Chase, and other American and French artists; through Nov. 30.

Europeans; Group Shows—At **gallery 63**, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: Paintings by present-day Italian artists, among them Renato Guttuso, Arturo Tosi, and Mario Sironi; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **niveau**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French moderns, including Bombois, Buffet, and Vlaminck, in a showing of oils and water colors; through Nov. 30. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Recent canvases by such French painters as Dufy, Modigliani, and Utrillo; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **st. etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: Water colors, drawings, and graphic works by five Austrian and German Expressionists—Schiele, Kokoschka, Klimt, Kollwitz, and Kubin; through Friday, Nov. 16.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Stone Guest: Dialogues Between Persons and Statuary," a showing of prints, drawings, and photographs on the colloquy between Aristotle and the bust of Homer and other encounters between people and sculpture; through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Nineteen drawings executed by John Singleton Copley after he left Boston in 1774 and settled in London; starting Friday, Nov. 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Nov. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Surveys of the graphic work of five European Post-Impressionists (among them Walter Sickert and André Masson), along with examples of current printmaking in Germany, Poland, and Russia; through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ "The Bitter Years: 1935-41 Rural America Seen by the Photographers of the Farm Security Administration," a documentation of rural and urban life during the depression. Chosen by Edward Steichen, the pictures are by, among others, Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, and Ben Shahn. Through Nov. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A large display of works from the collection of the late Louis E. Stern, comprising American and European paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings (by Marin, Chagall, Giacometti, and others); objects of ancient Near Eastern, primitive, and Oriental art; and illustrated books. Through March 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Nov. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of Neapolitan paintings by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century artists, including Batistello Caracciolo, Salvator Rosa, and Corrado Giaquinto; through Dec. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A selection of four hundred and forty-four American and European sculptures (Daumier and Rodin to David Smith) from the collection of Joseph H. Hirshhorn; through Jan. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Monday, Nov. 12, noon to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the show of American and European paintings from the collection of the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Foundation at the Knoedler Art Galleries, 14 E. 57th St.

Museum of Primitive Art Pavilion, 16 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of more than two hundred spirit canoes, ritual poles, drums, shields, spears, ancestral figures, and animal sculptures collected by Michael C. Rockefeller in the Asmat region of New Guinea; through Sunday, Nov. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings and sculptures by contemporary California artists, including Elmer Bischoff, Richard Diebenkorn, and Jack Zajac; through Dec. 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Gabriella Tucci, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, Nicolai Gedda, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Elisabeth Soederstroem, Anneliese Rothenberger, Jean Madeira, Dino Formichini, Frank Guarrera, and Jack Gilford. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2: "Ernani," with Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, Cornell Mac-

Neil, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Gabriella Tucci, Lili Chookasian, Daniele Barioni, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Gabriella Tucci, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, Nicolai Gedda, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Giulietta Simionato, Margaret Roggero, and William Olvis; and "Pagliacci," with Raina Kabaiwanska, Carlo Bergonzi, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Ernani," with Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Elisabeth Soederstroem, Jeanette Scovotti, Jean Madeira, Dino Formichini, Frank Guarrera, and John Alexander. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Lucine Amara, Mignon Dunn, George Shirley, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2: "Andrea Chénier," with Zinka Milanov, Lili Chookasian, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Gabriella Tucci, Roberta Peters, George London, Nicolai Gedda, and Ezio Flagello. (A benefit for the Mizrachi Women's Organization of America; for tickets, call GR 7-4720 Mondays through Thursdays, 9 to 5, and Fridays, 9 to 2:30.)

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, Nov. 8: "The Wings of the Dove.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 9: "La Bohème.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 10: "Madame Butterfly.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 10: "Carmen.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 11: "The Merry Widow.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 11: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Karl Boehm conducting—Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 9, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 11, at 3 (all with John Corigliano, violin, and Laszlo Varga, cello); and Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 16, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3 (all with Ruggiero Ricci, violin).

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting and playing the piano in the first of two concerts, this one an all-Berlioz program, with Claude Woolman (acting, not singing); Walter Carringer, tenor; Paul Ukena, baritone; and two choruses. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Twentieth-Century Innovations—Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber ensemble in the first in a series of six concerts, this one devoted to the music of Stravinsky, Milhaud, Schoenberg, Messiaen, and Webern. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Music Forgotten and Remembered—Frederic Waldman conducting the Musica Aeterna Orchestra, with Marcel Grandjany, harp, and Samuel Baron, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting, with Carol Toscano, soprano. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

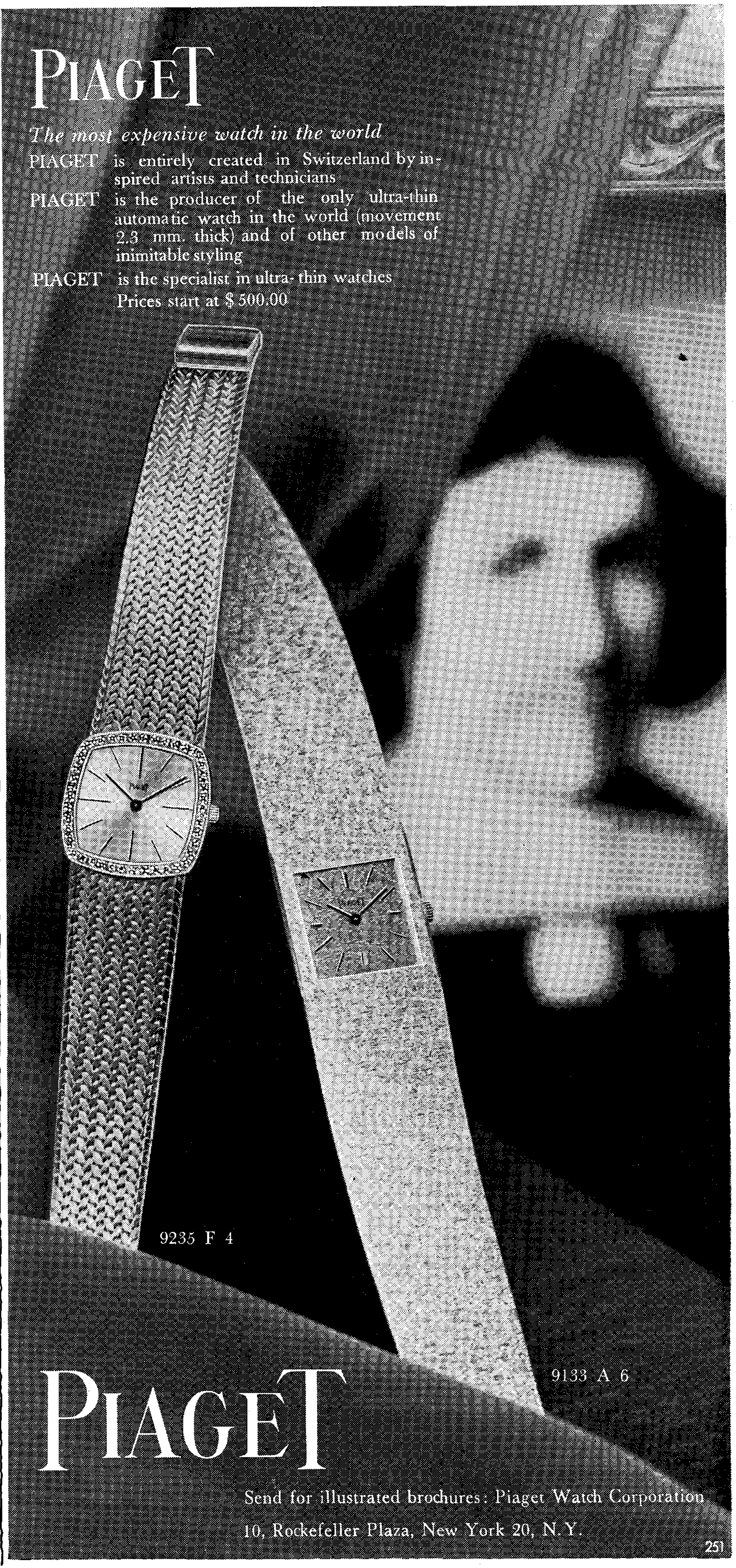
Benefit Concert—Anton Guadagno conducting the Symphony of the Air, with Vera Franceschi, piano; Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano; and Daniele Barioni, tenor. A benefit for St. John's University. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 3.)

Friends of French Opera—Robert Lawrence directing the Symphony of the Air and the Choral Art Society in excerpts from four operas, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; and George London, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Symphony of the Air—Alfred Wallenstein conducting an all-Brahms concert, with Daniel Barenboim, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Eastman Philharmonia—Howard Hanson conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:15.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau con-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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ducting, with Berl Senofsky, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Cantata Singers—Thomas Dunn directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Seasons," with Adele Addison, soprano; George Shirley, tenor; John Reardon, baritone, and the Festival Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

RECITALS

Grace Bumbry—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Kohon String Quartet—In the second in a series of three concerts presenting the Dvořák cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

New York String Sextet—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—In the third and fourth in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas and the Diabelli Variations. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2:30, and Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Shoshana Damari—Israeli folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

The Limeliters—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Friends of Live Music—The Lenox Quartet in the second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 5:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by a number of composers, among them Randall Thompson and Charles Ives, performed by Paul Lansky, French horn; Basil Reeve, oboe; Herbert Beattie, bass; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

José Iturbi—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

Charles Rosen—Piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

Elena Nikolaidi—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Kroll Quartet—In the first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

The Romeros—A program of guitar music by Celedonio Romero and his sons, Celin, Pepe, and Angel. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Mario Del Monaco and Gabriella Tucci—Tenor and soprano, with an orchestra conducted by Anton Guadagno. A benefit for the Bagby Music Lovers Foundation. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Jeanne-Marie Darré—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Kenneth Amada—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Haydn-Mozart Concerts—The first in a series of six concerts, this one consisting of Mozart quintets played by the Beaux-Arts String Quartet, with Howard Hillyer, French horn; Raphael Hillyer, viola; and Charles Russo, clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Lois Marshall—Soprano. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Paul Jacobs—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Hyman Bress—Violin. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Hungarian Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Teresa Berganza—Mezzo-soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Robert Casadesus—Piano, in a Beethoven-Debussy recital. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Sabicas—Flamenco guitar. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Note—The Hungarian Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 12, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Dizzy Gillespie's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams. A benefit for the Symphony of Musical Arts. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Amateur game: United States vs. Russia, Thursday, Nov. 8, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Professional games: Knicks vs. Cincinnati, Friday, Nov. 9, at 8:30. Cincinnati vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Boston, Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 6:30. Knicks vs. San Francisco, Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.

Boxing—Mick Leahy vs. Joey Archer, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 10. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 10: Army vs. Oklahoma State, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 17 (all at 1:30): Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Army vs. Pittsburgh, at Yankee Stadium. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Titans vs. Dallas Texans. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 2.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 11, at 7: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Hunt Racing—Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 10.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays; last day Friday, Nov. 30. Through Saturday, Nov. 10, post time will be 12:30; after that, it will be noon. The Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 10; the Vosburgh Handicap, Monday, Nov. 12; and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays; last day Wednesday, Dec. 5. Through Saturday, Nov. 10, post time will be 1; after that, it will be 12:15. The Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 10. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . LAUREL, Md.: Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 8-10, at 1, and Monday, Nov. 12, at 12:20. The Washington, D.C., International, Monday, Nov. 12.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:20; through Friday, Nov. 30.

FOR CHILDREN

Ballet—The Brooklyn Ballet Company presenting "Suite Pastorale," "Mother Goose Suite," "Harlequinade," and "Hag Habikurim."

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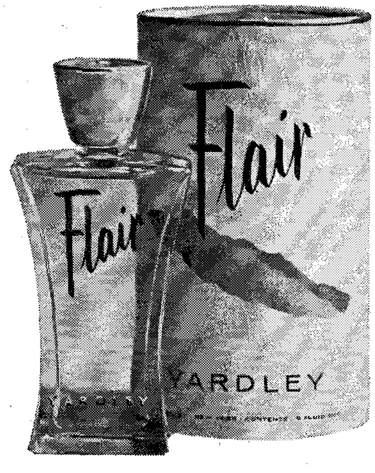

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(Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD:** "Beauty and the Beast." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 2:30.) . . . **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS:** "Dandy, the Circus Lion." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **MERRI-MIMES:** "Pinocchio." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2:30, and Sunday, Nov. 11, at 1.)... ¶ "Topsy Turvy Town." (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Greensleeves." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, Nov. 12, at 11 and 1.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology–Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Nov. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "History of a Star;" through Nov. 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 12, at 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"The Living Desert," a full-length Walt Disney film. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 1:30. Admission is free.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Monday, Nov. 12, from 10 to 12.

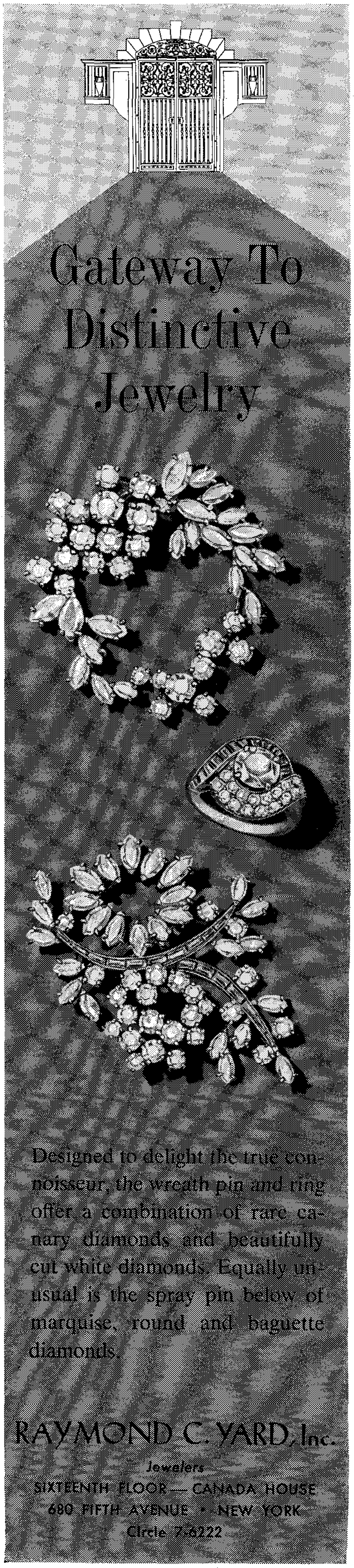
OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, *but only to those applying for them in person* at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Drama Readings—A group of actors, including Alexander Scourby and Lori March, in a reading of G. B. Shaw's "Candida." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

Flower Shows—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Saturday, Nov. 10, through Saturday, Dec. 1. Daily, 10 to 4:30.)... ¶ The Thanksgiving Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Nov. 14, from 12:30 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Nov. 8, at 1:45: Chinese jades and other Oriental art, from the estate of Jessie Tow and from other sources.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8: Incunabula, Americana, and literary and scientific classics, from the Lilly Library at Indiana University, together with a volume in contemporary binding containing two Colard Mansion imprints, from a European private owner.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 9-10, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture and bronze *doré;* gold, silver, and enamel bibelots; French and other silver; paintings and drawings; and Aubusson and Oriental rugs. From the collection of the late Gustave Pierre Bader.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Billy Budd—A beautiful retelling of the curious Melville novella. Peter Ustinov is the producer and director, as well as one of the leading actors. Also present are Robert Ryan and Terence Stamp, as incarnations of evil and good, respectively. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Divorce—Italian Style—If you're a handsome young nobleman in Sicily, tired of your wife and in love with a delectable cousin, murder is the one solution to your problem. Here, in a brilliant farce, is how the trick is done. Pietro Germi is the director, and the two stars are Marcello Mastroianni and Sicily. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—A long, honest, and often painful examination of the nature of accountability, told in terms of four Nazi judges on trial before an American military court. The almost too starry cast includes Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Judy Garland, Maximilian Schell, and Montgomery Clift. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 9.)

Jules and Jim—A French comedy, so odd and fresh and affecting that it often seems as if the director, François Truffaut, had invented a new sort of camera. Acted with great zest by Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 14, tentative.)

A Kind of Loving—A kind of comedy, which manages to say quite cheerfully that life is a mug's game but not to be missed. The setting is English and the cast faultless. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Nov. 11.)

Last Year at Marienbad—It is impossible to be sure what is happening from one moment to the next in this lovely French film, which is a sort of ghost story about love, only without ghosts or love. Screenplay by Alain Robbe-Grillet and direction by Alain Resnais. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 14, tentative.)

Lolita—A comedy about a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. Owing to Stanley Kubrick's direction and the acting of James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon, a very successful rendering of the Nabokov novel. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190. . . . ¶ Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Nov. 8-12 and Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; Nov. 11-13.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner—An English tragicomedy whose hero looks and behaves like a very young D. H. Lawrence. Thanks to the director, Tony Richardson, this proves to be a highly attractive state of lower-middle-class affairs. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—An overly reverent, unevenly acted film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Nov. 12, at 1 and 4:30. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Unreserved seats Monday, except Nov. 12, through Friday matinées at 1 and 4.)

The Longest Day—Darryl Zanuck's conscientious reconstruction of D Day, which, for all its three hours' juggling with life and death, is never very moving. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Nov. 12, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Manchurian Candidate—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. Sinatra is marvellous as the good American who makes everything come right in the end. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

The Night—A long, scrupulous, and, alas, finally tiresome study of a married couple in Milan, who find nothing to believe in, even themselves. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 14.)

The Passion of Slow Fire—Nothing like juicy killings to bring out the worst in everyone, except maybe the victim. A first-rate French filming of a first-rate *simenon*. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; Nov. 8.)

Period of Adjustment—A helter-skelter and often very funny improvement on the Tennessee Williams original. With Tony Franciosa, Jane Fonda, Jim Hutton, and Lois Nettleton. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, WI 7-9400; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Phaedra—Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins in a fascinating modern-dress version of a durable Greek tale about how not to keep peace in the family. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Requiem for a Heavyweight—Anthony Quinn in a flawless portrayal of an undefeated pug. Very nearly equal in brilliance are Jackie Gleason, Julie Harris, and Mickey Rooney. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney wrote a fine play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. The director, Tony Richardson, has managed to make the movie even better than the play, and the cast—among them Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin—is without exception superb. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 14, tentative.)

A Very Private Affair—Brigitte Bardot in a version of her own life, that, played by anyone else, would surely seem libellous. The fascination of the film lies in the sleight of hand of the director, Louis Malle. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Nov. 14.)

West Side Story—Lots of young men in tight pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Sundays, and Monday, Nov. 12, at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Anna Karenina (1935)—The Garbo triumph, which Tolstoy had something to do with, and in which the lady is escorted by Basil Rathbone and Fredric March. (Griffith, 215 W. 45th, CI 7-3513; through Nov. 14.)

Aparajito (1959)—A sequel to the Indian film "Pather Panchali," accompanying the family through further trials and misadventures. Directed by Satyajit Ray. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; through Nov. 14, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

La Belle Américaine (1961)—A French comedy, starring Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 8.)

A Cold Wind in August (1961)—The story concerns a tough stripper (Lola Albright) and a hitherto virtuous boy (Scott Marlowe) who fall in love. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 10.)

Elmer Gantry (1960)—Richard Brooks's interpretation of the Sinclair Lewis novel about revivalists. Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons are the most conspicuous Gospel shouters. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 10.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Griffith, 215 W. 45th, CI 7-3513; Nov. 8.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film depicting the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 8.)

In Which We Serve (1942)—Noel Coward's picture about a British destroyer. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Nov. 13.)

The Lower Depths (1962)—A Japanese adaptation of the old play by Maxim Gorky. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 12.)

Pather Panchali (1958)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; through Nov. 14, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

Separate Tables (1958)—Terence Rattigan's play about some sad and lonely people living in a threadbare hotel in Bournemouth. With David Niven and Deborah Kerr. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320.)

Sweet Smell of Success (1957)—Burt Lancaster as a Broadway gossip columnist, and Tony Curtis as a press agent who acts as his stooge. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—Lotte Lenya in a German interpretation of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill musical. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Nov. 14, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "Swedish Films, 1909-1957"—Through Nov. 10: "The Story of Gösta Berling" (1923), with Lars Hanson and Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ Nov. 11-14: "The Strongest" (1929), with Gun Holmquist; no English titles. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Monday, Nov. 12, at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Nov. 12, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
SEPARATE TABLES, revival; and **SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS,** revival.

Griffith, 215 W. 45th. (CI 7-3513)
Nov. 8: **THE GOLD RUSH,** revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From Nov. 9: "The Connection," Warren Finnerty, Carl Lee.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Gypsy," Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Nov. 8: "Nude Odyssey," Enrico Maria Salerno.
From Nov. 9: "I Love, You Love," an episodic Italian film, with an English narration.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Written on the Wind," revival, Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall; and "Imitation of Life," revival, Lana Turner, John Gavin.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Mutiny on the Bounty," Marlon Brando, Trevor Howard. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Nov. 12, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE LONGEST DAY.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 14 (tentative): **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French).

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 3-6170; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Through Nov. 14: **PATHER PANCHALI, APARAJITO,** and "The World of Apu" (all in Bengali and all revivals.)

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Nov. 13: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford; and "The Story of the Count of Monte Cristo," Louis Jourdan, Yvonne Furneaux.
From Nov. 14: "The 300 Spartans," Richard Egan, Ralph Richardson; and "It Happened in Athens," Jayne Mansfield.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 13: "The Interns," Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson; and "Loss of Innocence," revival, Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux.
From Nov. 14: "The Best of Enemies," David Niven, Alberto Sordi; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

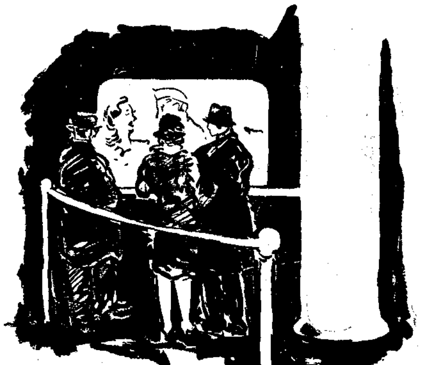
Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Nov. 11: "Crime Does Not Pay" (in French), Edwige Feuillère, Gabriele Ferzetti.
From Nov. 12: "Kill or Cure," Terry-Thomas, Eric Sykes.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Through Nov. 10: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford.
Nov. 11-13: **LOLITA.**
From Nov. 14: "The 300 Spartans," Richard Egan, Ralph Richardson; and "It Happened in Athens," Jayne Mansfield.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Nov. 11: **A KIND OF LOVING.**
From Nov. 12: "Sundays and Cybele" (in French), Hardy Kruger, Nicole Courcel.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
PHAEDRA.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
BILLY BUDD.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
A TASTE OF HONEY.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 13: "Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner; and "Please Don't Eat the Daisies," revival, Doris Day, David Niven.
From Nov. 14: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 13: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford; and "The Story of the Count of Monte Cristo," Louis Jourdan, Yvonne Furneaux.
From Nov. 14: "The 300 Spartans," Richard Egan, Ralph Richardson; and "It Happened in Athens," Jayne Mansfield.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 13: **LOLITA.**
From Nov. 14: **A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR;** and "The Mating Game," revival, Debbie Reynolds, Tony Randall.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
"The Lady with the Dog" (in Russian).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 10: **ELMER GANTRY,** revival; and **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST,** revival.
Nov. 11-13: "Pressure Point," Sidney Poitier, Bobby Darin; and "The Magnificent Seven," revival, Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach.
From Nov. 14: **THE NIGHT** (in Italian); and "Guns of Darkness," David Niven, Leslie Caron.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 13 (tentative): "The Best of Enemies," David Niven, Alberto Sordi; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
From Nov. 14 (tentative): **A TASTE OF HONEY;** and **JULES AND JIM** (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 14 (tentative): "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges; and "Our Man in Havana," revival, Alec Guinness, Burl Ives.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 12: **LOLITA.**
Nov. 13: "Girl of the Golden West," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
From Nov. 14: **A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR;** and "The Mating Game," revival, Debbie Reynolds, Tony Randall.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 13 (tentative): "Operation Snatch," Terry-Thomas, George Sanders; and "End of Desire" (in French), Maria Schell, Christian Marquand.
From Nov. 14 (tentative): "Mr. Arkadin," Orson Welles, Michael Redgrave.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Everybody Go Home!" (in Italian), Alberto Sordi, Martin Balsam.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Paris Belongs to Us" (in French), Betty Schneider, Giani Esposito.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Nov. 8: **THE PASSION OF SLOW FIRE** (in French).
From Nov. 9: "The Legend of Lobo," a full-length Walt Disney film.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through Nov. 14: "Mr. Arkadin," Orson Welles, Michael Redgrave.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Yojimbo" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
LOLITA.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 12: **THE LOWER DEPTHS** (in Japanese), revival; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (silent).
From Nov. 13: **IN WHICH WE SERVE,** revival; and "Stairway to Heaven," revival, David Niven, Kim Hunter.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 13: "The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli; and "Two Weeks in Another Town," Kirk Douglas, Edward G. Robinson.
From Nov. 14: "The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine; and "Walk on the Wild Side," revival, Laurence Harvey, Capucine.

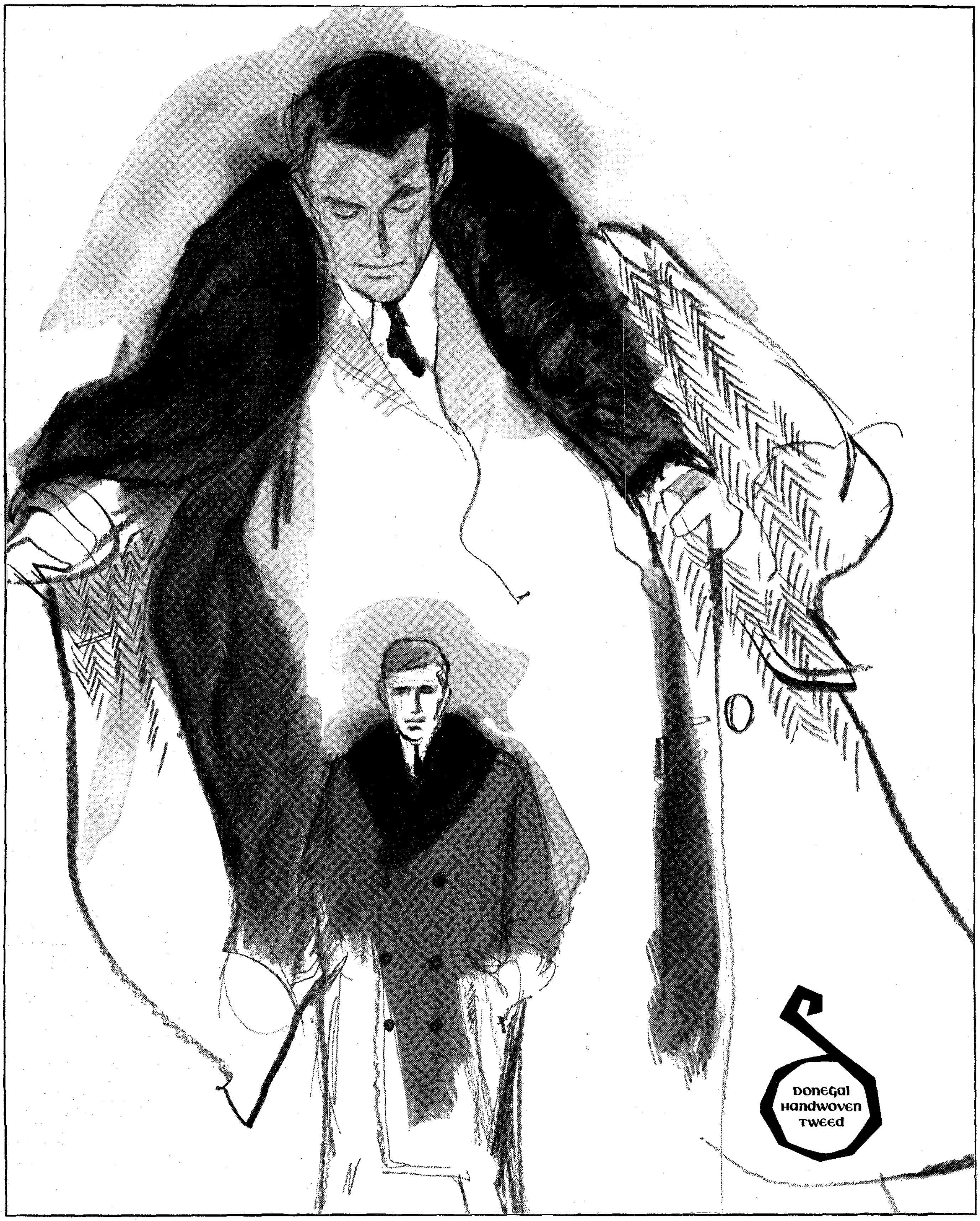
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 8: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** and **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (both in French and both revivals).
From Nov. 9: **JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.**

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Nov. 13: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford; and "The Story of the Count of Monte Cristo," Louis Jourdan, Yvonne Furneaux.
From Nov. 14: "The 300 Spartans," Richard Egan, Ralph Richardson; and "It Happened in Athens," Jayne Mansfield.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 13 (tentative): "Operation Snatch," Terry-Thomas, George Sanders; and "End of Desire" (in French), Maria Schell, Christian Marquand.
From Nov. 14 (tentative): **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German), revival; and "Throne of Blood" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Nov. 8-12 and Nov. 14: **LOLITA.**
Nov. 13: "Girl of the Golden West," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Nov. 13: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford; and "The Story of the Count of Monte Cristo," Louis Jourdan, Yvonne Furneaux.
From Nov. 14: "The 300 Spartans," Richard Egan, Ralph Richardson; and "It Happened in Athens," Jayne Mansfield.



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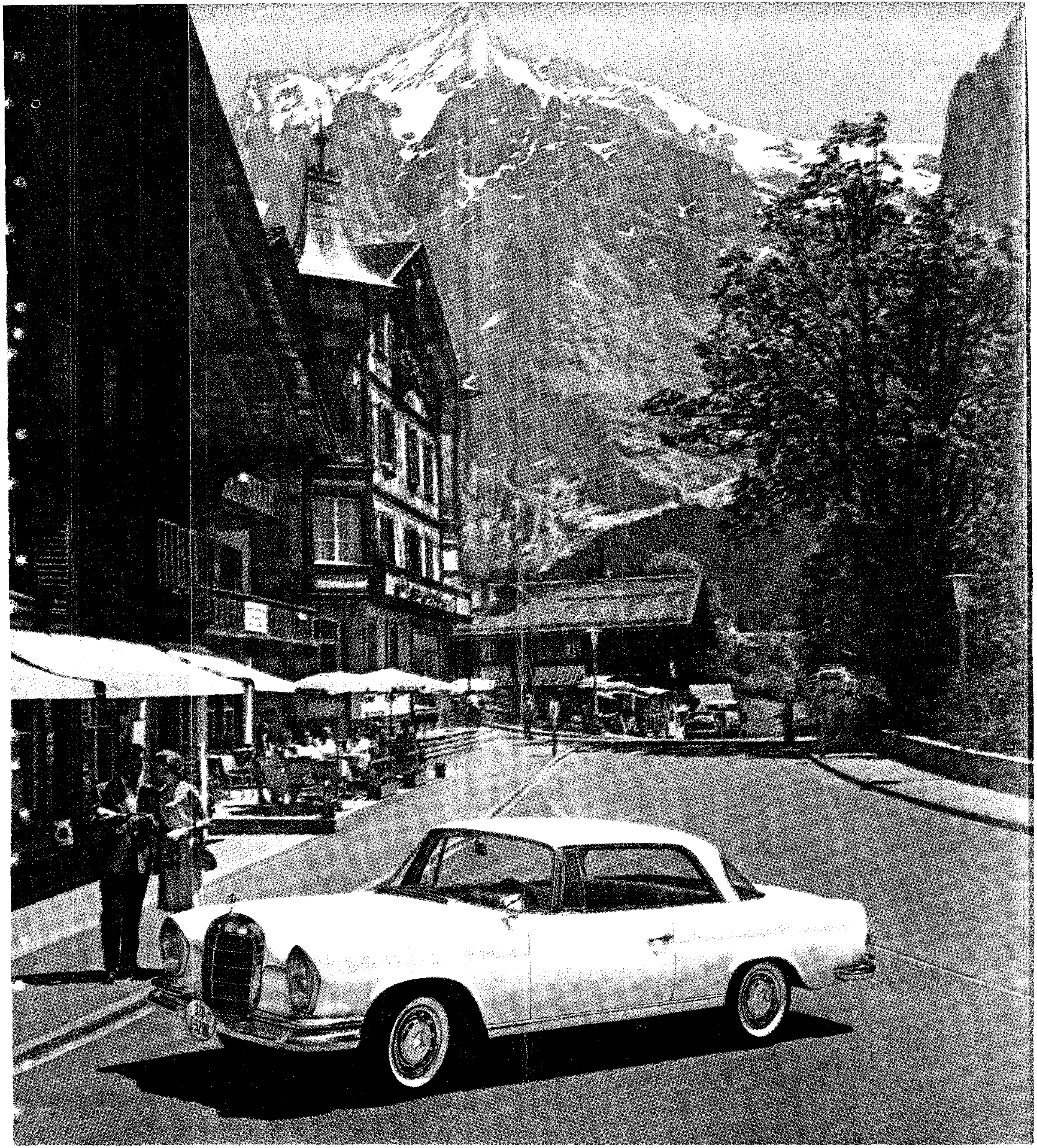

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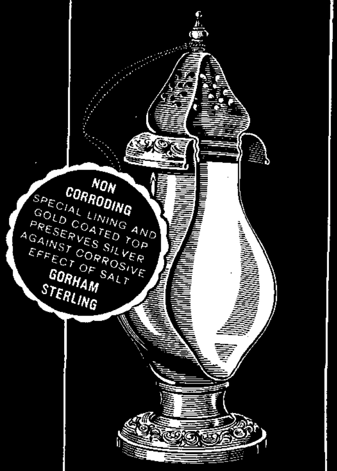
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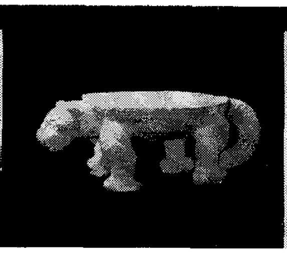

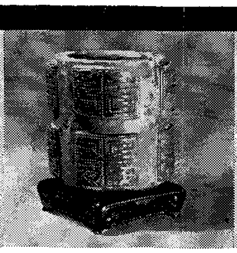

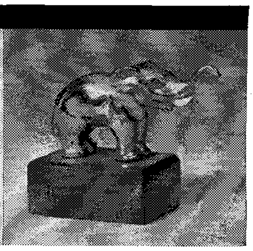

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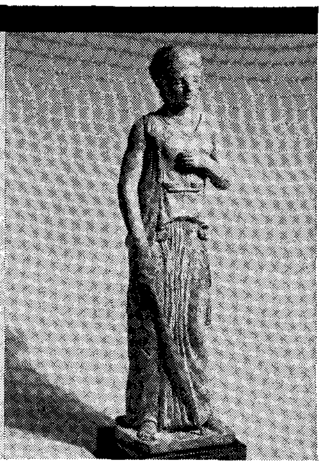
SM-100—ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Daniel Chester French. Head of scale model of Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C. Bronze finish. Ht.: 12¼''. **$25.00** (shipped express collect)

NH-33—CHINESE VASE. *202 B.C.-220 A.D.* Museum of Natural History. Original: jade. Water-tight liner. Ht.: 6½''. **$15.00** ($1.50 shipping, ins.)

SM-83—FOO DOGS. Chinese, Ming Dynasty. Blue glazed finish. Ht.: 8½''. **$15.00** a pair (shipped express collect)

VM-2-ST—ELEPHANT. From the workshop of Carl Faberge. Original of gold, diamond eyes, ivory tusks, in Virginia Museum of Fine Arts. Ht.: 1⅛''. **$6.00** (60¢ shipping, insurance)



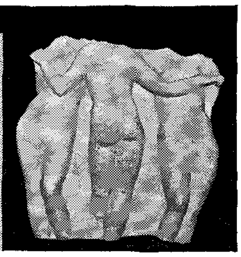
V-30—NUDE. *Virginia Morris Pollack. American. Private Collection.* Ht.: 16¼''. Original: bronze. **$35.00** ($1.00 packing, shipped express collect)

ST-103—CHARIOTEER FROM DELPHI. Greek. c. 470 B.C. Original of bronze in Museum at Delphi, Greece. Ht.: 14½'' incl. marble base. **$35.00** (shipped express collect)

1016—THE KISS. *From Auguste* Rodin's bronze reduction in the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. Ht.: 12½''. **$37.50** (shipped express collect)

PH-150—HEAD OF COCO. Pierre-August Renoir (1841-1919). Original: bronze. Philadelphia Museum of Art. Ht.: 16''. **$37.50** (shipped express collect)

ST-203—JUSTICE. By Joanna Kendall, American Contemporary. Reproduced from artist's model, private collection. Walnut base. Ht.: 19½''. **$37.50** (shipped express collect)



MM-1—ISAIAH. Moissaye Marans. American Contemporary. Bronze original at Community Church, N.Y. Ht.: 22''. **$37.50** (shipped express collect)

RB-1—HEAD OF ALBERT EINSTEIN. By Robert Berks. 1953. Original: bronze. Ht.: 15''. **$37.50** (shipped express collect)

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HR-4—SMALL MEDITATING GIRL. By Hugo Robus, American. Replica of original model. Ht.: 9'' incl. base. **$37.50** (shipped express collect)

LOU-14—HORUS FALCON. Egyptian, Saite-Ptolemaic per. Orig. bronze in City Art Museum, St. Louis. Ht.: 7¾''. ***$15.00*** *($1.50 shipping, insurance)*

FM-23—THE THREE GRACES. Roman copy of Greek original, 1st Century B.C. Marble original in The Louvre. Ready to hang. 16'' high x 15½'' wide. **$17.50** (shipped express collect)

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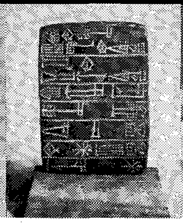
SUS-5—BOY WITH BAGPIPE. Andrea della Robbia (1435-1525). Original in glazed terra cotta in Victoria and Albert Museum, London. Ht.: 18½''. **$100** (shipped express collect)



100—HORSE. Chinese. 206 B.C.-220 A.D. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Original: bronze. Ht.: 4". **$3.50** (60¢ shipping, insurance)

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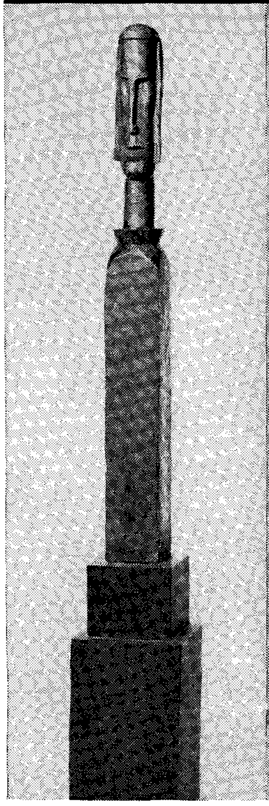

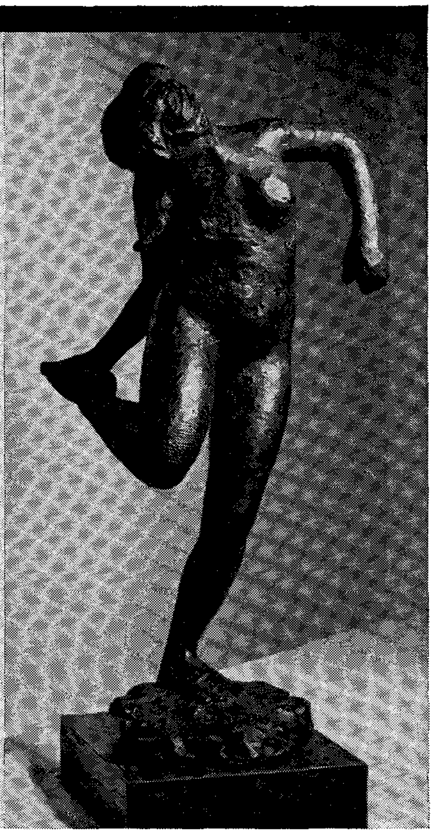

L-204—KEEP YOUR HEAD. By Nikita Carpenko. American contemporary, d. 1961. Original wood carving in a private collection. Replica in wood. Ht.: 20¼". **$18.75** (shipped express collect)

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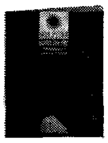

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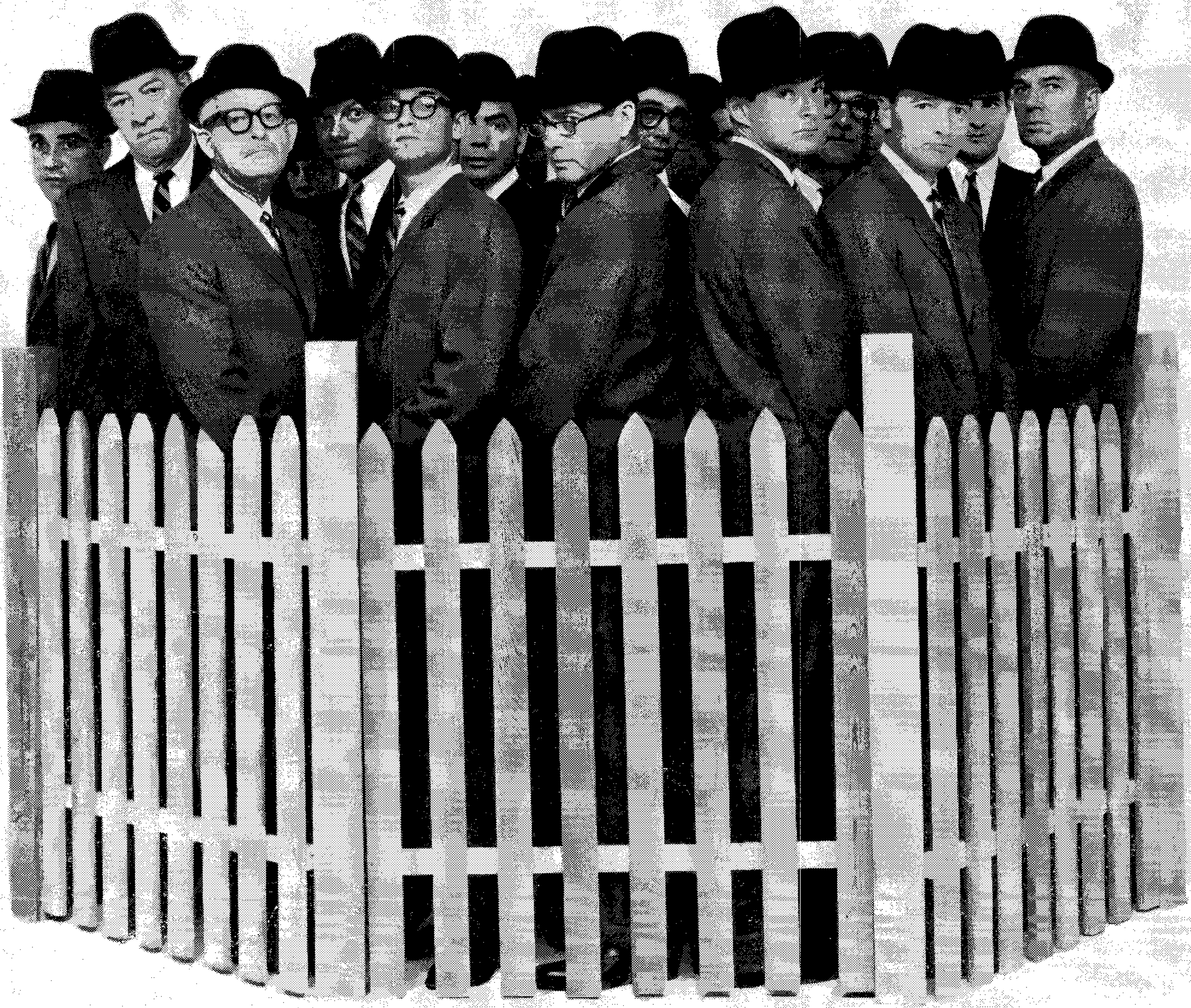

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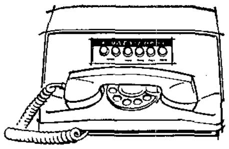

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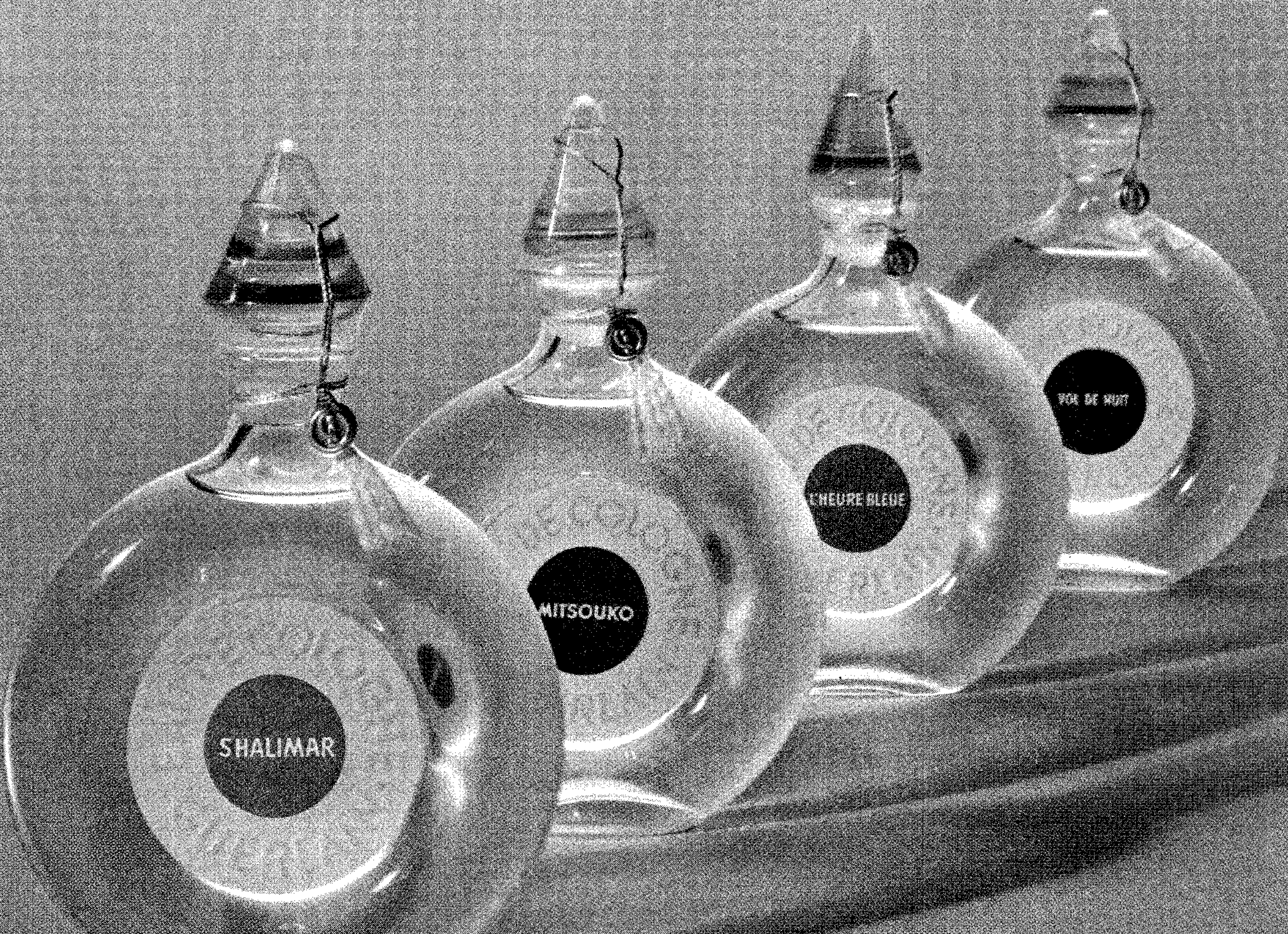
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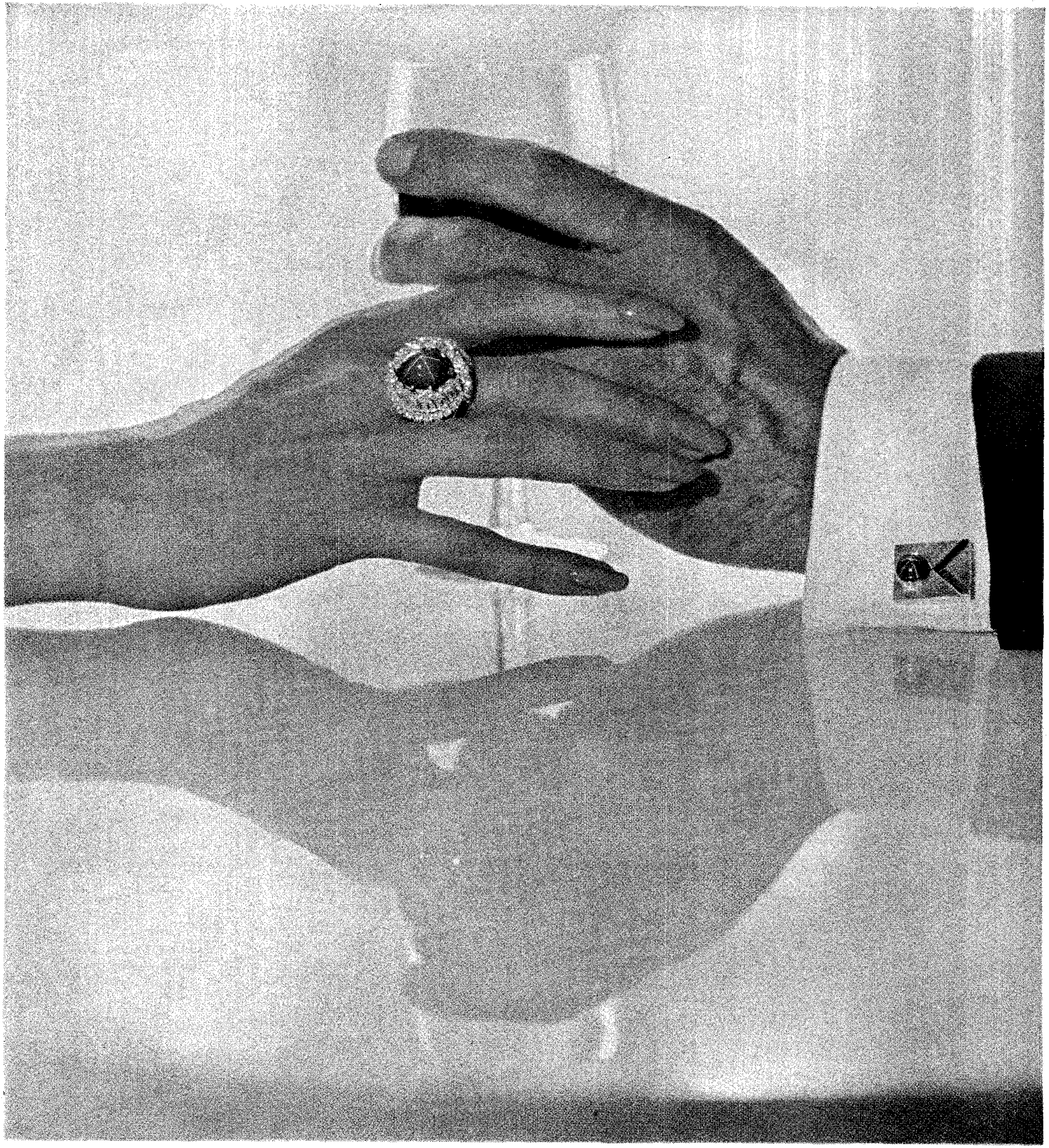

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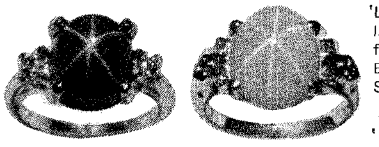

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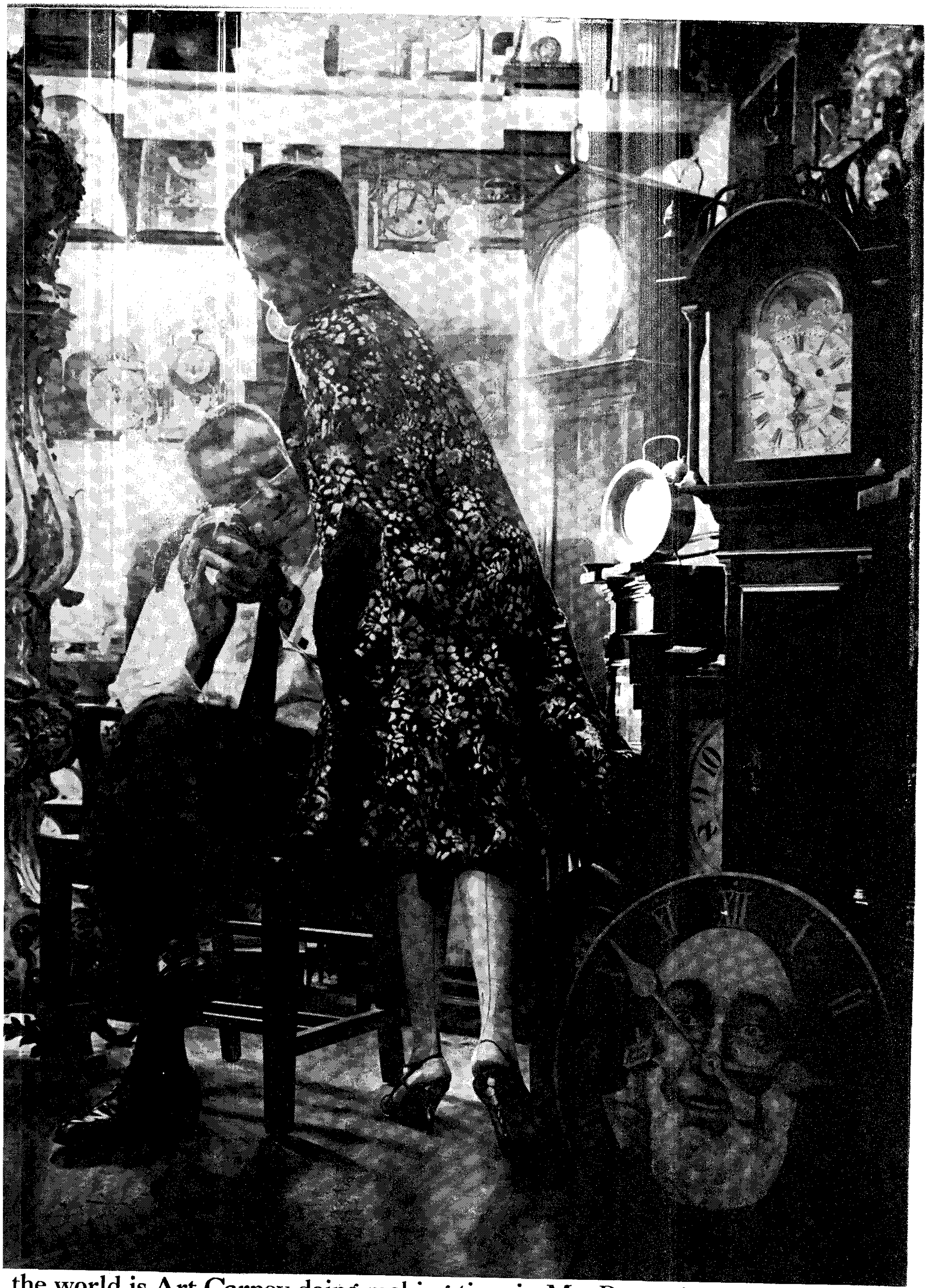

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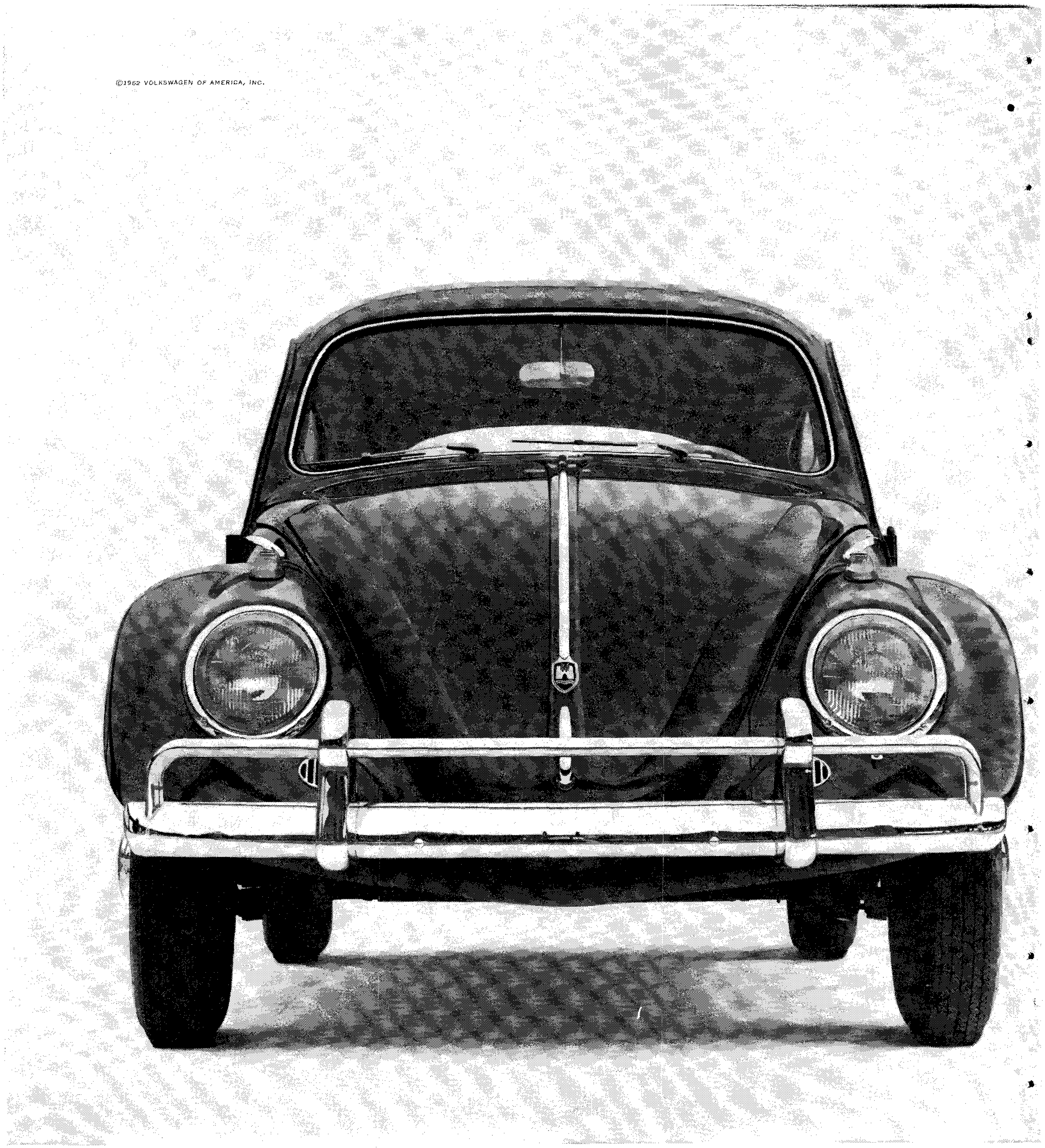

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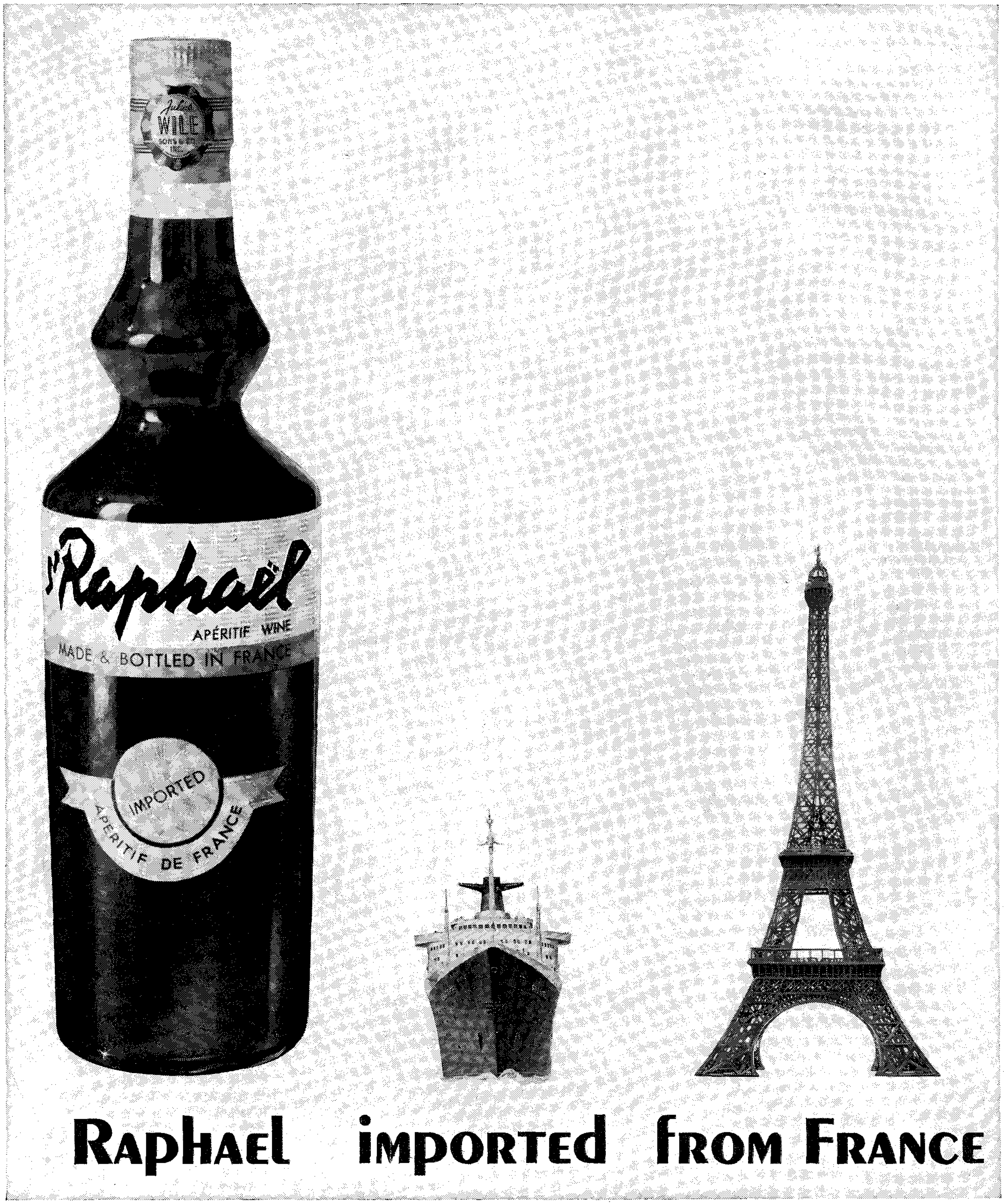
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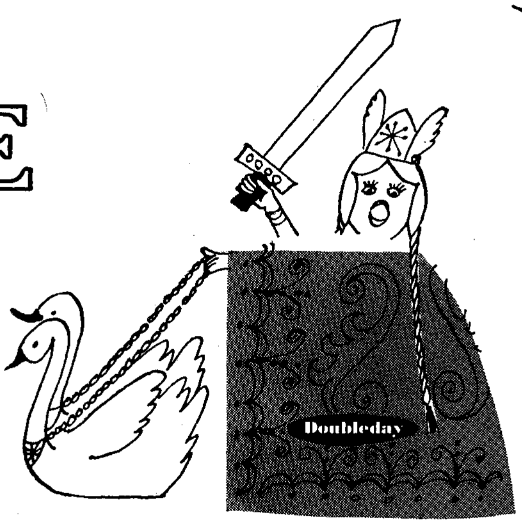

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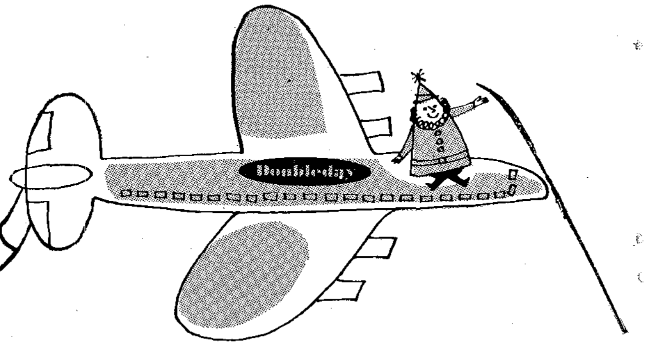

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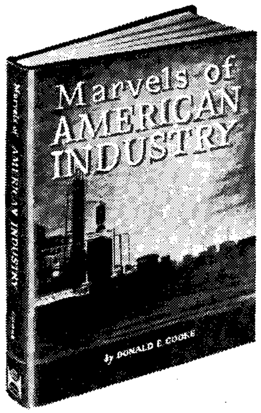
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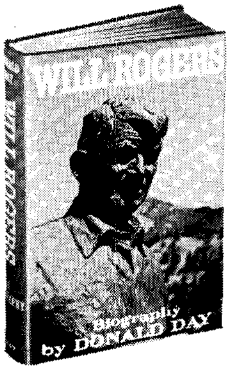
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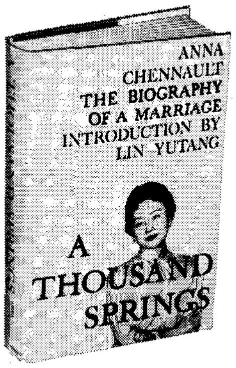
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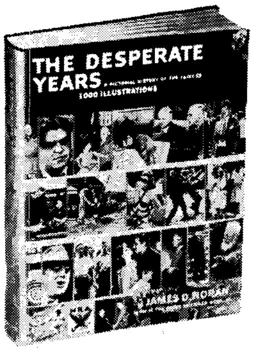
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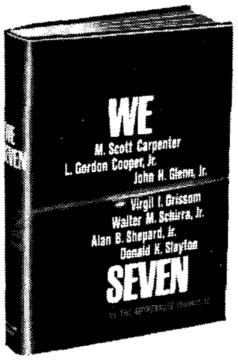
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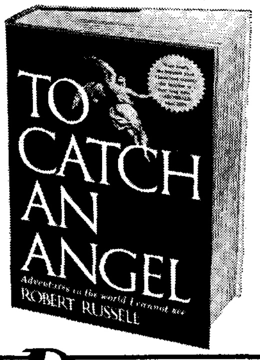
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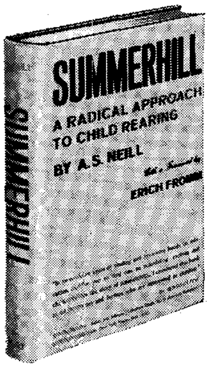
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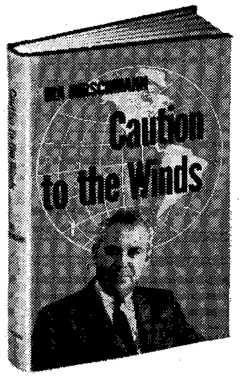
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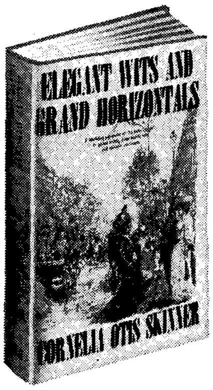
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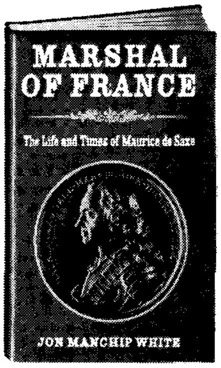
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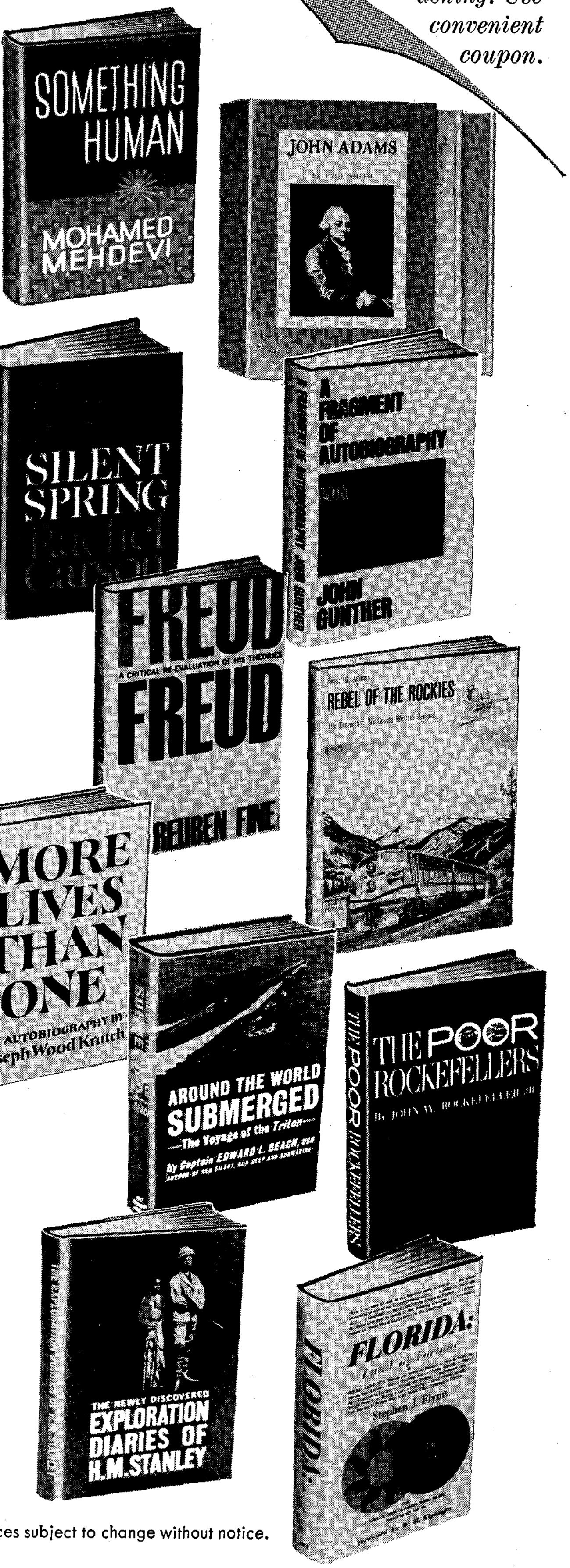
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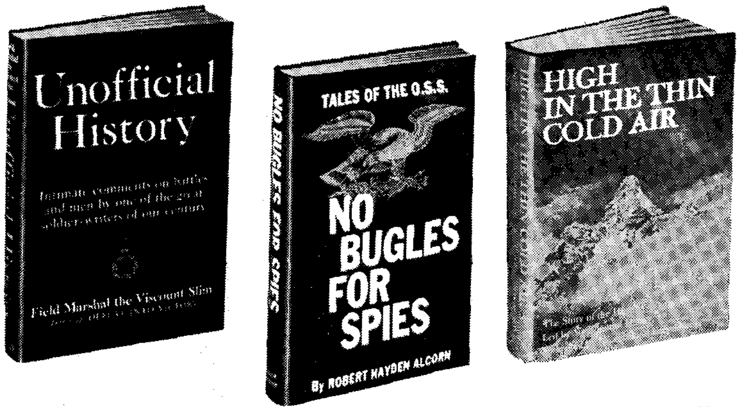
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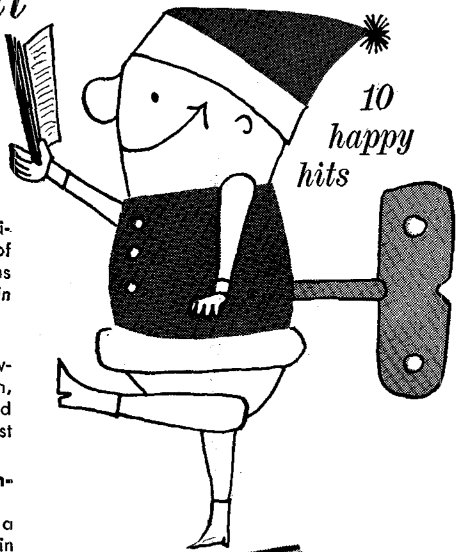
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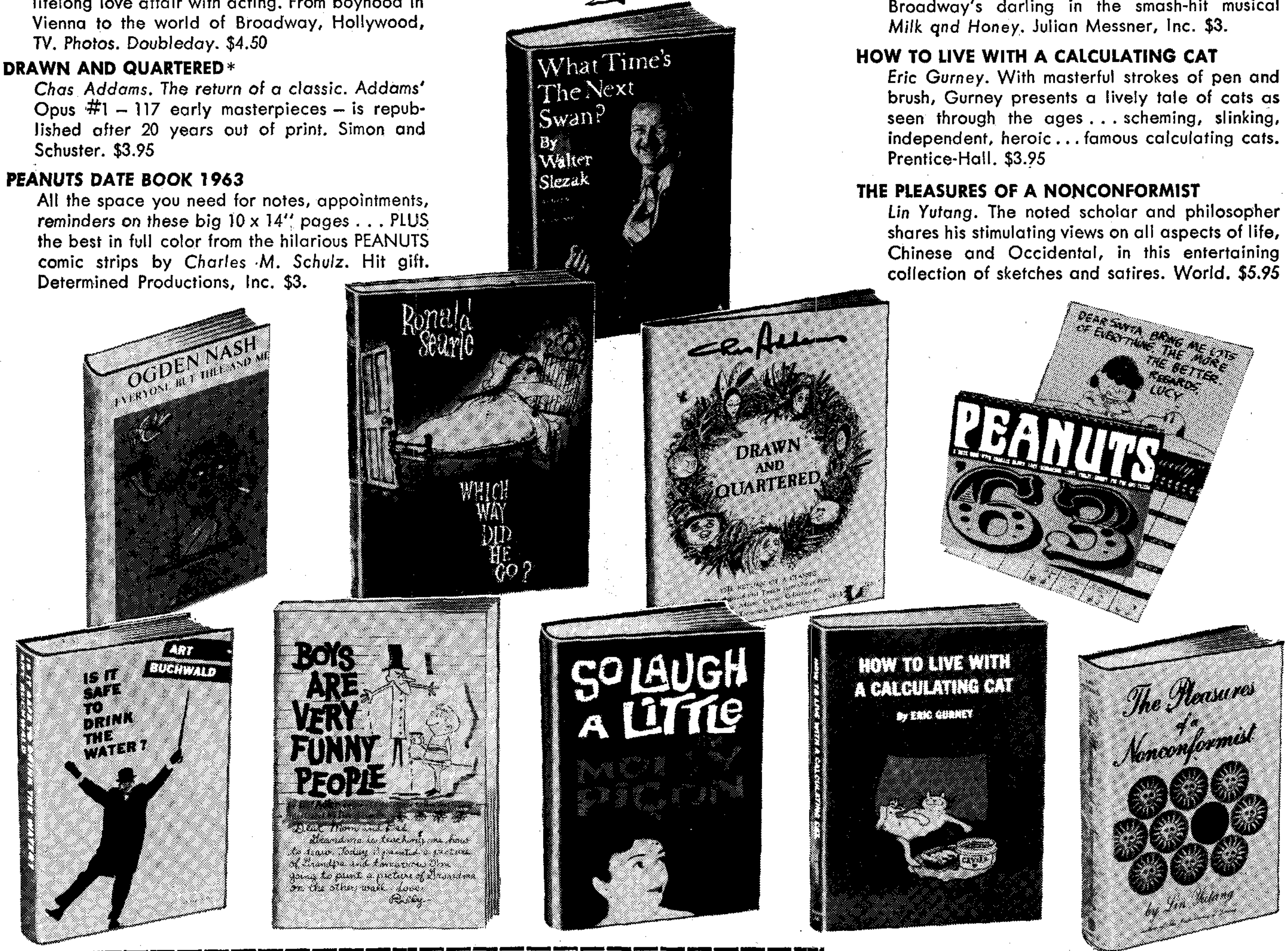
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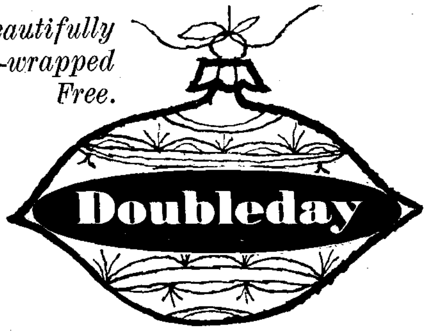

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*Many of the poems in the Ogden Nash collection and nearly all the drawings in the Chas Addams book originally appeared in The New Yorker.

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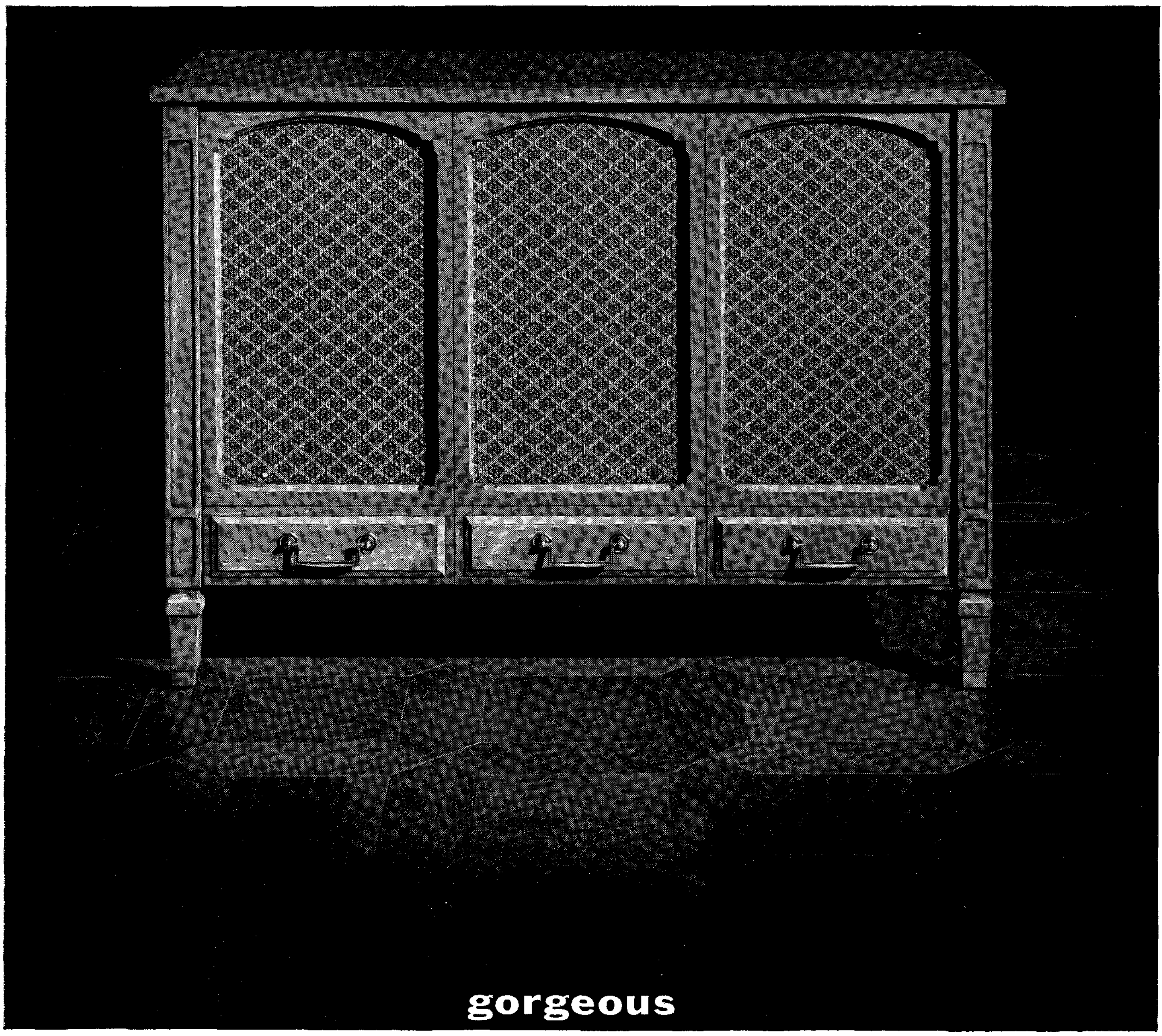

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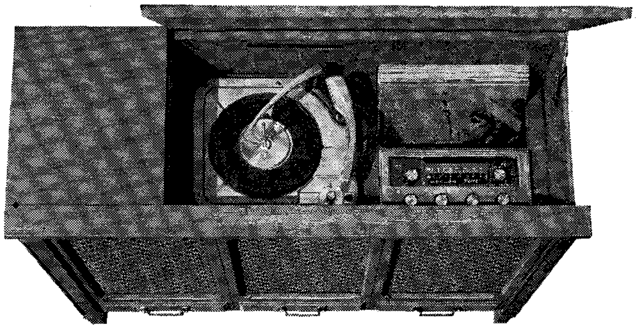

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

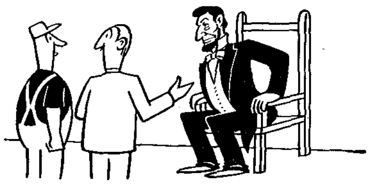
Notes and Comment

A FRAGMENT of news in the "Books and Authors" column of the *Herald Tribune* a few Sundays ago has allowed us to complete our preliminary research on a baffling disease, now of near-epidemic proportions, that afflicts the world of letters. The item stated that Mr. Paul Engle, who is the director of the Writers Workshop at the University of Iowa, had received a ten-thousand-dollar grant from the Rockefeller Foundation that would enable him to leave shortly on a trip to Asia, where he would study the state of literature in several countries. Speaking of this trip, Mr. Engle said, "It is my hope to find some talented young writers and ultimately to find ways of bringing them to the United States." This statement, to our highly trained pathologist's eye, constitutes nothing less than the first total isolation of the virus of International Literary Horizonal Metonymy. Students of elementary literary biology will remember that metonymy is a common rhetorical device that substitutes cause for effect, the container for the thing contained. In this everyday form it is a mild affliction, no worse for a well-built literary man than a light head cold. Mr. Engle, poor, unsuspecting fellow, is in the process of making it much more serious, for he is clearly a vector (a sort of I.L.H.M. Mary) of the powerful compound Asian substrain, as is evidenced by his total substitution of the writer for his works—his wish to capture and import a Japanese poet rather than his book of *haiku*, a Sumatran novelist rather than his searing depiction of social conditions on upland rubber plantations.

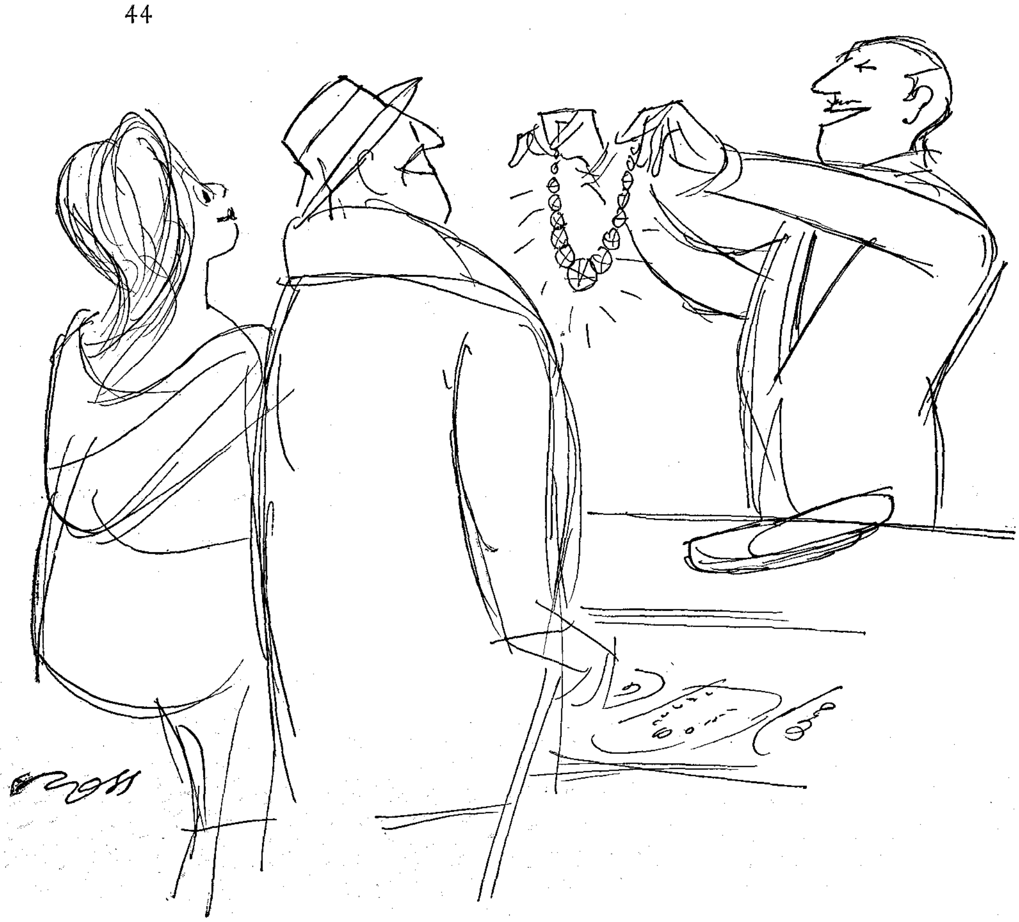
I.L.H.M. is not a new disease, of course (Mark Twain the comic lecturer was one of its early victims), but its range and its virulence are growing. Poets, playwrights, and novelists are visible—almost omnipresent—on television every Sunday, busily talking about movies, sexual mores, and race relations. Practically every self-respecting liberal-arts college now feels that it must possess its own live, loquacious Poet in Residence. Gore Vidal and James Michener have recently run for Congress. André Malraux is a French Cabinet Minister. Yevgeny Yevtushenko, the Soviet poet, delivers opinions on Cuba and the Congo to reporters in England and Havana, and Robert Frost has become an intercontinental platform personality. A classic example of metonymy, "We read Vergil—that is, we read his poems," must now, sadly, be elaborated and made modern: "We invite Vergil to a writers' conference, where we photograph him and ask his opinion of our traffic problems—that is, we do *not* read his poems."

What is most disturbing about this absurd and tragic affliction is the fact that its antidote has always been known. The cure is quarantine—the absolute confinement of the writer in his own lonely workshop. No visitors, no *Life* photographers, no distracting, exciting invitations to Iowa or Spoleto or the White House. If there are to be literary grants from foundations, let them be given not to curators and collectors of authors but to the authors themselves, so that they can afford to stay at home and write, rather than go abroad and talk. Only this austere folk remedy will curb the illness and permit the survival of the other, subtle, uncapturable, infinitely more delicate disease, which is the artist's need to look into himself and create wonders.

WE'VE been out to Flushing Meadow Park for our second annual early-bird's-eye view of the site of the 1964-65 New York World's Fair, and we're glad to say that everything appears to be barrelling along in splendid fashion. You can't actually *see* much yet, except on maps and in scale models, but people all over the country—indeed, all over the world—are hard at work on various buildings and exhibits. For instance, the Sinclair Oil Corporation is preparing an exhibit called Dinoland, which will feature life-size fibre-glass dinosaurs; a twenty-five-foot-long stegosaurus has already been completed, in a plant up in Amsterdam, New York, and a seventy-five-foot-long brontosaurus is well on its way. The gigantic, armillary-like structure known as the Unisphere, which will serve as the chief symbol of the Fair, is being fabricated in Pittsburgh, by the American Bridge Division of United States Steel, while out in California Walt Disney and his merry men are working on several exhibits, one of which is entitled "One Nation Under God" and will include life-size, highly mechanized models of all the past Presidents of the United States. Mr. Disney, we heard, took particular pains with the Lincoln figure, which can walk, talk, turn, gesture, and even get out of a chair "like a human being and not like a robot." Lincoln boasts twenty movements of his face alone; when he talks, his tongue moves about inside his mouth and he furrows his brow, presumably as if he were engaged in thinking up one of those famous jokes for his Cabinet. When Mr. Robert Moses was in California last spring, he shook hands with Lincoln.



We were interested to discover that lots of people have been volunteering their services to the Fair. Ferde Grofé has been commissioned to write a World's Fair Suite, but amateur song-



"*Suppose we just slip this on for size.*"

• •

writers for miles around keep hinting, by mail, that *they'd* like to compose the official Fair song. Even more people have offered to do free publicity for the Fair. A taxi-driver in the Bronx wants to rig up a so-called cab of tomorrow, bearing a large World's Fair sign, and drive it around the world. Well, not drive it all the way; the Atlantic being what it is, his first stop would be Idlewild, where the cab would be put aboard a cargo plane and flown to England, and the Pacific would also present difficulties. The driver figures the trip would cost seventy-five thousand dollars, which he hasn't got, and which the Fair doesn't feel it ought to spend on such a divertissement; the only encouragement the driver has received so far is from the Viking Taximeter Company, which has promised to install a meter in the cab of tomorrow, in order to find out how much a trip around the world by cab might cost. And, to show what a small world it is linguistically, if not geographically, the man who owns the Viking ship featured in the film "The Vikings" would like to sail that vessel around the world, plugging the Fair. Again, no money.

The attendance figures for the Fair, by the way, are being revised sharply upward. It used to be expected that there would be forty million visitors the first year and thirty million the second, but the success of the Seattle Fair has led our Fair people to hope for much more. Admission will be two dollars for adults and a dollar for children, but there will be a ten-per-cent discount from the day the tickets go on sale—April 22, 1963—until February 29, 1964, when the advance sale ends. (I.B.M., ever on its toes, has already ordered a hundred thousand tickets.) More countries will be represented than at any previous World's Fair (in part, one must admit, because there *are* more countries), and there will be considerable emphasis on objects of art and history. Many such objects will be making their first trip to the United States, among them Michelangelo's "Pietà," a number of the Dead Sea scrolls, and furnishings from the Sultan's Palace in Istanbul. Shakespeare was born on April 23, 1564, or four hundred years, less one day, before the opening of the Fair, and you can be sure that the authorities will make a cultural mountain out of that lucky chronological molehill. Who knows? Maybe if Walt Disney put together a walking, talking Shakespeare and he came riding up to the Unisphere on a fibre-glass stegosaurus and shook hands with Mr. Moses, saying, in a loud, clear Californian voice, "Great little ol' Fair you got here, Bob!" . . . Give them time. There are 366 working days before the Fair opens; they'll think of something.

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Scientific Homecoming

WHAT a good life scientists have! They go trotting off on their expeditions reasonably sure that anything new they turn up will move the cause of science onward, if not upward, and then trot home for a refreshing stint of consolidating their gains. Take, for example, the dozen scientists from the Museum of Natural History who have now returned from their summer fieldwork and settled down for the winter, each with some new nugget of information that, however small or outlandish, will find its niche. We visited them all one afternoon a week or so ago—not as monumental a job as it sounds, since most of them have adjacent offices in the museum, off huge, dingy corridors on the fifth floor.

Dr. Norman D. Newell, the chairman of fossil invertebrates, who had spent the summer chipping rocks in Texas, was wallowing in hundreds of thousands of upper-Paleozoic bivalves, two hundred and fifty million years old, and Dr. Meredith L. Jones, the assistant curator of *living* invertebrates, was anxiously anticipating bouts with customs officials over four hundred and fifty pounds of contemporary worms he had gathered in the Bahamas and Mexico. Dr. Jones was nevertheless positively glowing, because he had discovered seventy new species of polychaete, or marine worm. In addition, he had found four species, and a subspecies, of the Megelona family that had never been previously seen in the Gulf or in West Indian waters.

Down the hall, another scientist, Dr. Malcolm C. McKenna, an assistant curator of vertebrate paleontology, was equally pleased with the results of his summer's expedition. He had gone to Montana, where, in conjunction with a group from the University of Minnesota, he dug up remains of very early mammals, contemporary with very late dinosaurs. "We've known for a long time that there were opossumlike mammals in the late-Cretaceous period," he said. "Now we know there were hoofed animals, rodentlike mammals, and maybe even very early primates alive before dinosaurs became extinct." There was excitement around the corner, too, in the froggy digs of Dr. Richard Zweifel, an associate curator of herpetology, who had been collecting frogs in Panama. "I identified for the first time tadpoles of many known varieties of frogs," he said. "I also tape-recorded three thousand feet worth of croaks."

Some of the other scientists took their discoveries more soberly. Dr. Newell, tanned and spare, admitted that new species of upper-Paleozoic bivalves, of which he had turned up two or three, actually got in the way, since he was looking for a complete assortment of known varieties in order to study their evolution. Dr. Herbert Ruckes, a research associate in entomology, who, like Dr. Zweifel, had spent the summer in Panama, seemed almost bored at the prospect of turning up new varieties among some four thousand specimens of stinkbugs he had brought back. "I suppose I discovered three or four new varieties, but I won't know until I pin the specimens up and examine them," Dr. Ruckes said. "Stinkbugs have an unpleasant odor, but they're quite handsome insects, really." He held one up for our inspection, skewered on a pin.

We thanked Dr. Ruckes and hurried off to meet Dr. Dean Amadon, the chairman of ornithology, who was just back from Australia, where, though he had discovered no new species, he had restored an old one to its proper niche. "The falcon is a noble, clean-cut bird of prey," Dr. Amadon, a slight man in a white smock, told us. "There is an Australian variety, the brown falcon, which, like so many Australian creatures, is a little off the beaten track. It is a degenerate-looking falcon, a coarse, long-legged bird that eats lizards. People have wondered whether it was a true falcon or not, but I'm afraid it is. I also identified a yellow-headed wagtail. A yellow-headed wagtail had never been seen in Australia before."

We dropped in on Dr. Kenneth L. Franklin, an associate astronomer of the Hayden Planetarium, who had been scouring Arizona to find a spot where the stars don't twinkle. He found one, eighty-five hundred feet high in the Chiricahua Mountains, and the Planetarium may build an observatory there. We also chatted briefly with Dr. Donn E. Rosen, an assistant curator of ichthyology, who had brought back twenty-three quarts of fish from mountain streams in Vermont and New Hampshire; Dr. Karl F. Koopman, an assistant curator of mammalogy, who had bagged more than fifty bats in the Virgin Islands with nets cleverly placed in their flyways; Dr. Junius Bird, the curator of South American archeology, who had been investigating pre-Inca encampments in Peru; and Dr. James A. Ford, the curator of *North* American archeology, who had been dating archaic Indian sites in the Mississippi Valley.

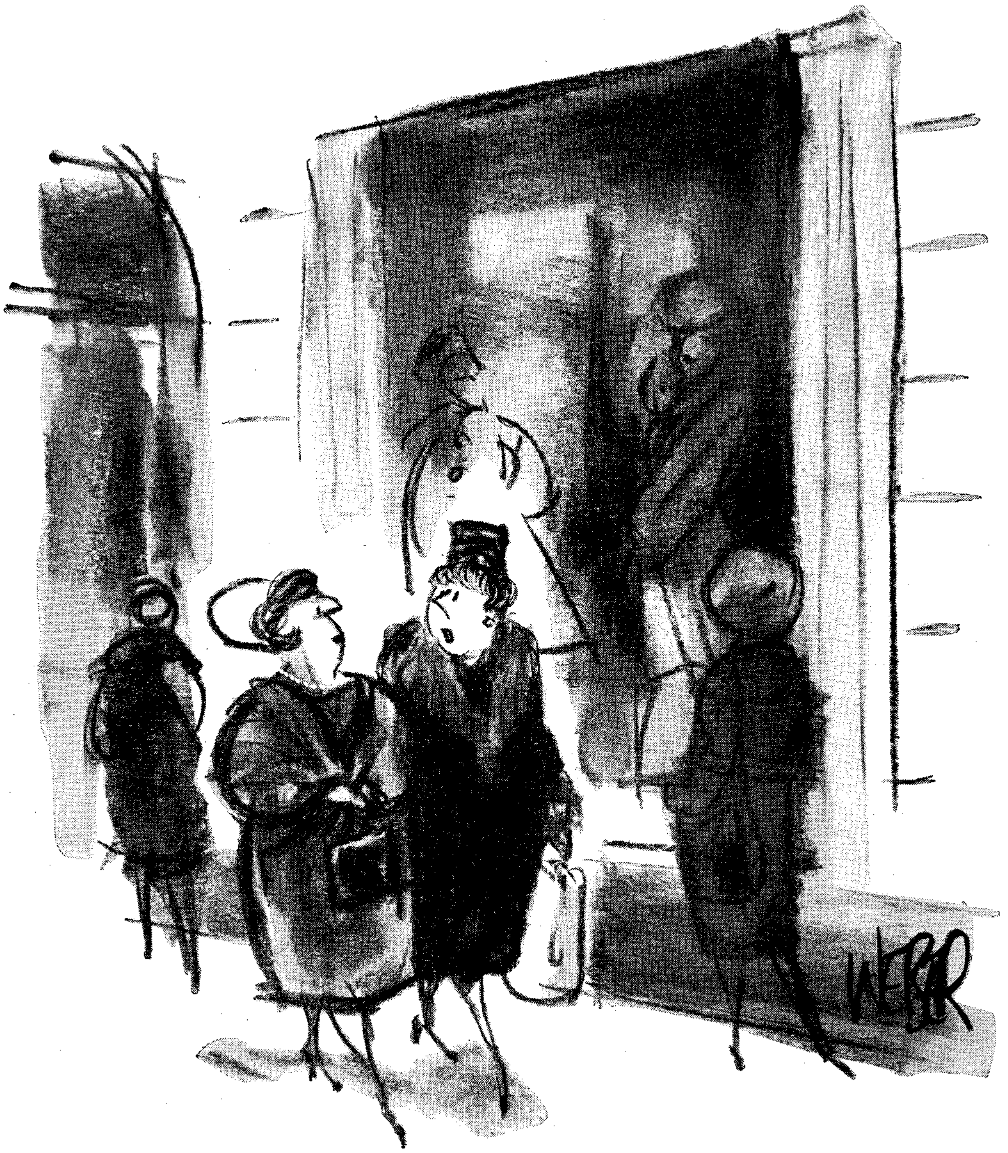
Finally, we looked in on Dr. Evelyn Shaw, the research associate in animal behavior, who had been investigating the schooling behavior of fish in Bimini. "We're learning that different fish have different schooling patterns," she said. "For instance, goggle-eyes, which are jacks, keep closer together than blue runners, which also are jacks, although, of course, fish-to-fish distance varies with the circumstances. There is, by the way, no head fish. Schooling patterns get fairly complicated, and I'll have to use a computer before I'm through. Thank goodness for computers! Analyzing what you've found on an expedition can take years. I've heard that the basement of a museum in Massachusetts still contains crates of material that Agassiz brought back in the middle of the nineteenth century. They haven't even been opened yet!"

◆

OVERHEARD at the Palmer Stadium, in Princeton, last Saturday, girl to girl: "Who do you think is here? George Atterbury! With *pleurisy!*"

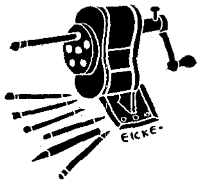
Steve Allen

WE watch Steve Allen on late week-night television (Channel 11) with unlimited delight, so when he came here from California recently to play in a sketch on the "Ed Sullivan Show" (Channel 2), we arranged to have lunch with him, between rehearsals, at "21." As soon as Mr. Allen was settled in, with a glass of port and a menu, we asked him "Now that you've got your own show, why do you want to be on the 'Ed Sullivan Show'?" and we were immediately given a representative



"I finally memorized the name of my congressman, and now he isn't even it any more."

(and, as always, spontaneous) Steve Allen laugh. "Seventy-five hundred dollars," he said. "Also, it's a good thing for a performer to do things outside the usual routine. We're on in only twenty-five cities. Ed is on a full network—about a hundred and fifty cities. The truism is: If you enjoy your work, it doesn't seem like work. As long as I get my nine to eleven hours of sleep, I don't care if I work twelve, fourteen hours at a time. It's kind of interesting to get a taste of the atmosphere around another show. Ed's show is so professional. Businesslike. Organized. Ours is more relaxed. Sort of a fraternity atmosphere. I've got a good bunch of guys working with me, and we're always horsing around. We're dedicated, and determined to turn out a good show, but we do it with enjoyment. We inspire each other to heights of insanity. The crews laugh. The ushers laugh. Even *I* laugh. I find our show the funniest on television."



"How come?" we asked.

"Everything seems to work," Mr. Allen said. "At this point in my life, I don't bother to write my material any more. When I visualize something funny, I visualize it in terms of a complete performance. We don't do things that run too long. We like to do short chunks of entertainment. Instead of writing something, I go in and perform it for my staff. We tape the programs in advance—two weeks ahead for most cities, three weeks for some. Five ninety-minute programs a week. I've got it arranged so that we tape two programs on Wednesdays and Fridays, and one on Thursdays. The first of the double shows gets us all elated for the second. Thursdays seem tame; afterward, there's nothing to do but go home. We try to make it a live show in every sense. No polishing. No adding of laugh tracks. There isn't much we throw out. It makes sense to leave our occasional mistakes in the show. I don't like to meet any of the program guests before we go on the air. I prefer as little rehearsal as possible. The average performer likes a lot of rehearsal; it gives him a sense of security. I feel funniest the first time I approach a situation, and if I feel funny, I find I am funnier. We have a director, Steve Binder, who shoots from the hip. Among other things, he gets pictures on the camera that have an organic relationship to what's going on. The other night, we did a very broad takeoff of 'Mutiny on the Bounty.' Louis Nye played Captain Nye, and I played Fletcher Chicken. We had no script. As we were ad-libbing to a finish, I spied two little boys in the audience, about eight years old, in military-school uniforms, and went over and gave them commands to stand up, and so on, getting no response except a lot of giggles. Later on in the program, I went back to the little boys and said to one, who had a bunch of ribbons on his tunic, 'You have quite an impressive collection of awards, Sergeant. What are they for?' And the camera came in for a close-up of his face as he started off, 'Well, this one is for spelling . . .' Beautiful! Another takeoff we did was of 'The Longest Day,' for which we actually set up a battleground on the street outside the theatre, with jeeps, motorcycles, machine guns—the works. When I gave the signal to attack, we attacked a nearby fruit-and-vegetable market. We ran in, stabbing watermelons with our bayonets and scaring hell out of people. That's what I like. To take fantasy and reality and bash them together. I'm in better physical shape on this show than I've been in years—harder and trimmer. I'm doing something physical almost every night—boxing with a kangaroo, or walking a high wire, or swimming, or being thrown around by a lady wrestler. I find that the greater the danger in what I'm doing, the louder and greater the laughs. Fear is an emotional thing, and the audience laughs louder out of relief, it seems, than it does as a result of an intellectual surprise. I don't remember more than half the stuff we do on a program. It's a strange psychological thing. When I watch the program, most of the time I haven't the slightest idea what's coming next. Watching myself is like watching some stranger whose work I enjoy. Most of the time, I'm laughing my head off. I feel elated on the air ninety-nine per cent of the time. On and off the air, I appreciate what is funny in life. This seems to be a very happy time for me."

"You miss New York? Or your old 'Tonight' show?" we asked.

"There aren't many places I don't like," Allen said. "I'm rather fond of the whole planet. There are about seventeen differences between my old show and this new one. For one thing, we've got a great little theatre now—the greatest house for comedy I've ever seen. It's an intimate house, seating four hundred. The audience is quite close to the stage, and, other things being equal, this always gives you an advantage. For comedy, people have got to see well and hear well. If they don't, you don't get the laughs you deserve. Whatever laughs we deserve, we get. One other difference in our present show is our employer, Westinghouse Broadcasting. They're not looking over my shoulder all the time, the way it was with N.B.C. and A.B.C. It's a pleasure to do business with them. It's easier to be funny when you're happy, and I'm having fun on the show every night. Westinghouse wanted a five-year contract, but I signed for two or three. I don't like to have my life locked in that far ahead. I like the element of surprise, and the freedom to change my course if I want to."

"You like tape?" we asked.

"Nice as a preservative," he said. "One good thing about it, it continues to exist. It's so sad that the few great moments on television in the fifties, before tape was invented, are lost."

"What moments?" we asked.

"Sid Caesar," Allen said quickly. "In my opinion, Sid Caesar was the Charlie Chaplin of early television. He was so good we took him for granted. I laugh out loud at Sid Caesar. There's not much real competition among comedians. There aren't more than fifty well-known ones in the whole world. We've got some great ones now. Jonathan Winters is brilliant enough for four comedians. Lenny Bruce is literally a comedy genius, a philosopher. Mort Sahl is another brilliant one; he broke new ground and made it possible for a number of other comedians to follow. I'm a good audience for all of them. I love the irreverence of Groucho Marx and the clowning of Red Skelton and the storytelling of Buddy Hackett. I love to listen to Milton Berle in a night club, where I feel he's at his best. Jack Benny and Jackie Gleason are really great comedy actors, and the All-America comedian is Bob Hope. But, for my own greatest enjoyment, I love Sid Caesar. He achieves heights of silliness and insanity that appeal to me."

"What do you do when you're not working on your televison show?" we asked.

"Work on a show for Broadway—'Sophie,' about the life of Sophie Tucker, for which I've written thirty songs," he said. "Work on other writing. My first novel, 'Not All of Your Laughter, Not All of Your Tears,' comes out on the nineteenth."

"And what else do you do?" we asked.

"Lie on my slant board," he said, and laughed another Steve Allen laugh. "I have three of those boards—for home, the office, and the theatre. I expend a lot of energy, but I waste practically none. A slant board is a reclining board somewhat longer than I am—six feet four inches—and I lie on it head down. Ten minutes of that really peps me up."

"Anything else?"

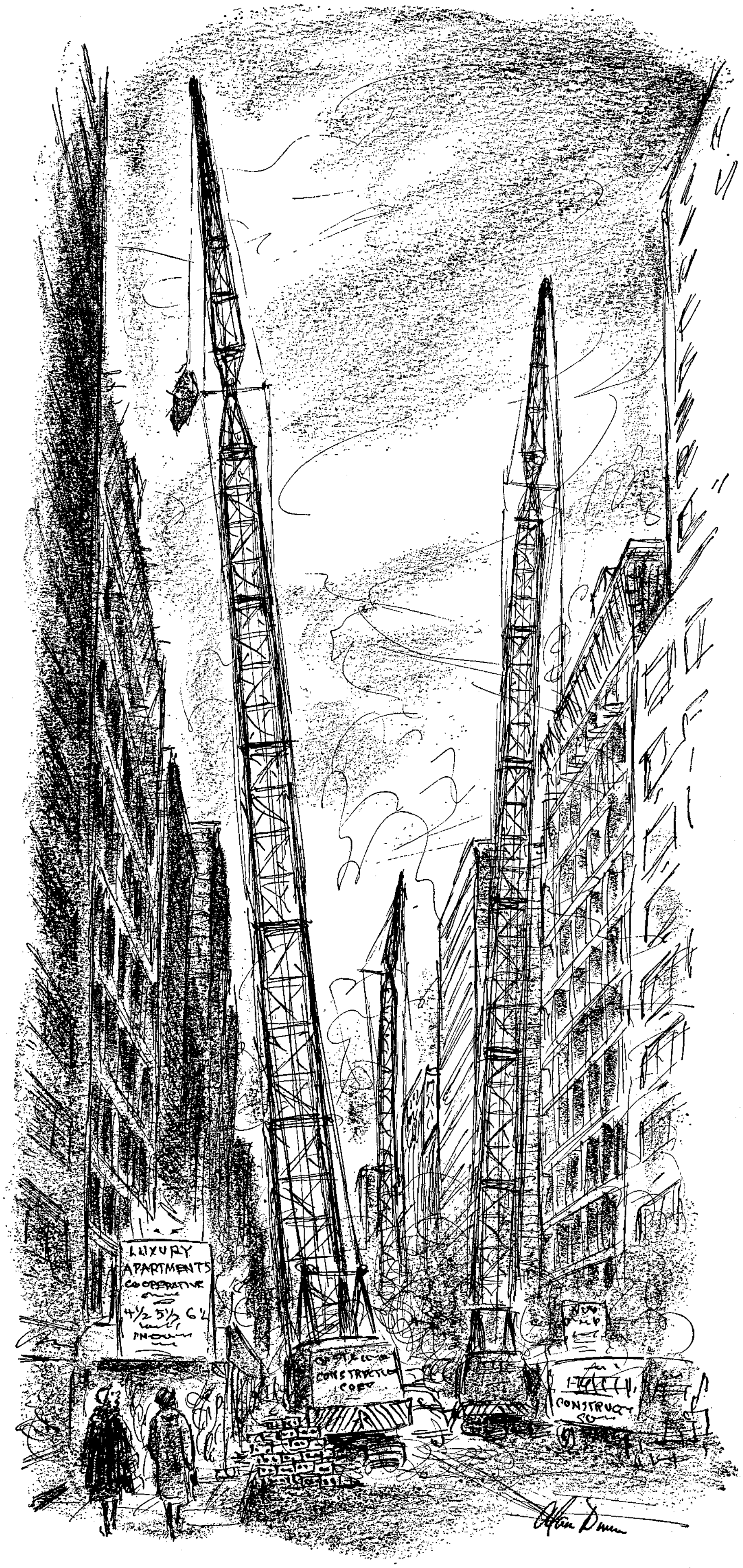
"See my six secretaries. I have a slightly inordinate passion for order, possibly because I come from a very disorderly background. I was raised around show business. My mother, Belle Montrose, was a comedienne, and her straight man was my father, Billy Allen. He died when I was eighteen months old. My mother's family were all sarcastic, bitter, disparaging, but very, very funny. And disorderly. I have an executive secretary; a typist, who takes dictation from machines that I keep at home and at my office; a secretary to take dictation off tapes; a secretary to look after all my music and my own compositions; a bookkeeper and finance administrator; and a keeper of my notebooks. I have a whole roomful of notebooks, which cover everything I'm interested in—Communism, politics, religion, Vietnam, capital punishment. It seems to me to make sense to keep them in an orderly way. I've kept scrapbooks on my wife, Jayne, since our marriage, and on all four of my sons since they were born. They're all attractive boys. Not one of them has changed a bit since the day he was born. Steve, Jr., is eighteen and is planning to enter the University of California at Berkeley in the spring. Scholastically, he's in the top one per cent of his age group in the country, and he talks about studying medicine. Brian, fifteen, is a charm boy; David, twelve, is an imp; and Billy, five, is a wise old man, who will probably grow up to be President."

"That everything?" we asked.

"I like to listen to all children—including my own, who happen to have great humor, and make me laugh," Allen said. "I'm just as much a pushover for my sons as I am for Sid Caesar."

Treat

THIS year, a foresighted upper-East Side lady braced herself against the high-pitched importunities of Halloween by preparing a propitiatory tray of homemade taffy apples. Upon answering one prolonged ring of her doorbell that evening, she was startled to find herself confronting five full-voiced, full-grown maidens in makeshift masquerade, consisting principally of bed sheets and gauze. Falling on her apologetically proffered goodies with shrieks of genuine appreciation, they explained that they were student nurses from a nearby hospital and—well, you know hospital food.



"At this rate, pretty soon there won't be anything left of New York."

IN FOOTBALL SEASON

Do you remember a fragrance girls acquire in autumn? As you walk beside them after school, they tighten their arms about their books and bend their heads forward to give a more flattering attention to your words, and in the little intimate area thus formed, carved into the clear air by an implicit crescent, there is a complex fragrance woven of tobacco, powder, lipstick, rinsed hair, and that perhaps imaginary and certainly elusive scent that wool, whether in the lapels of a jacket or the nap of a sweater, seems to yield when the cloudless fall sky like the blue bell of a vacuum lifts toward itself the glad exhalations of all things. This fragrance, so faint and flirtatious on those afternoon walks through the dry leaves, would be banked a thousandfold and lie heavy as the perfume of a flower shop on the dark slope of the stadium when, Friday nights, we played football in the city.

"We"—we the school. A suburban school, we rented for some of our home games the stadium of a college in the city three miles away. My father, a teacher, was active in the athletic department, and I, waiting for him outside of this or that room in the high school, felt the wind of the arguments and voiced worries that accompanied this bold and at that time unprecedented decision. Later, many of the other county high schools followed our lead; for the decision was vindicated. The stadium each Friday night when we played was filled; not only students and parents came but spectators unconnected with either school, and the money left over when the stadium rent was paid supported our entire athletic program. I remember the smell of the grass crushed by footsteps beyond the end zone. It seemed to smell more vivid under electric light, as if excited, like a child, by being allowed up late. I remember my father taking tickets at the far corner of the wall, wedged into a tiny bright booth that made him appear intense and somewhat magical, like a troll. And of course I remember the way we, the students, with all of our jealousies and antipathies and deformities, would be—beauty and boob, sexpot and grind—crushed together like flowers pressed to yield to the black sky a concentrated homage, an incense, of cosmetics, cigarette smoke, warmed wool, hot dogs, and the tang, both animal and metallic, of clean hair. In a hoarse olfactory shout, these odors ascended. A dense haze gathered along the ceiling of brightness at the upper limit of the arc lights, whose glare blotted out the stars and made the sky seem romantically void and intimately near, like the death that now and then stooped and plucked one of us out of a crumpled automobile. If we went to the back row and stood on the bench there, we could look over the stone lip of the stadium down into the houses of the city, and feel the cold November air like the black presence of the ocean beyond the rail of a ship; and when we left after the game and from the hushed residential streets of this part of the city saw behind us a great vessel steaming with light, the arches of the colonnades blazing like portholes, the stadium seemed a great ship sinking and we the survivors of a celebrated disaster.

To keep our courage up, we sang songs, usually the same song, the one whose primal verse runs:

Oh, you can't get to Heaven
  (*Oh, you can't get to Heaven*)
In a rocking chair,
  (*In a rocking chair*)
'Cause the Lord don't want
  (*'Cause the Lord don't want*)
No lazy people there!
  (*No lazy people there!*)

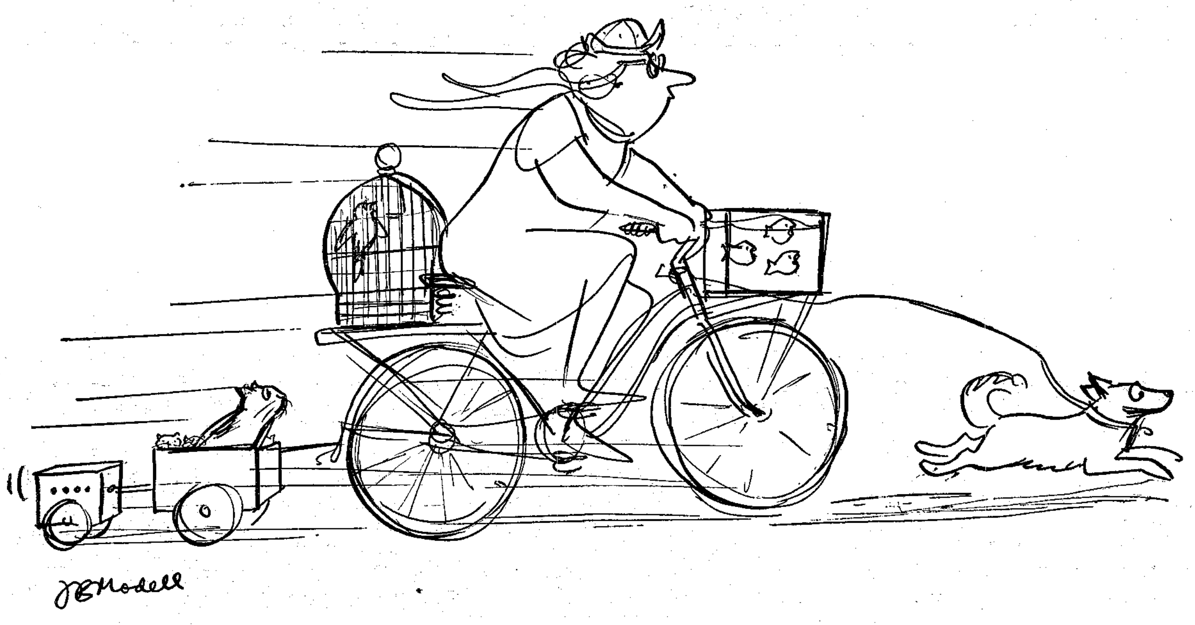
And then repeated, double time. It was a song for eternity; when we ran out of verses, I would make them up:

Oh, you can't get to Heaven
  (*Oh, you can't get to Heaven*)
In Smokey's Ford,
  (*In Smokey's Ford*)
'Cause the cylin*ders*
  (*'Cause the cylin*ders)
Have to be rebored.
  (*Have to be rebored.*)

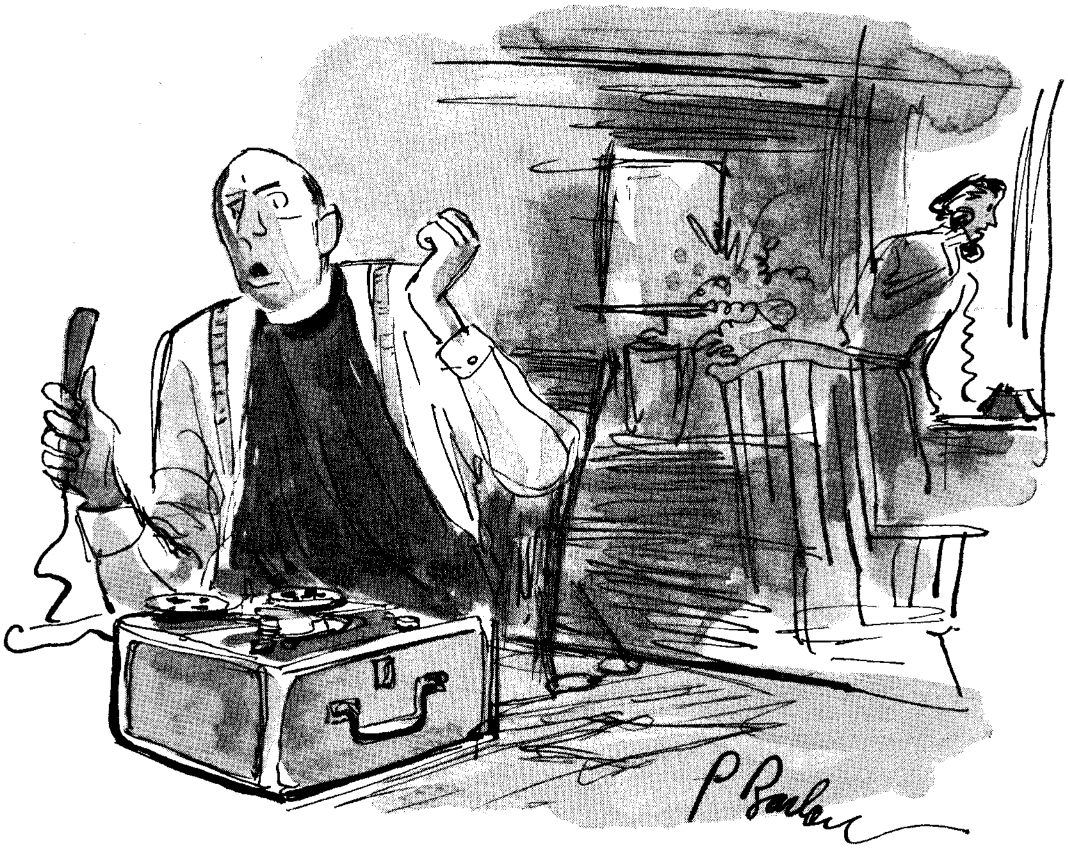
Down through the nice residential section, on through the not-so-nice and the shopping district, past dark churches where stained-glass windows, facing inward, warned us with left-handed blessings, down Buchanan Street to the Running Horse Bridge, across the bridge, and two miles out the pike we walked. My invention would become reckless:

Oh, you can't get to Heaven
  (*Oh, you can't get to Heaven*)
In a cheap motel,
  (*In a cheap motel*)
'Cause a broken bed
  (*'Cause a broken bed*)
Doesn't fly too well.
  (*Doesn't fly too well.*)

Few of us had a license to drive and fewer still had visited a motel. We were at that innocent age, on the borderline of sixteen, when damnation seems a delicious promise. There was Mary Louise Hornberger, who was tall and held herself with such upright and defiant poise she was Mother in both our class plays, and Alma Bidding with her hook nose and her smug smile caricatured in cerise lipstick, and Joanne Hardt, whose father was a typesetter, and Marilyn Wenrich, who had a gray front tooth and in study hall liked to have the small of her back scratched, and Nanette Seifert with her button nose and black wet eyes and peach-down cheeks framed in the white fur frilling the blue hood of her parka. And



there were boys—Henny Gring, Leo Horst, Hawley Peters, Jack Lillijedahl, myself. Sometimes these, sometimes less or more. Once there was Billy Trupp on crutches. Billy played football and, though only a sophomore, had made the varsity that year, until he broke his ankle. He was dull and dogged and liked Alma, and she with her painted smile led him on lovingly. We offered for his sake to take the trolley, but he had already refused a car ride back to Olinger, and obstinately walked with us, loping his heavy body along on the crutches, his lifted foot a boulder of plaster. His heroism infected us all; we taunted the cold stars with song, one mile, two miles, three miles. How slowly we went! With what a luxurious sense of waste did we abuse this stretch of time! For as children we had lived in a tight world of ticking clocks and punctual bells, where every minute was an admonition to thrift and where tardiness, to a child running late down a street with his panicked stomach burning, seemed the most mysterious and awful of sins. Now, turning the corner into adulthood, we found time to be, instead, a black immensity endlessly supplied, like the wind.



"I can't disturb him now. He's lashing back at Mark Twain."

We would arrive in Olinger after the drugstores, which had kept open for the first waves to return from the game, were shut. Except for the street lights, the town was dark like a town in a fable. We scattered, each escorting a girl to her door; and there, perhaps, for a moment, you bowed your face into that silent crescent of fragrance, and tasted it, and let it bite into you indelibly. The other day, in a town far from Olinger, I passed on the sidewalk two girls utterly unknown to me and half my age, and sensed, very faintly, that flavor from far off carried in their crooked arms like a bouquet. And I seemed, continuing to walk, to sink into a chasm deeper than the one inverted above us on those Friday nights during football season.

For after seeing the girl home, I would stride through the hushed streets, where the rustling leaves seemed torn scraps scattered in the wake of the game, and go to Mr. Lloyd Stephens' house. There, looking in the little square window of his front storm door, I could see down a dark hall into the lit kitchen where Mr. Stephens and my father and Mr. Jesse Honneger were counting money around a worn porcelain table. Stephens, a local contractor, was the school-board treasurer, and Honneger, who taught social science, was the chairman of the high-school athletic department. They were still counting; the silver stacks slipped and glinted among their fingers and the gold of beer stood in cylinders beside their hairy wrists. Their sleeves were rolled up and smoke like a fourth presence, wings spread, hung over their heads. They were still counting, so it was all right. I was not late. We lived ten miles away, and I could not go home until my father was ready. Some nights it took until midnight. I would knock and pull open the storm door and push open the real door and it would be warm in the contractor's hall. I would accept a glass of ginger ale and sit in the kitchen with the men until they were done. It was late, very late, but I was not blamed; it was permitted. Silently counting and expertly tamping the coins into little cylindrical wrappers of colored paper, the men ordered and consecrated this pit of night into which my days had never extended before. The hour or more behind me, which I had spent so wastefully, in walking when a trolley would have been swifter, and so wickedly, in blasphemy and lust, was past and forgiven me: it had been necessary; it was permitted.

Now I peek into windows and open doors and do not find that air of permission. It has fled the world. Girls walk by me carrying their invisible bouquets from fields still steeped in grace, and I look up in the manner of one who follows with his eyes the passage of a hearse, and remembers what pierces him.

—John Updike

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Dear Sir:

The endeavors of INDEX will be held within the boundaries of prudence—to the end that our corporate policies shall provide self-contained inhibitors to insulate its activities from any real or inferential interference with established channels of distribution of raw or finished products.

We are motivated primarily by the urge to qualify for an opportunity to apply methods of an unconventional nature as a stimulus in promoting an accelerated movement of products via the international barter approach.—*Letter received by a director of sales in New York from a motivation man in Tulsa.*

Want to swap three decorative words for one plain one in good condition?

NOISY IN THE DOGHOUSE

"SORRY to hear about you and Claudia, Bob," Noisy Brackett said, finishing a glass of beer and leaving me at The Crown one morning. "The Fairy Queen on the job again, I suppose? Take a tip from me. The next time you get engaged to a lovely thing like Claudia, steer clear of Fairy Queens. They turn funny when they see another girl get her man. Their little brains start working."

The Fairy Queen was his name for that rich woman who lived up at the big house called Heading and who had divorced him two years before. After what happened at her house the night she asked Claudia and me to dinner, Claudia had broken off our engagement. I could see Noisy knew the whole story. Everyone in our town knew it. When I walked up the street, everyone from the dogs upward was silently giving me advice: "Fall for a divorced woman, ten years older than yourself [and some said twenty]—don't be a fool, boy!" I despised them all, but not Noisy. He had been married to her, I was in love with her; he and I were the only normal men in the town, and that was a thought I clung to. For the more I loved her the more I wanted to be saved from her, and Noisy was a living example of that salvation.

One good thing—the weather broke. Gales blew over the countryside and tore down the telephone wires. We were cut off from Heading for a day or two. Mother had a fright when the chimney caught fire at the back of our bakery shop; she thought our shop had gone. This, and the sign blowing off at our café, kept me outside and out of her sight. She had got as nervy as the weather. When I got in, I would find her sitting beside Father's photograph, which stood on a table by the window. She would get up and move about the room, trying the brown leather chair of the three-piece first, but it disagreed with her in some way. She moved to the next chair and glared back at the other as if it had deceived her. But now her arms couldn't settle to this one either, and she lifted her elbow to see why. Then her knees got annoyed, and with a groan she got up and returned to the upright chair by the window and turned my father's photograph an inch or so to the light, as if she were trying to shake him into talking to her.

Choeropus castanotis
Ihs Pinx.

This happened night after night. While Mother was doing this, I had one eye on her and one on the newspaper, but my mind was four miles away, up at Heading with Mrs. Brackett, trying to catch sight of her face as it floated by, but all I could see was the drawing room there and its three white-painted doors—the door she and I had come in by that night, the open door leading to the room where her farming papers were scattered over the floor, and a third door at the end of the room, which was closed. I never knew a door so closed. It watched us like a conscience. It seemed even to watch me now when I was at home. I could hear Mrs. Brackett saying, "What are you doing here at this time of night, Mr. Fraser?" But the only thing I could remember was the part in her hair, for she had kept her head lowered when she was sitting beside me. After that, I would try without any luck to see again that small movement in the pupils of her blue eyes, a movement as tiny as the click of a camera shutter, when she looked up to say goodbye. I was going to say, "Where does that door lead to?," but the sight of her eyes taking a cool snapshot of what was going on inside me stopped me, and, like a fool, I left.

I used to look at Mother over my paper. She would be staring at me, afraid of me and herself. We could not go on like this. So one evening when I came in from The Crown, I dived into it. I thought I would make her laugh. "Major Dingle," I said—he was Claudia's father—"says I ought to be horsewhipped."

No answer from Mother.

"He said it to Lord Fobham over at The Crown. Noisy told me," I said.

Mother was still silent, but when Noisy's name came up she reached for her handbag and looked for the mirror. She'd always liked Noisy; Mrs. Brackett was the one she couldn't stand.

"Lord Fobham said—" I went on.

"I don't want to know what Lord Fobham or any of those pots said," Mother said.

And she didn't. Mother thought it was wrong to know what people like that talked about, just as she mistrusted foreigners. They were "daft," and she was sorry for them.

"He said, Lord Fobham said," I went on, " 'Can't do that. Can't horsewhip a man any more. No horses. Nothing but cars. The roads weren't made for them.' "

"Where's the cleverness in that?" Mother said. "We know who needs the tanning. The telephone's working again. She's been on the line three times this morning. I told her you were out."

Mrs. Brackett, of course! She was after me!

"What did she order?" I said, playing it light.

"Order!" said Mother. "She was a good customer till you and her husband went stark, staring mad."

We were silent again. I thought of something else; I had heard a rumor going round.

"Teddy Longfellow says Noisy's got an Argentine girl now—an air hostess," I said. "They say he's going to marry her."

I couldn't have said anything worse if I'd tried. I thought Mother was going to hit the ceiling, burst, have a heart attack, or die. I'd never seen her face go so purple, then almost black. It nearly doubled its size. Her voice was always loud, but now she shouted. "I won't have you going over to The Red Lion like this!" (I don't know why she always called The Crown The Red Lion.) "You know what drink did to your father. Teddy Longfellow was a German spy in the war. He signalled. Don't ask me who he signalled to, but he signalled. Everyone knows he signalled."

And Mother jumped up, went to the window, and pulled the blind down three inches, as if she, too, were signalling, but for the Army or someone to come and help her defend the country. If she had seen Noisy, or if she had seen Teddy Longfellow scratching his beard—he always picked at his beard at one corner of his mouth when he talked—she would have called out, "Help! I'm signalling. Didn't you see it? I'm signalling. Come in. You've upset me, both of you."

"Chinese air hostess!" She turned, raging at me. "There aren't any Chinese here. Don't be a fool."

"Argentine," I said.

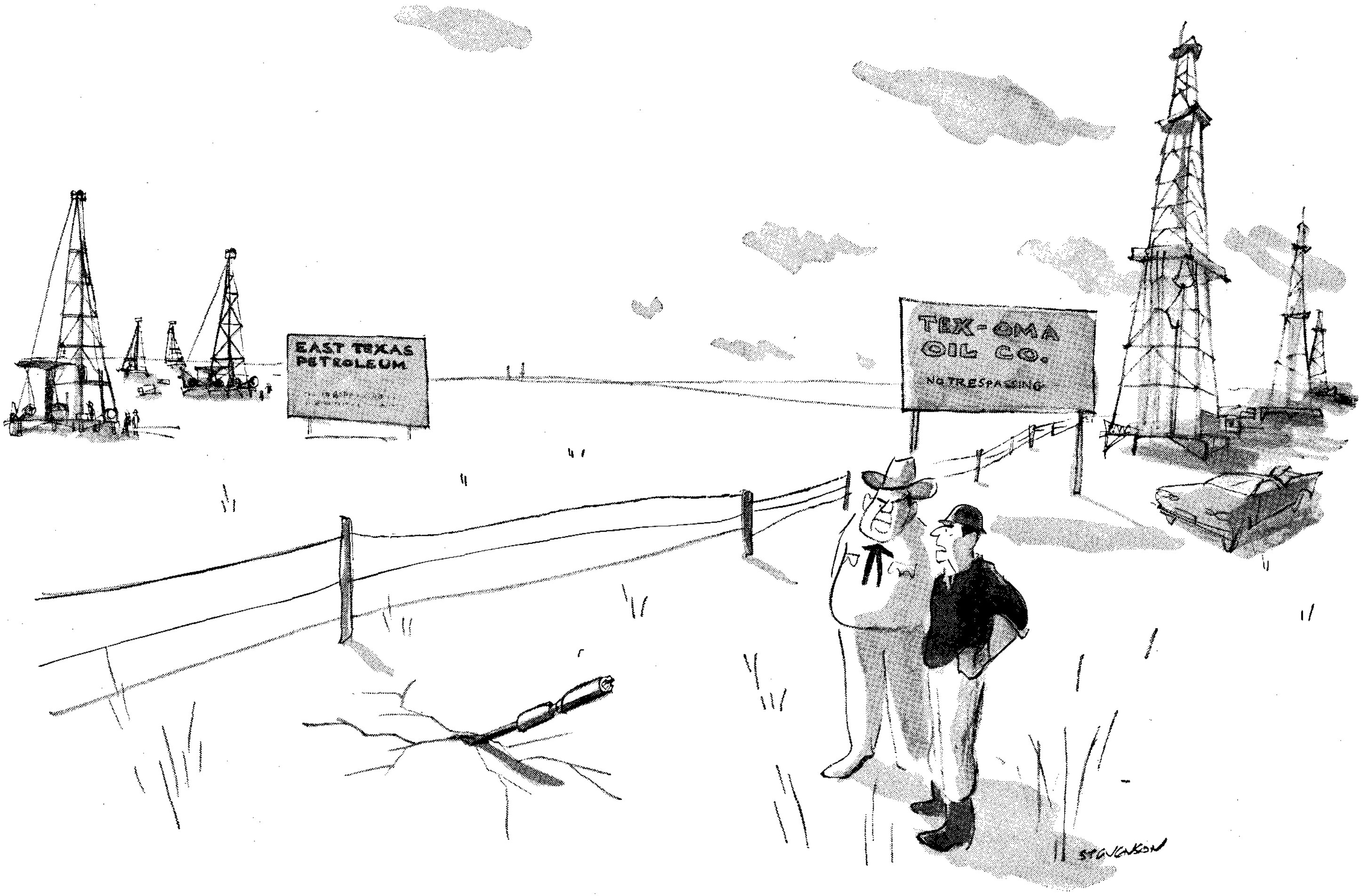
"You're always contradicting what I say," she said. She sat down and became fretful. "He can't," she said. "He's a married man."

"He's divorced," I said.

"You keep telling me that. I'm not deaf," she said. "The rat—why did he let her?"

There was a long silence; she was frightened by what she had said. At last she became calm. She took out her handkerchief, in case she was going to need it.

"I didn't mean that—not 'rat,' " she said. She put her handkerchief back in her bag. Then she scowled. "Argentine meat," she said mournfully. "Your father would never touch it."



"I reckon we got the goods on 'em this time."

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And then Mr. Pickering, the solicitor, came over to see us.

"Good evening, Mrs. Fraser," said Mr. Pickering. "The wind's still bad, but you've got the bloom of spring on you."

His nose, Mother said to me afterward, had the bloom on it, too. We were waiting for him; in fact, that is why Mother had on her dark-blue dress and had her large handbag beside her. A lucky thing had happened, and if it hadn't I think I might have gone mad with my mind fixed on Mrs. Brackett. The Mill House at Galeford Priors had come up for sale privately, and Mother and I jumped at the chance of it—Mother because she liked a bit of property, and I because I knew it was cheap and because, as Father used to say, "Nothing clears the mind like buying property. It sobers you up."

But buying the Mill House gave us only a small respite. Since the night Claudia had broken our engagement, I had neither seen nor spoken to Mrs. Brackett. I did everything to stop myself. I'd go out in the car and make it go the other way. I'd walk up to the telephone and all round it, but I never lifted the receiver. I spent my time thinking of new things to do. I mended the sign on the café. I even whitewashed one wall of the garage, and though I thought I had painted her out with every brush stroke, she came up through the paint. But that evening, after Mr. Pickering left, I had almost come to the end of everything that could prevent me trying to see her. I tried the usual little actions. I went round to the bakehouse to talk to the men. I came back and washed and shaved. I changed out of my working clothes. I put on my gray suit, but nothing happened, so I changed out of it into my brown. I came downstairs. There was only one thing left for me. I said to Mother, "Let's go into Wetherington to the pictures."

"Get me my coat," Mother said. "I'm going out. Don't gape at me. I suppose your mother can go out, too!"

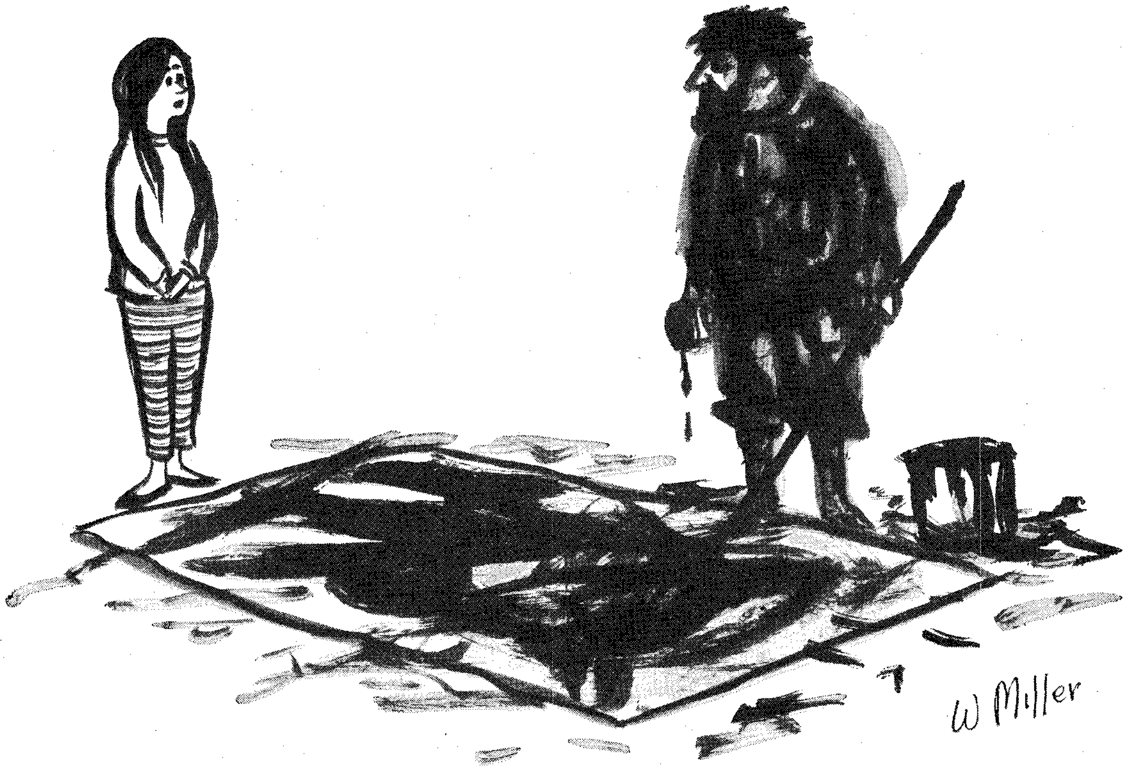
Mother's temper was the worst side of her; it is the same with me.

"Go on, get out!" she cried. "Go and chase your fancy woman. I'm not stopping you. I want to telephone."

Every family has its terrible sentences. Mother did not often answer the telephone, except in the shop, but when I was a child, if Mother announced she wanted to "use the telephone" she meant that everyone must get out of the house. Father used to say she would like the street cleared, too.

I left her, but you see the situation I was in; there was nothing to stop me going up to see Mrs. Brackett. Nothing at all. I got out my car, but I was too startled to know where to drive, and, in fact, I just drove to the end of the town, then round it, and came back again to the crossroads near our house to see if the lights were on. I drove out of the town again and then did the same journey once more, because I couldn't remember *which* lights were on. The second time, they were all out.

All idea of going up to Mrs. Brackett's went. Mother's mysteriousness saved me. I found myself going south to Wetherington at last, and I was glad. Mrs. Brackett's house was in exactly the opposite direction, and every mile I put between her and myself made me gladder. It was one of those clear black evenings when the sky has been cleaned up by the wind and the stars have been brushed as bright as buttons, and if you had asked me after half an hour where I was going, I would have said I didn't know,



"Maybe what you're trying to say, dear, just can't be said in that medium."

I was just letting the car take me where it wanted.

Then I woke up. I had seen a signpost and I knew suddenly where I had been going all the time, where I had been thinking of going for a week or more without knowing it. I was going to see Noisy. I was only two miles from his new house. I drove faster. All the feelings that had weighed me down for a couple of weeks fell off. Good old Noisy! Once I saw him, I would be all right. If there was one person who could save me from Mrs. Brackett, it was her ex-husband.

THERE is a stony lane up to Noisy's cottage. I had never been there in his time, but I knew where it was. I had once sheltered there with Claudia in a storm, when it was a ruin. I remember she had been afraid there would be bats upstairs, but there weren't. This cottage was on Teddy Longfellow's estate and stood under a row of beeches that sighed all the time—very rare trees in our part of the country. The land around it used to be grazing land, but Teddy had changed all that. Noisy had been living there for the best part of a year, after the divorce, rebuilding the place on his own. He was good with his hands and very patient.

I drove up to the cottage. It lay back behind new high wooden palings with a wide gate. The first thing I saw gave me a start: it was Brewster's cab, and Teddy Longfellow's car beyond it. Beery Brewster was the taxi-driver in our town. I got out and went to open the gate, but I couldn't open it. I switched on my torch. I saw through a crack that there was a sort of lever and a bolt on it, and, on the gatepost, a bell. A bell in the country! And then I saw there was a wire running from the other side of the gate to an upper window of the cottage. I pressed the bell. A light came on over the front door and then another in the bedroom above, and the bedroom window opened and a gray-haired old woman with a shawl over her put her head out.

"Who is it?" she screeched in a nasal voice.

"Bob Fraser!" I called out. I put the light of my torch on her face. It gave a sudden twitch to the left eye that I would have recognized anywhere. It was like a pistol shot, that twitch.

"Put that light out!" Noisy called out in his wartime voice. The wire squeaked, the gate opened. I went in, and Noisy was at the door with a wig in his hand and the shawl on his shoulders.

"Come in. We've quite a party in here. Welcome to the Doghouse. Old Brewster's dead drunk in the kitchen. Why didn't *you* bring your mother? She had a terrible drive."

Sitting by the fire in Noisy's little sitting room, comfortable and happy, was Mother, with a glass of whiskey in her hand.

"Oh, put that silly wig away," Mother said, laughing at him. "You frightened me out of my life. I hate those things. No!" screamed Mother. For Noisy had put the wig on again.

"It keeps away the *undesirables*," Noisy said to me, underlining the word, giving a twitch to his face. "Request permission to land. Permission refused." He took the wig off and admired it. "The old lady is like a mother to me. I'll get you a drink."

I sat down next to Mother, and she muttered, "What are you following me about for? Who looks a fool now?" And she nodded at the wig. "Argentine hostess—*you'd* believe anything!" And Mother laughed a little, united with herself and comfortable for the first time for weeks. "Teddy Longfellow's here," she whispered to me, anxious to make her call on Noisy at this hour respectable. And she straightened her dress. "What have you come here for? Haven't I got a life?"

Then she gave me a short, sharp rap on the knee to stop me replying, for Teddy Longfellow came in.

"Here, Teddy," said Noisy, handing him a drink.

"You haven't cut down those blasted f-fir trees yet, I see," said Teddy, fingering his beard at the end of his lower lip.

Teddy Longfellow scared everyone in our neighborhood and enjoyed doing it. With his beard and the twist he gave to his hair and his eyebrows, he looked like the Devil. He used to alarm the parson during the war by praising Hitler, and annoy the hunting people by calling foxhounds "those ruddy useless dogs." Teddy liked causing trouble; it was he who had started this tale about Noisy's Argentine girl and—it turned out—had also given him the wig. And, of course, he had been with Noisy when the pair of them broke into Heading and stole back that large glass case of stuffed birds, from under Mrs. Brackett's nose, and had pinched our van to do it. They were Noisy's properly; he'd left them at Heading two years before at the time of the divorce, and Mrs. Brackett had refused to give them up. So he slipped in after dark while we were all at dinner there—that fatal night.

As Teddy sat there, he eyed Mother

and me to see if he could see any more chances of annoying us.

“I said when are you going to c-c-cut down those firs?” Teddy said.

“No can do,” said Noisy, giving a twitch to his face. “Useful for emergency landings in poor visibility. When I get them in line, I know I’m bang on the runway.”

“You won’t get off the ground when the bomb drops anyway,” said Teddy.

“You don’t think there will really be a bomb, do you, Mr. Longfellow?” Mother said anxiously to Teddy.

“Bob,” said Noisy. “Come out here. I’ll show you the place. I can’t bear to see that swine falling for the woman I love.” And Noisy gave me a peculiar look. I have often thought of it since. I got up and went out of the room with him.

“Now,” said Noisy. “Here’s the passage. All my own work. I did every bit myself. I put on those two doors. These stairs were rotten; I had to replace half the treads. Come up. Oak, my boy, solid oak. Yes, I did all the painting. Made a bathroom. The geyser was falling to bits. I got a nice lad down at the airport to fix it for me. See? Hot. Cold. I did all the plumbing.”

He turned on the taps. All the pipes in the house jumped, whistled, and thundered.

“Beautiful sound, isn’t it? Nothing like your own plumbing. Don’t go away,” he said. “Look at this. You sit in the bath, pull this ring—front gate closed, no one can get in. Pull this—open it. Front door, too. Wonderful what you can do if there are no women about. You see the idea? They can’t get at you. Radio silence.”

He led the way downstairs.

“Follow me,” he said. “You haven’t seen all. I’ve got something rather special here. You’ll appreciate it.”

He led the way down the passage to a locked door. It had a small shuttered hole in the middle of it. He unlocked the door. Inside was a tiny room, no larger than a deep pantry. It contained an armchair as wide as the room, a shelf with a gramophone on it, a wireless, a book or two, a few tins of food, and a lot of tools neatly arranged on the walls.

“What are these?” I said, pointing to what looked like a heavy pair of secateurs, but with grips that were a foot or more long.

“Ah!” said Noisy and lovingly took them down. “Beautiful brutes, aren’t they? Wire clippers. The Paras had them. Go through enemy wire like butter. Cut through a half-inch rod—like that! Very useful.”

There were several wires running through carefully made holes in the walls. He pulled three or four wires.

“Puts on red light outside. Warns them off. . . . Shuts up garage. . . . Turns on bath. . . . Opens shutter on door, so you can see who’s there. Press button—klaxon goes off in their face. No spies.” Noisy stood back and made a statement. “You see the idea? Doghouse. Every house ought to have one. Make your own doghouse comfortable.”

But I was looking at something else. There was hardly space for the two of us to stand in the little room, but against the wall was the life-size figure of a young girl in uniform, cut out of cardboard—an air hostess of the Argentine Air Lines, smiling at us. She was beckoning.

“Ah,” said Noisy. “You’ve seen her! What a peach, Bob! What a smasher! Never says a word, just stands there day and night, always a welcome.”

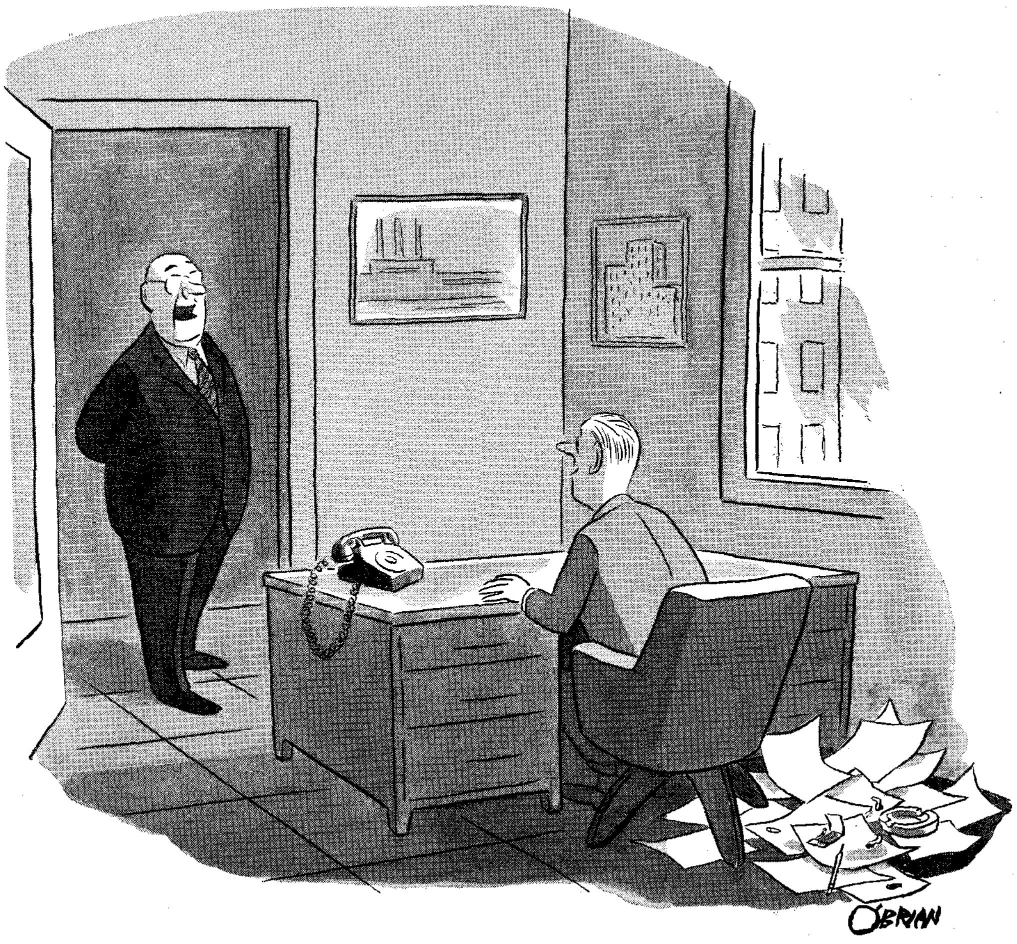
Noisy stopped and looked at me, in a way half threatening, for he stuck out his thin chest. “Don’t go near her,” he said, “or I’ll kill you.”

And then slowly a dry grin came to one side of his mouth. “If you’re ever in trouble—you know what I mean, the only trouble there is—here you are. Just pop along to the Doghouse. I mean it. I trust you. Come along. I mean if the Fairy Queen gets on your tail, starts throwing the television about or burning your clothes on the sitting-room fire or trying to get your medals into slot machines. I say just let the air out of her tires and buzz off down here. It’s all yours. I’ve packed in all that sort of thing now. There’s my girl now.” He pointed to the cardboard figure. “I’ve given her the key to my heart.” This was an old joke of Noisy’s—carrying an old rusty key about with him and calling it the key to his heart. Now he had hung it on a nail stuck in the back of the model. “And, by the way, that reminds me! Testing, testing, testing, zero, one, two, three, four—she rang up to see if you were here an hour ago.”

“Who?” I said.

“My ex-wife,” said Noisy, giving me the pistol shot with his eye.

He stared at me as if waiting for me to fall. Then he laughed. “It’s all right. I told her you weren’t here. And, that’s funny, you weren’t! Be a good fellow, for God’s sake, and ring her up or something. I don’t want her blinding down here in the middle of the night looking for you. Go *now*,” he



“By George, I wish more of our young executives knew the value of a clean desk!”

said. "You know what women are. I had to put up the barricades when my other wife—the first one—dropped down here six months ago. She'd heard I was nesting. She brought two kids with her. I don't know where she got them. Now let's see what that swine Teddy is up to."

We went into the sitting room just as Mother was saying, "If you could only tell the future, I mean, Mr. Longfellow, you would know what was going to happen."

She glared at me when I came into the room. She was on to her old subject, and Teddy was politely nodding.

"Bob's got to go off," said Noisy, but I sat down. I didn't leave at once, and when I did I took Mother with me. She was upset.

"I could wring that Noisy's neck," she said in the car. "I could limb him, playing a trick like that. Spreading all that daft stuff with a wig. No woman would go and live at a place like that. What were you doing outside?"

"Looking for the air hostess," I said.

"That's all pansy stuff. What's clever in it?"

So I said nothing, for now that she was with me she was morose.

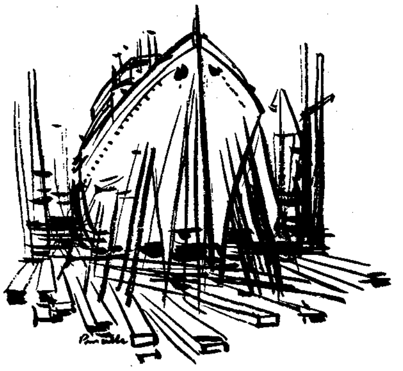
SOMETHING must have happened to me at Noisy's—I don't know what—but the next evening I went up to Mrs. Brackett's. I didn't even ring her first. I just went.

It was always quiet up at Heading. Through the trees by the house you could see the stars, and the gray stone was lit by them. There was a smell of cows and wood smoke, and there was a touch of frost in the air. I passed the maid going home on her bicycle as I was going up. The curtains were not drawn, and I could see two lamps burning in the long sitting room. The front door was open, and after I had rung the bell I walked in the wide hall where Noisy's case of birds had once stood—the marks of the stand were still on the carpet—and I called out, "Anyone at home?"

All the white doors in the hall were closed except one leading to the drawing room. I listened. Then I heard talking; Mrs. Brackett was speaking on the telephone. I went farther in and I heard her say, "There's someone here," but she still went on talking. More I couldn't catch until two or three words made me stop. She was saying the name of that horse again: "Tray [or something or other] Pays On." Exactly the words she had said two years or more ago, the third time I came up to ask her to pay our bill, and when she made all the trouble about it and I was afraid of her. I wasn't afraid of her now and I wasn't afraid of the house and all its things. The three or four big pictures in the room even looked smaller and the chairs rather shabby.

I heard her ring off, and she came out fast from the room. When she saw me, the telephone laugh went dead on her face. She hesitated and then said, with a quick, short shake of her head that she always gave when she was telling a lie or cheating, "Hullo! That was Alice Fobham." Then she shook her head again and said, "Actually, it wasn't."

Does that make two lies? I don't know. The moment she boldly said them, she lowered her head and put out a foot as if she were sketching something in a hurry on the carpet, and then took a few steps aside before she looked at me again. She had a real liar's walk. It was her body that told the lies—I mean the way she walked, how her hips moved and her arms. Her tongue, I must say, usually told the truth. If it didn't, her head gave a shake to warn you she was going to try something on. That was why people who spread stories about her really liked her. And when I say her body told lies, I mean they were the kind of lies any man likes to hear.



"They told me you telephoned," I said.

"Why didn't you ring me back?" she said.

"I've come instead," I said.

"You don't say! Well, sit down. I've been washing my hair," she said. She pointed to the deep, green settee where we had sat the night that had ended my engagement with Claudia. It was too low for me; I'm tall.

Mrs. Brackett looked plain. There was a line across her forehead, and her hair was darker because it was wet. It ended in rattails, just like the hair of a maid we used to have years ago. Mrs. Brackett went to the far side of the fireplace and held her hair down to dry it by the fire. We both spoke at once.

She said, in her cattle dealer's voice, "I wanted to see you. I expect you think it was my fault Claudia broke up with you. I'm sorry."

I said, "What is this 'Pays On'? 'Say Pays On'? 'Tray Pays On'? You said it on the telephone."

"Pays on?" she said, throwing her hair back and looking at me. "What d'you mean? On the blower—I said that?"

"I don't know," I said. "You said it once before, when I came up here years ago, as well, about the bill."

She smiled. "Still on about the bill," she said. "What's the matter? Haven't you paid your water rates? I don't know what you're talking about. 'Pays on'? Never heard of it." And she lowered her head to the fire. "I'll never get this dry," she said.

"That's it. Pays On," I said. "Is it a horse? Noisy said it was a horse."

She sat up and again threw her hair

ANOTHER AUTUMN

A flotilla of clouds by its flocculence lightly defines
That purity of azure. Clouds by Tiepolo.
Earth, beneath, by Midas. Whose shining pleasure
Is in gold only, sometimes in a parent of gold or in golden siblings.
His huge orb, roseate gold, was lately a maple
In a green summer. These mulberry satin weaves,
Tinged with a lesser flagrance, were simple leaves where
Dogwood's ivory sprang; they chime like crystals
Of a parcel-gilt chandelier in a hall rich with crimsons.
That oak in August spoke giant words, but was never as now
Sovereign, never so roundly sounded
Such resonance of bronze—a gold sombred,
Tuned to the chord of autumn. It will pass,
Is passing. Yet, in this cool November light,
The vibrance lives, lives as if it could never cease to hold
The wonder, as if it would both spend and keep
The essential gold, tell over and over the glory
That can not be told.

—BABETTE DEUTSCH

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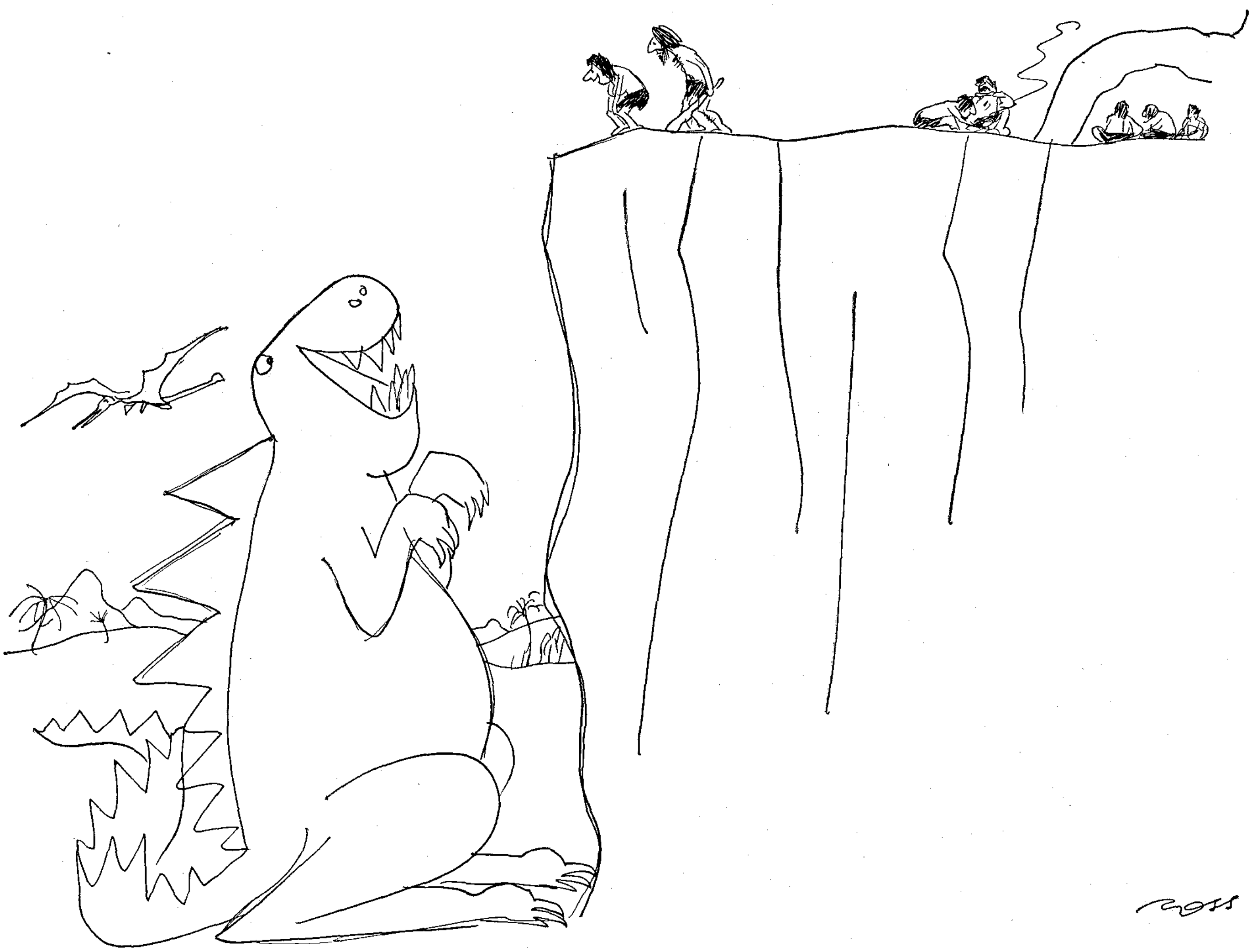


"Isn't that adorable? He wants us to throw him somebody."

back from her broad low forehead when she heard Noisy's name.

"When I came up here," I went on. "Noisy said it sounded like one of those French horses."

"A French horse? I never heard . . ." She stopped. She opened her mouth and put her tongue in her cheek, like a child caught stealing. She got up and walked over to a side table where the drinks stood. I watched the way she walked. She was wearing a terrible dress of blue stuff with little yellow and red daisies on it. It looked like someone else's. And a tomato-colored cardigan. I remember her saying, the night when Claudia and I had dinner there, that it puts a woman "one up in the conver" if she gives a man a shock at the sight of her clothes and it "makes the other women look sick."

"A horse." She laughed. "What will you have to drink?" she said, turning round. "Noisy told you that?"

"Yes."

"Well," she said. "I will tell you." And she spoke like someone spelling out to a child. "It's not a horse, it's a man. A Frenchman who lives in the country. It's French."

"Nothing for me," I said. "Why talk in French? Is it smart or something?"

"You're a suspicious character, Bob," she said. "You sound sore. What's the matter? Has flour gone up? Can't you sell your cream puffs?"

I kept my temper, because her voice had changed and was soft.

"Let's see," I said. "He's a man. And he's French. And he lives in the country. He wouldn't be a peasant, would he?"

"Good!" she said, laughing. "That's it—a French peasant. A real peasant."

I nodded. " 'Bloody peasant,' I remember now Noisy said," I said, giving a scratch behind my ear.

She gave me a long look, which died away, and she said outright, "All right, you win. I was talking about you."

"Funny Noisy saying it could be a horse," I said.

"Noisy has better manners than me. Can we drop it?"

"What?" I said. "Is it something insulting? I didn't know that. What's wrong with it? It's no worse than 'silly bitch,' is it?"

I thought Mrs. Brackett was going to fly at me, but she didn't. She stuck her chin out. She said quietly, seriously, "I apologize."

"That's all right," I said. "It's best to begin with a row."

"Damn, damn, damn," she said. "I really do apologize. Honor bright." And then her eyes gave a little flick like a camera's shutters. "Begin what?" she said.

I got up to walk over to the table to her.

"No," she said. "Stay where you are. If you don't want a drink, I do." I sat down again, but when she brought her drink she came over to my side of the fireplace and sat on the stool there. We were silent for quite a time.

"I've bought the Mill House," I said.

"That's nice of you," she said. "You've changed the subject. How did you hear about it?"

She was sharp where there was a question of a deal. I told her about it. I said I was thinking of turning it into a hotel, and we argued about that a long time—how you'd never get a manager in a place like that.

"How much did you give for it?" she said.

I didn't answer, but—it just came into my head, and I didn't mean it—I said, "How would *you* like to manage it?"

She was as surprised as I was. "I don't like being mocked," she said. "Is that what you came up to say? Of course I wouldn't manage your hotel. Anyway, it's a crime to do anything like that with that place. D'you always go about asking women to manage hotels? Did you ask Claudia? Why are you so mad about money?"

Jealous! I pricked up my ears. The room seemed to smile at me. There was a picture on one of the walls of a lot of cardinals drinking wine, and the central one had his smiling face turned toward us. Even the white door at the end of the room might have opened; I wouldn't have been surprised.

"She was only nineteen," I said. "Since Father died, I am responsible."

"Pooh. You're only twenty-two yourself."

"Thirty," I said.

"How old d'you think I am?" she said, putting her head back and moving to the sofa. In a way, she looked her worst, but I wasn't looking at her face. I remember Noisy once saying that he was twenty-three hundred years old and that she was twelve.

"Twelve," I said.

"I'm thirty-three," she said, giving the short shake to her head. "Actually, thirty-six. And don't copy Noisy."

Thirty-six, I was thinking—that will be something to tell Mother the next time she starts building up Mrs. Brackett's age. When I looked at her again, she looked very friendly.

"I'm selling this house, if you're in the buying mood," she said. "I can't afford it."

I shook my head. "Why don't you sell it to Teddy Longfellow?" I said. "I saw him at Noisy's last night. He's rich."

She started. "The liar!" she said, blushing. "Noisy said you weren't there."

"I wasn't when you rang," I said.

She smiled and leaned toward me. "Did you see this girl of his, the Argentine girl everyone is talking about?"

I was the biggest fool in the world, I felt so confident of her. "Yes," I said carelessly, and I laughed.

"What is she like—young? I'm glad he's got a girl."

I was in it; I had to go on. "Yes, young," I said.

"Is she tall?" Mrs. Brackett moved nearer to me. "Tell me what she's like."

"Dark," I said. "Yes, tall."

"Taller than me? Pretty? What is she like? What did she say?" She started arranging her hair as she talked.

"Taller," I said. "A bit—kind of stiff. I've only seen her in uniform. She didn't say much. No, I don't think she said anything. Teddy Longfellow was there, and Mother. Something dead about her."

"Is she working? I mean is she air-hostessing still?"

I was beginning to enjoy this. "I think they've grounded her."

"Why?" Mrs. Brackett said anxiously.

"I don't know," I said.

"You must have some reason," she said.

"She just looked grounded."

"How can anyone look grounded? She sounds like a dummy to me," said Mrs. Brackett, with an unnatural laugh. "Stiff as a board, in uniform. Doesn't she speak? Poor Noisy—serves him right. He likes a chat." She put her hand on my arm and said excitedly, "I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's go and see them. I'll ring him up."

"No," I said, alarmed by what I'd said.

"Yes," she said, moving away, but I caught her arm and held her.

"My hair is wet," she said, shaking to get away, but I held her arm and presently she stopped pulling.

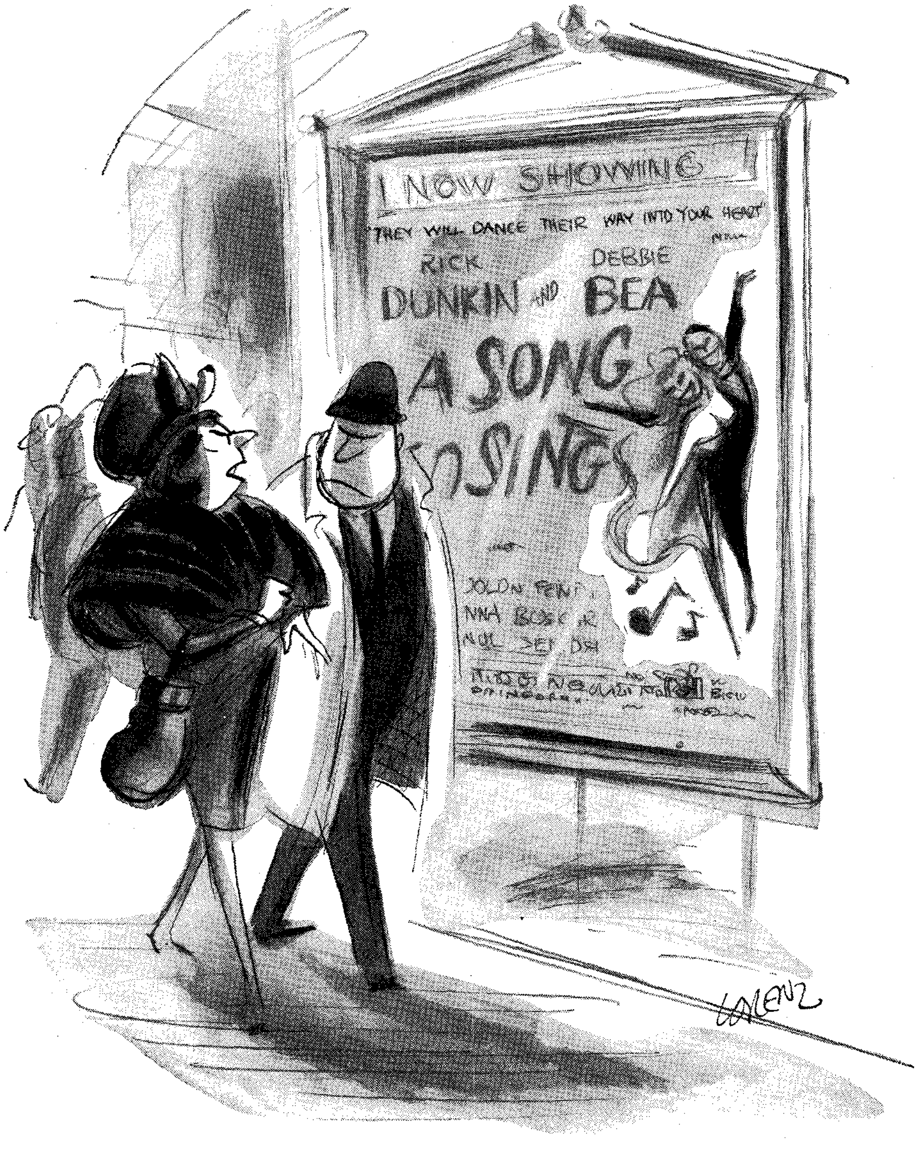
"Please," she said. "You're hurting me."

I slackened my hold and she got up at once. She was a trickster.

"I'm going to see them," she said, looking at her watch and going toward the door.

"It's ten o'clock," I said. "They'll be in bed."

Mrs. Brackett stopped at the door. She went very white. With her hair plastered down and her mouth suddenly


NOW SHOWING
"THEY WILL DANCE THEIR WAY INTO YOUR HEART"
RICK DUNKIN AND DEBBIE BEA
A SONG TO SING
LORENZ

"Well, they danced their way into my *heart."*

small and her eyes startled as if I had hit her, she looked ugly.

"That," she said, coming back a step to me, "was a dirty remark."

"Tray Pays On," I said.

She looked as if she would throw something, if there had been anything near. Then her eyes almost closed and she laughed and laughed and came and sat down near me. "You're not the same as when you first came up here. What has happened to you?" she said softly to me.

"Nor are you," I said, moving toward her.

She began pulling at the thread of the settee as she had done before. I can't remember what we said, but we did get on to the subject of the door at the end of the room and where it led to. To the second staircase, she said. And one thing led to another.

THE next morning, when I had seen to the vans, I rang her. I was mad to hear her voice. There was no reply. Several times I rang, and there was no answer. Mother came into the room behind the shop to look at me, and every time the phone rang she and I moved to it. At last, I had to go to Wetherington in the afternoon—it was early closing with us, and Mother wanted to come with me and go shopping. There was something secretive about Mother, because she wouldn't, as she usually did, tell me where to pick her up in the town. Usually, I found her outside the biggest draper's, but today she wouldn't say for a long time, and then she said, "In the station yard." This puzzled me. She had what we used to call her broody look, like a hen sitting heavily, and occasionally she'd break out into the first line of a song but stop because she could never remember the others. In the end, I met her at the station, looking comfortable and sly, as though she had eaten something good, and when we drove away she was soft-tempered and dreamy. She had got her week of anger off her mind. We had been driving for twenty minutes when she said, "They don't tell you anything. It's daft. Your Uncle Dan in Canada has been dead for years."

She had been to a fortune-teller.

"Well, who else could it be?" she said.

We got back to the shop, and I drove into the yard at the side and straight for the garage, which I had left open. It was dark now, and I had put the headlights full on. Just as the car was going into the garage, Mother clutched my arm and cried out, "Stop, Bob! There's a woman there!"

"Gee, Pop, you've sure got it up here!"

• •

She was right. There, leaning against the whitewashed wall, stood a tall young girl, smiling. For a moment I thought it was Molly Gibson; she was dark. Then I looked again. It was not a girl—not a living girl. It was Noisy's cardboard girl from the Argentine Air Lines.

"Oh, it gave me a turn. I thought you'd kill her," Mother said. "What is it? Who put it there?"

We got out. Mother looked at me suspiciously. It was what the fortune-teller had said, she told me: there'd be a visitor from overseas.

I examined the figure. "It's Noisy's," I said. "It's got the key to his heart hanging on the back."

Mother came and looked. Her face darkened. "You've upset Noisy. You don't listen to me. You've upset him. I could see it the other night." And Mother marched out of the yard, down the street to our house.

I knew Noisy was always playing the fool, but there was always something behind his jokes. And then—it was natural—I had felt a bit uneasy about Noisy ever since I had fallen in love with Mrs. Brackett. He was friendly, but he had changed. I had once or twice caught him giving me a strange look, his face not twitching but still as stone, his eyes very sharp, sarcastic.

I went to the bakehouse, but the men didn't know anything about the dummy. I went along to the café and asked the two girls there. Had Noisy been in, I asked the first girl.

"No," she said.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

The other girl came out of the kitchen.

"Has Noisy been in today? Any time?"

"No," said the girls.

I told them there was a poster in the garage.

"Oh," said the eager girl from the kitchen. "That was Mrs. Brackett. She left it this afternoon." And she gave me a knowing smile; I did not like it.

"Did she leave a message?" I said, not letting on. "You're sure it was Mrs. Brackett?"

"Yes," they said. And there was no message.

They were grinning behind my back when I left. I saw them in the mirror. You can imagine what was going on in my head. I didn't mind the joke, but Mrs. Brackett and Noisy in it together!

I went back to our house.

"Mrs. Brackett brought it," I said to Mother.

Mother ignored this. Her temper was rising. "Trying to make a laughing-stock of your mother!" she said. "Telling me he had an Argentine girl up there! Do you think anyone in his senses would believe a twopenny tale like that?"

"I didn't make it up," I said.

"I'm sure you didn't," she said. "You haven't the brains. All this love has made you stupid. Going about with your mouth wide open, you'd swallow anything, and the business goes to ruin. Two customers complained the bread was burned yesterday—the whole lot. The whole town's laughing at you. Noisy's taken your measurements, my boy. Running after another man's wife! They've made fools of you. And I am glad. It will teach you a lesson. And don't ask me to be sorry. I told you this divorcing was all my eye. Oh, I wish your father was alive!"

"Why would they put it there?" I said. "Anyway, it was Mrs. Brackett."

I was going to say more; I was in a temper, too. I went round to the shop again and I sat at the desk staring at the telephone, and then I rang Mrs. Brackett.

"I have been trying to ring you," I said.

"That is a change," she said. "Is anything the matter?" Her voice sounded cold.

I laughed. It was so lovely to hear her. "Well," I said. And I laughed again.

"What is the joke?" she said.

I was still laughing as I began. "I—"

"Are you ringing me up about that dummy?" she said sharply. "You are? You found it? Bad luck for you. Listen, I don't like being mocked. I had ten years of that kind of thing with Noisy."

God, I thought. Mother storming at me at home, and Mrs. Brackett shouting from up on the hill.

"I don't want any more stableboy jokes. It's too Tray Pays On." Mrs. Brackett had a temper. We all had tempers, I suppose—Mother, me, Mrs. Brackett, and all of us. She slammed down the telephone.

I would have let her temper go and waited for her to cool off and to come running down. What stopped me was not my own temper but what was clearer every moment I thought of it: that she and Noisy had got together again, for how else could she have got hold of the dummy?

I RAN out into the yard, and that damn silly thing was still smiling away at me as I got into the car. I drove up to Heading. I was mad. The servant was coming down on her bicycle, just as I had seen her the day before, and I could have gladly knocked her over.

But Mrs. Brackett was not at Heading. She had gone out. I came slowly back to the shop. I did not know what to do. Several times my hand went to the telephone. I was tempted to ring Noisy to tell him what I thought of him, but I couldn't. So I gave up and went to The Crown. News, as I say, travels fast in our part of the country, and when I came in I thought the landlord and one or two others were eying me in a funny way; there was a quiet laugh going on. At last, the landlord, who was polishing glasses and putting them on the shelf, holds a glass up to his eye and says, "I hear there's been a burglary at Noisy Brackett's."

"Did they get away with much?" said one of the others.

"I don't know. The gardener at Ferguson's place, across the road from Noisy's cottage, told Jim, and Jim told me. Did you hear anything, Mr. Fraser?"

"No, I was in Wetherington today," I said. "I didn't hear anything." I didn't understand this. My first thought was that Noisy and Mrs. Brackett had been up to something together.

"You passed me on the road back from Heading earlier this evening," said Mr. Pinkery, who was the postmaster and a regular in The Crown. He slid a glance at me, and then the landlord winked at him.

That was enough for me. I went back to the shop and rang up Noisy.

"Bob," said Noisy, "you rotten free lance, breaking up a happy home. Think of all those poor children crying, 'Where's Mummy? When's she coming back from the Argentine?' Tragedy of easy divorce, divided homes, one more little delinquent attacking women in parks. Father's sad evidence—"

"Listen, Noisy—"

"Bob, you bloody daylight burglar. Over."

"I've got her," I said. "She put her in our garage." I was relieved. It had been Mrs. Brackett's doing; Noisy didn't know anything about it.

"Who did?" said Noisy.

"Your wife."

"My ex-wife, if you please."

"We found her when we got back from Wetherington this afternoon."

"Who's we?" said Noisy.

"Mother and I," I said.

"Mother in it, too," said Noisy. "My God! Radio silence, old boy. I'll be over in five minutes."

Good old Noisy! He came with his usual roar. "Let me see her," he said, and we went into the garage. He sniffed the air. "It's damp in here. Bad for the poor girl's chest." He looked at her proudly. "Isn't she a peach? Now, my sweetie," he said to her, "you stay where you are, do as you are told. It will be all right. We're going to lock you in, so you don't get up to tricks." And he closed the garage door.

"Aren't you going to take her back?" I said as he locked the door himself.

"Bob," he said very seriously, "when Teddy Longfellow and I broke into Heading while you and the Fairy Queen and the others were screaming your heads off at dinner in the other room, and I got my case of birds back, they were my birds, weren't they? We didn't disturb you, did we? We didn't steal anything, did we? We didn't touch a thing that wasn't our own—right? We didn't do any damage, did we? We didn't break a kitchen window, smash locks, cut the telephone, and leave filthy footmarks on the floor, did we? One of the cleanest jobs you ever saw, I bet, wasn't it? And we didn't lift anything lying about, like a pair of service wire clippers, for example." He was scowling. "Oh, yes," he said, "we're going to get them back. Jump in. I know her hideouts. We'll buzz up to Heading to see if the clippers are there, but if they're not they'll be in her car. And remember, Bob, for future reference"—he gave that twitch to his eye as he turned his head to me—"when the Fairy Queen takes off, she's never got more than a gallon of gas in the tank. That cuts the target area down to eleven miles. She can't be at the Fobhams', for instance."

We were off. The roar of Noisy's car was unmistakable in our town, and of course it brought Mother to the door.

We tried Heading first—"the ancestral home," Noisy said—and drew nothing; then The Duck outside Tolton, The Lamb at Forth Hill, then the Aylesbury Arms, The Green Man, and The Sailor's Return.

"Bob," said Noisy, getting whiter in the face after every pub, "the Fairy Queen is not one of those who, in the normal free-for-all, can dish it out but can't take it. Something must have got her on the raw."

I told him the story—well, three-quarters of it.

"Tall, dark girl, you said. Didn't talk much, you said? Very nice," he said, grinning. "Anything else?"

"I said I thought she was grounded," I said.

Noisy laughed loudly. "Wrong there, Bob," he said. "She's in uniform."

He became thoughtful. "Of course, I can see she was getting her own back on me, but why dump that lovely creature at *your* place? That's what foxes me."

We drove on, missing The Harrow at Dipton Bridge, because the man there watered the gin. "There's only one more chance," Noisy said, driving now on the wrong side of the road. "Play the game or get out of the bed!" he shouted at a passing car.

We seemed to lose our way in by-lanes. Suddenly he pulled up at a pub called The Fox and stopped in the yard. We did not get out.

"The only thing I can think of, Bob, is you were making a pass at her. Yes, that's what it must have been," Noisy said as we sat there. "Never make a joke when you're making a pass at a woman. They don't like it. You're right down the drain if you do. And let me tell you, I don't care a damn if you *are* down the drain. But I want my wire clippers back. They've been with me in France, in Egypt, in India, and I've never seen the man who'd dare lay a finger on them."

We looked round the yard.

"What did I tell you?" said Noisy suddenly. "See that? She's here."

He pointed to Mrs. Brackett's car. We sat gazing at it.

"Keep your eyes skinned, Bob," said Noisy at last. He got out and went over to her car, opened the door, and looked around inside. He came back with the heavy wire clippers in his hand.

"Mission accomplished," he said. "Let's get drunker."

We considered the peaceful white walls of the inn, the bare trees, the lights shining behind the curtained windows.

"It brings back memories," said Noisy. "Many's the time we've finished up here, the Fairy Queen and I, after a row. Funny to think she's in there now, all on her own, knocking them back. Mind if I come in, too, for old times' sake?"

For I had begun to move for the door.

There was a loud noise coming from the bar where the locals were, but we went into the small one. Sitting alone in a chair by the bar was Mrs. Brackett.

"Scotland Yard," said Noisy thickly, turning back the lapel of his coat.

Mrs. Brackett put her drink down and, looking at Noisy, she blushed. "I see you've brought the Sergeant," she said, glancing coldly at me.

"We didn't know whether this was going to be a strong-arm job, did we, Bob?" said Noisy. "It's all right. We're both drunk."

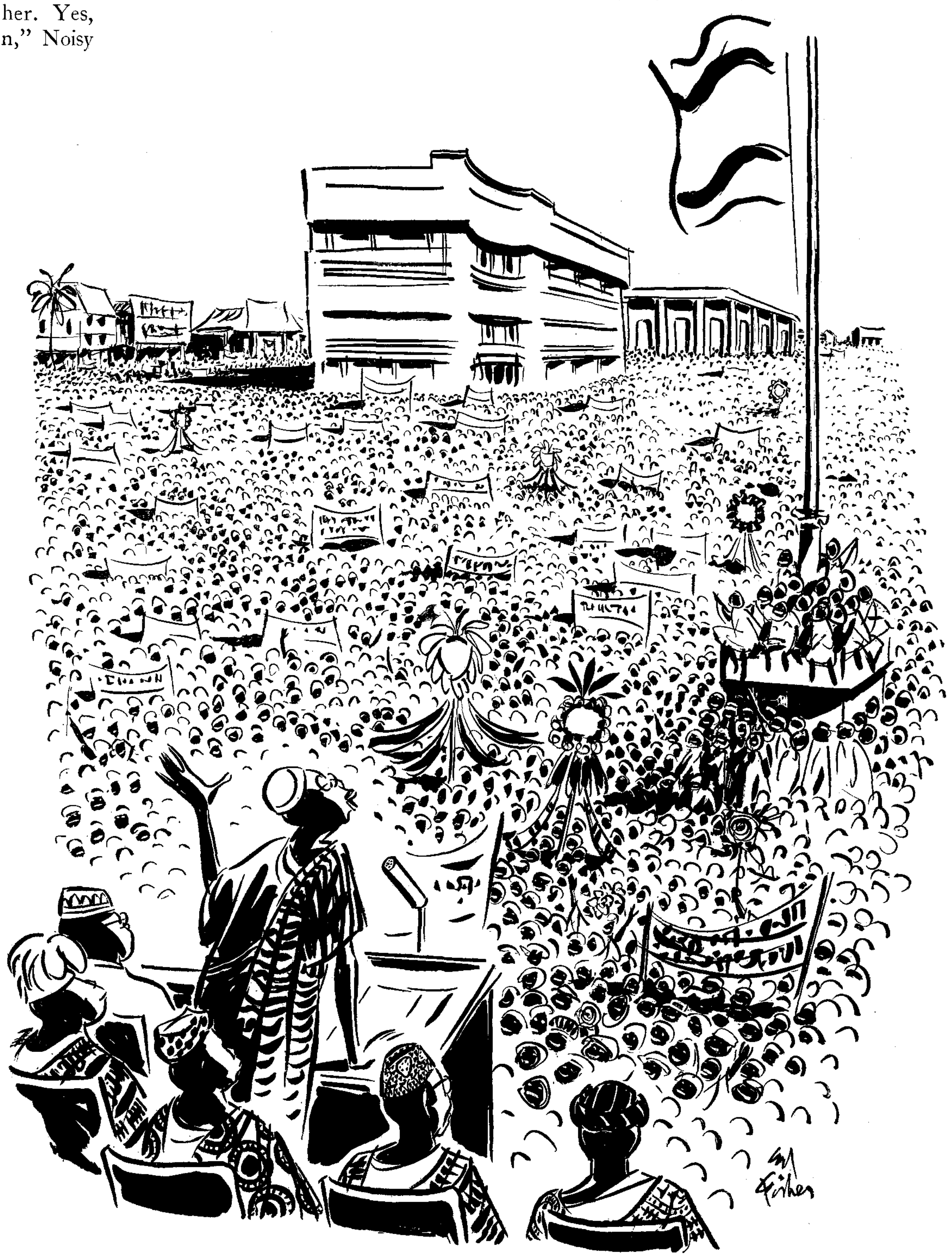
"Mr. Fraser's quite free with his arms, too," said Mrs. Brackett primly. "Why doesn't he sit down? Is he going?" For Noisy had sat down beside her.

"I'm mad about her, aren't you, Bob?" said Noisy. "A real bit of old Newgate, isn't she? No, Bob's not going."

"Well, why doesn't he join in the conversation?" said Mrs. Brackett. "Has flour gone up again? Or is he worried about his new girl?"

"Oh," cried Noisy, "has Bob got a new girl? He didn't tell me that. Bob, what's this, you rotten seducer? You never told me."

"A foreign girl—Argentine, I be-



"I have been asked to announce that the fertility rites will be omitted from this year's festival."

lieve," said Mrs. Brackett. "Very dark, very tall. They'll make a handsome pair. She used to be an air hostess, isn't that so, Mr. Fraser? Grounded . . ."

"Much better grounded," said Noisy. "You know where they are."

"A bit stiff in her uniform," said Mrs. Brackett.

"That will wear off when they get married," said Noisy.

I laughed, but Noisy didn't and neither did Mrs. Brackett when she looked at me.

"With a fine fellow like Bob, of course it will," said Noisy. "Good-looking, too."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brackett. "And doing well. He's just bought the Mill House. He asked me to manage it. It's going to be a hotel."

"Go on!" said Noisy. "What? Eight, ten a week and all found?"

"You won't know him in ten years' time. He'll have bought the town," said Mrs. Brackett.

"Well, all I can say," said Noisy, "is I hope he's found the right woman."

"She sounds absolutely cut out for him," said Mrs. Brackett. "Has she got any money, Mr. Fraser?"

"*Mr.* Fraser, *Mr.* Fraser!" said Noisy in a shocked way. "You don't seem to know each other too well. Come and sit over here, Bob, and get acquainted. This is Mrs. Brackett. Will you excuse me a minute?" And Noisy went out.

"I love you," I said to Mrs. Brackett. "Let us go. Now."

Mrs. Brackett's face softened.

"I've been in love with you since I first saw you," I said.

"I was mad about *you*, actually," said Mrs. Brackett. "But"—giving a shake to her head—"I don't like technique."

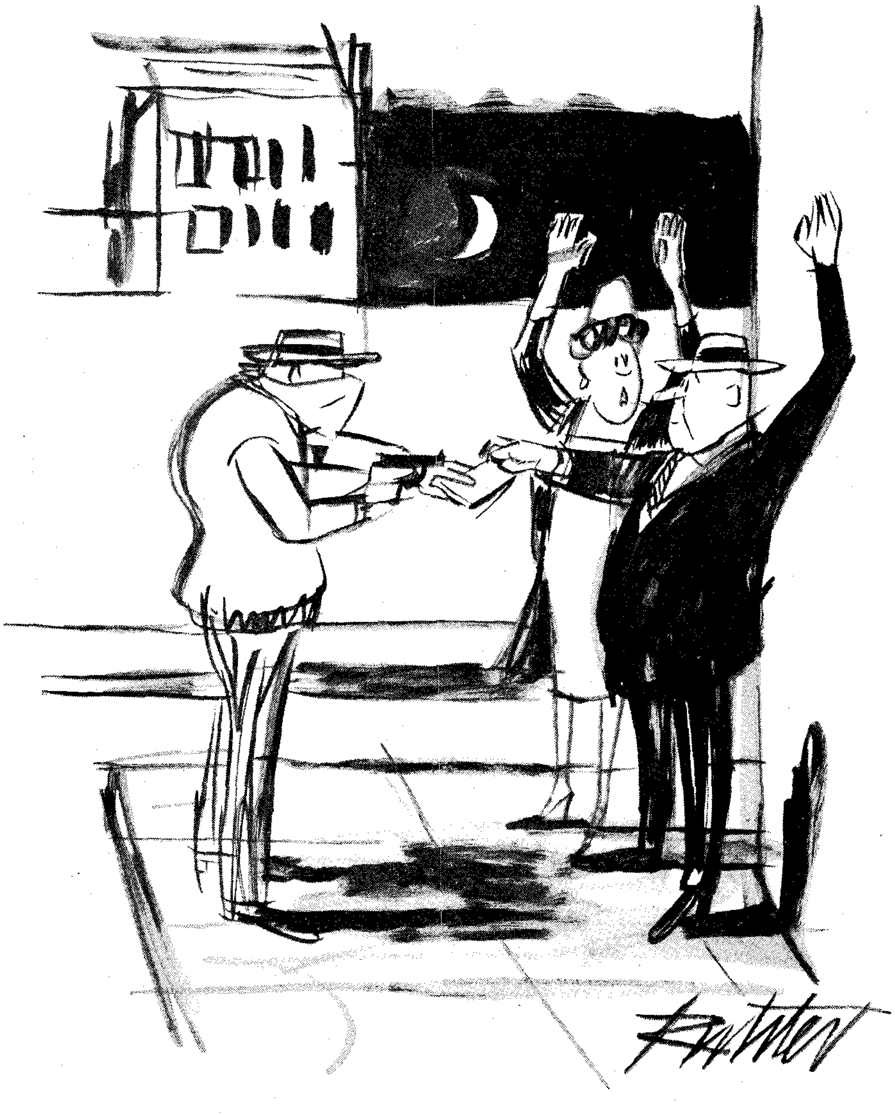
"It was just a joke."

"Really?" said Mrs. Brackett. "Well, I haven't got a sense of humor. Ask Noisy."

"But last night you loved me," I said.

"Hold it a minute," she said. "I'll tell you."

She got up and went to the street door. "Noisy's a long time," she said. "Has he gone? I didn't hear him."



"Where's your judo?"

Then Noisy came in and met her there, at the door.

"I thought you'd gone," said Mrs. Brackett.

"No, my sweet, just taking the air," said Noisy, holding her arm. "Nice to be missed."

Mrs. Brackett hesitated.

"I'm going home," she said and suddenly pushed violently past him out of the pub.

We stared at the closed door. The closed door in the sitting room at Heading came into my mind. I don't know what was in Noisy's mind, but we both went after her. And at once we heard a shout from her across the yard.

"Bloody funny!" she shouted and came marching in a fury across the yard, opened the door of Noisy's car, and got in and slammed it. Noisy sauntered up to her.

"You damn well drive me!" she shouted at him.

Noisy turned to me, shrugged, and beckoned to me, but I was staring at her car. Someone had let the air out of the two back tires. Suddenly I heard Noisy's car roar. He had taken off.

MRS. BRACKETT's car stood in our garage at home for three weeks. It took me twenty minutes to pump up its tires, and where she and Noisy went that night I do not know. I chased after them. They weren't at Heading. They weren't at his cottage. Nor in the days, even the weeks, that followed. The damp got into the hostess of the Argentine Air Lines. She peeled and she buckled and fell over. I told one of the men to pitch her in the dustbin. He brought the key hanging on the back to me, and I told him to throw that away, too. On second thought, I broke up the dummy girl myself.

Mother said nothing, but once or twice she goes on about the future—the usual thing. "If you knew what it was going to be, you'd act differently," she says. "People ought to tell you, then you'd know," she says. And then she gets on to Teddy Longfellow's, saying there isn't any future, and I tell her I agree with him. A few weeks ago, Heading came up for sale. Mother says the class of trade is changing in our town.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

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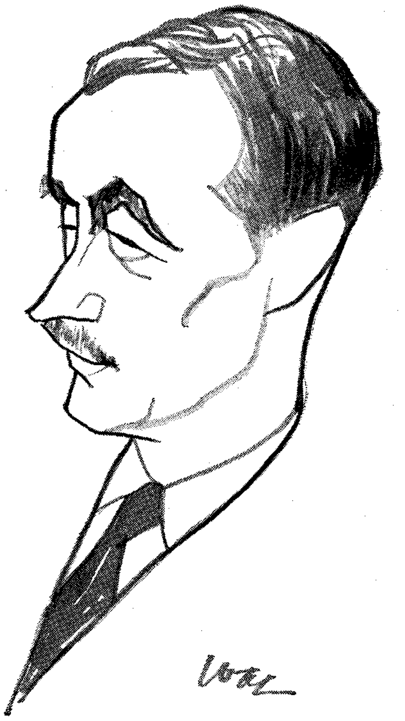
Another reversal—this from terror to adventure—occurs at the Palace. "Trojan Horse," with Steve Reeves in the title role, will depict the story of the famous Greek battle.—*Albany Knickerbocker News.*

That's not just a reversal, it's a departure.

PROFILES

LIKE A HOMESICK ANGEL

AT twenty minutes after one on a sparkling autumn afternoon, Harold Fredric Blackburn, the oldest (fifty-nine) pilot flying international routes for Trans World Airlines, walked out the front door of his house, on a farm he owns in Berks County, Pennsylvania, and started on an eighty-eight-hundred-mile round trip to Rome, via Paris. He was accompanied by a friend who, some six years earlier, had flown with him to Paris and back in the cockpit of a Super-G Constellation, in those days the last word in propeller-driven commercial airplanes. Since that time, Blackburn had made the transition to jets, and it was to find out something about them and the changes they have brought about that his travelling companion had arranged to retrace, as far as possible, the route of the earlier jaunt, this time in a Boeing 707-331, or Intercontinental, one of the last words in commercial jet airplanes. At the outset, it developed that the second trip would have to be longer than the first. Because the jets travel so fast, T.W.A. found that it did not make commercial sense to schedule a flight that begins in New York and ends in Paris and takes but six and a half hours. The terminus of the old New York-Paris run was therefore extended to Rome—about seven hundred miles farther by land, an hour and forty minutes by air. Another, though smaller, increment in the distance covered resulted from Blackburn's having moved in the interval from a suburban residence in East Williston, Long Island, which was fourteen miles from Idlewild, to his sixty-five-thousand-dollar rural spread, which is a hundred and thirty-five miles from the airport. "They say that the airplane shrank the world to a tenth its size, and that the jets reduced that world by half," Blackburn remarked as he headed toward the garage, "but getting to the airport is still a mess. In the time it takes me to get from here to Idlewild in a car, I could be halfway to Paris in a jet."

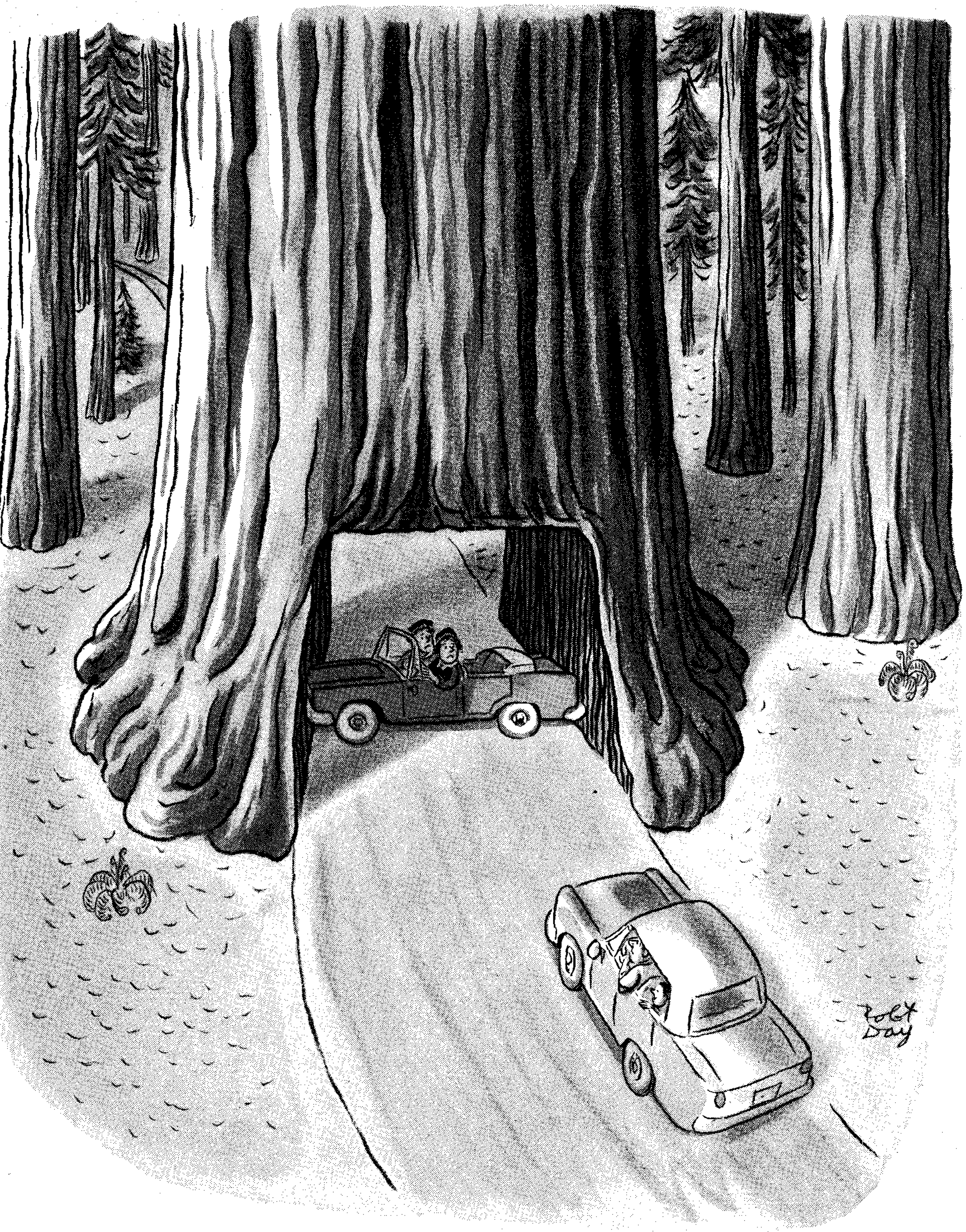


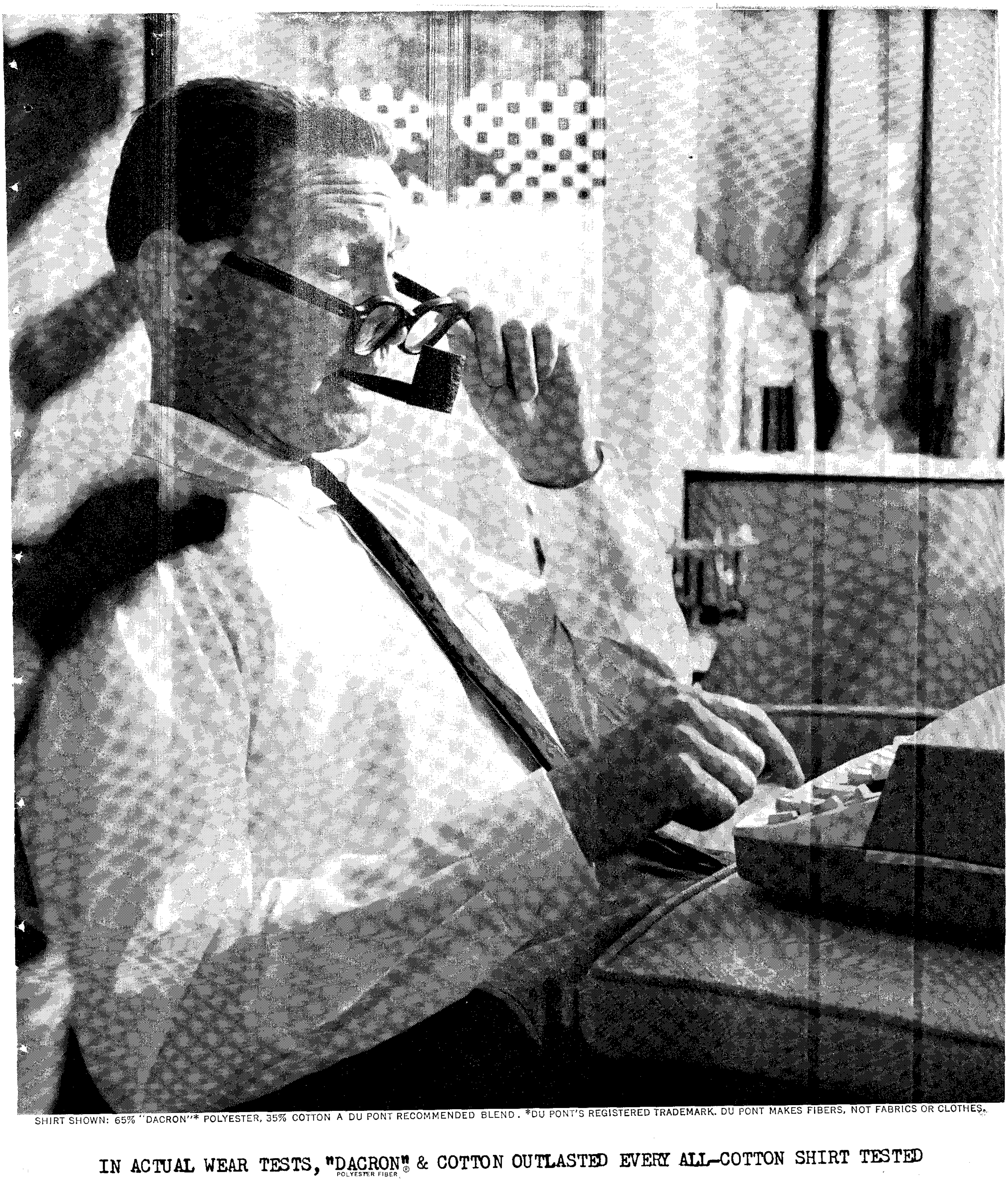
Harold Fredric Blackburn

Before Blackburn reached the garage, he stopped, put down his aluminum suitcase and black leather flight kit, and cast a sweeping glance over the rolling green fields, separated by neat rock walls; over a small herd of Black Angus grazing on a hillside; over a flock of sheep in the valley; over some ducks in a pond nearby; and over a dozen kittens frisking around the barn. "One difference between living here and in East Williston is that there's quite a bit more resistance on my part to leaving this place," he said. "Here we sit in the middle of eighty acres, with a view we're fond of in every direction, and all around are these animals we're interested in. It makes it harder to just get up and go." One thing about the leave-taking that apparently hadn't changed since the East Williston days was that none of Blackburn's family was around to bid him goodbye. His wife, Martha, had gone to a farmers' market to shop, and his daughter Bebe, the only one of his four children now living at home, was in school. "We still operate the way we did in the old days—maybe a little more so," Blackburn said. "Bebe starts up the lane to meet the bus about seven-twenty. On the days I leave, I try to stay in bed until eight-thirty or nine, so, of course, I don't see her. It's of no consequence. We've never gone in for sad farewells and joyful returns."

Picking up his bags, he continued to the garage and got into a 1950 Ford sedan, which, according to the speedometer, had been driven ninety-eight thousand miles. "I'll change the oil at a hundred thousand," he said, starting the engine. "You may have noticed that this is the super-de-luxe model, with black-wall tires and the full ninety horsepower. It burns the cheapest gasoline and runs like a clock. Martha has a Volkswagen, and it's all right, but nothing can beat my prestige car." As he drove along his new private road ("another eighteen hundred dollars"), practically nothing about him suggested the passage of six years. There were, to be sure, a few more flecks of gray in his hair, though it was still predominantly sandy, and there were a few more crinkles around his eyes, which are blue and clear and usually amused. He said that he had started wearing glasses for reading fine print but didn't need them to pass his pilot's examinations. "I have a clean license," he added, with a measure of pride. "My weight is the same as it was twenty years ago—a hundred and fifty-seven. If I go three pounds over, I start dieting immediately." About the only noticeable change was his mustache, which he wore somewhat fuller than formerly, and which, along with an unquiet sports jacket, slacks, and bow tie, gave him a jaunty appearance. His enthusiasm for flying had not diminished; if anything, its gee-whizz content had increased. "I can't help getting a kick out of these jets," he said. "The other night, we flew from New York to London in five and a half hours, and I can still remember the way people laughed at Bill Stout—he built the old Ford trimotors—when he predicted back in the late twenties that we'd fly from Detroit to New York in three and a half. That doesn't seem so long ago. It's sometimes hard for me to realize, but the entire history of heavier-than-air aviation has taken place in my lifetime. Never has there been anything to compare with the jets. Now, at last, we've got the power—power to do the things we'd always dreamed of. We've not only doubled the load, we've doubled the speed. On the Constellations, we were lucky to average three hundred miles an hour; on the 707s we average six hundred. Now we leave New York, start the cocktails, serve dinner, show the movie, have breakfast, and land in Paris. In one way, the speed creates a problem. You get wherever you're going so fast that you have to make more trips to get in the required flying time. I now have about half as much time between trips as I used to have. But flying itself has never given me a bigger thrill. With a light load, we climb at forty-five hundred feet a minute. That's a kick. I never thought I'd fly an airplane that could go right on up like that. It's not only the speed. In the jet we have the safest engine, from the fire standpoint, that we've ever known. On the piston planes, we used to have runaway propellers every so often, and fires were always a hazard. On the jets, of course, we have no propellers, no mixture controls, no carburetors, pistons, or sparkplugs, no connecting rods, no valves, and so on. All this makes for more simplicity, which, in turn, means greater reliability. In the early, single-engine days, you had the constant fear—well, not fear, but the constant *possibility*—of engine failure, which meant you had a forced landing on your hands. Then we got the DC-2. That was a terrific step forward, because if you lost one engine, you could continue flying on the other one. Jack Frye proved it to everybody by flying a DC-2 over the Continental Divide on one engine. Now we have an airplane whose performance with an engine out exceeds that of a Constellation with all engines operating. There's nothing easier than handling one of these jets on three engines. For that matter, it does well on two—very well."

Blackburn's prestige car was doing well on one engine as he drove it smoothly over a succession of back roads through the rich Pennsylvania Dutch farming country. However much he enjoys swift movement through the air, he is content to stay well within the speed limit on the ground. Having gained a main highway at last, he accelerated all the way up to fifty miles an hour. "When I went into aviation, my biggest worry was avoiding starvation," he said. "Now it's getting to the airport safely." He has been getting to airports a good deal since he visited his first cow-pasture landing field, at the age of seventeen, near Mitchell, Nebraska, where he grew up. "That was the day I decided to become an intrepid birdman," he said. "One of those handsome devils in leather flying boots, helmet, and goggles, with a white silk scarf trailing in the wind." After two years of college and nine more of single-minded, though occasionally deflected, effort toward this goal, including five years as the leader of a touring dance band (he played piano and drums), he was accepted, on his second try, as a cadet in the Army Air Corps. Of the hundred and thirty-two members of his class, twenty-seven graduated. Blackburn was top man with a ninety-five average. Given a reserve commission and put on inactive duty, he incessantly badgered every airline in the country for work, and at length, in April, 1935, T.W.A. gave in and hired him as a co-pilot, at an annual salary of slightly less than three thousand dollars. Since then, Blackburn said, he has logged over six and a half million miles and has spent about three full years of his life in an airplane. His annual salary has increased to slightly more than thirty thousand dollars. Blackburn's experience, in addition to being longer than that of a typical airline pilot, has also been broader, including a stint on the management side. This developed from his work during the Second World War, when he helped set up, and later managed, T.W.A.'s Intercontinental Division, or I.C.D., which was a part of the Air Transport Command, with headquarters in Washington. The I.C.D. amounted to a fair-sized international airline; it had nearly two thousand employees and about thirty four-engine planes, and it operated an average of ten transoceanic flights a day, transporting munitions, medical supplies, and other high-priority cargo. After





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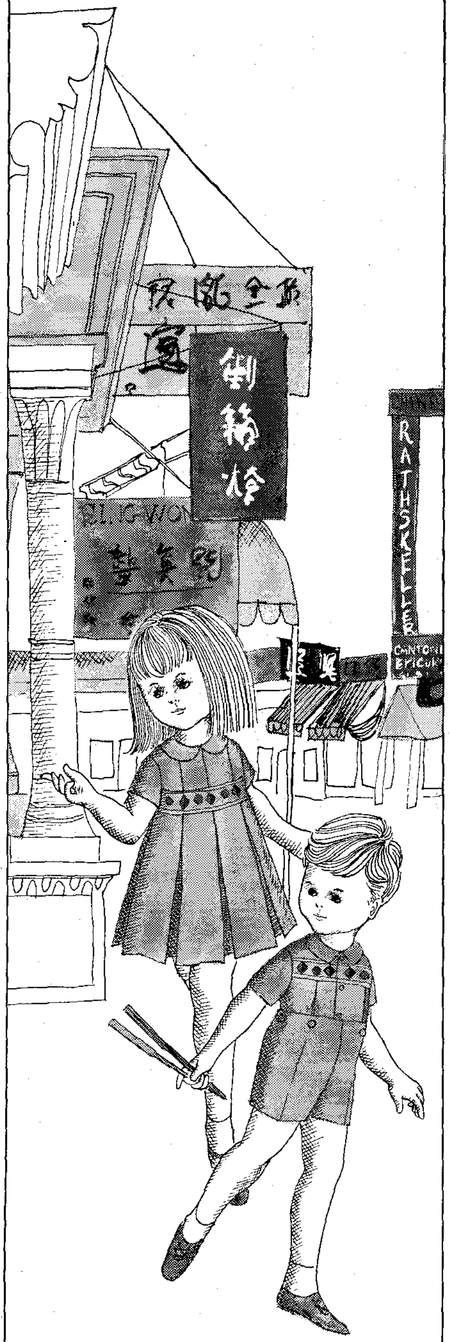

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in Chinatown.

This Swiss cotton broadcloth set comes in gold or navy with a bright band of contrast-color applique. At I. Magnin, The Little Bramson, Neiman-Marcus, Lord & Taylor.

FLORENCE EISEMAN

the war, Blackburn was instrumental in establishing T.W.A.'s commercial overseas service, and on February 6, 1946, he flew its first scheduled transatlantic run; the trip, from New York to Paris, took sixteen hours and twenty-one minutes, including time for refuelling at Gander and Shannon. (He assisted in celebrating the fifteenth anniversary of the inaugural run by flying a 707 non-stop from New York to Paris in six hours and twenty-nine minutes.) In 1947, when he had reached the position of assistant general manager of the International Division, he determined to give up the executive life. "I decided I didn't want to be strapped to a briefcase any longer," he said. "I decided to do what I like to do most, which is to fly an airplane."

After several years of doing what he likes best, Blackburn was assigned to duty as a check pilot, part of whose job is to fly the routes and report on the efficiency of his fellow-pilots. In this post, he was obliged to fly in the right, or co-pilot's, seat—a position that a command captain is not apt to find entirely congenial. "Pilots have the damnedest pride," Blackburn said. "A check pilot is paid a premium on his salary, but it's not the pocketbook that matters—it's the pride. So in the fall of 1956, when I had a chance to go to work for Lufthansa, the German airline, which was reactivating its worldwide routes, I took it. T.W.A. had a contract to supply them with personnel to train German crews, and I switched over on a loan arrangement. Of course, it was a change, a challenge, a chance to fly routes that were new to me, but there was also a reason that's harder to explain. Frankly, it was just that being a check pilot was frustrating. We were trying to get set up for the jets by tightening up procedures, but I found that the pilots who needed help wouldn't take it, and those who didn't obviously didn't need me. It was different on Lufthansa. They were getting started, they were full of enthusiasm, and they wanted to learn. So I became 'Kommandant-Captain H. Blackburn.' When I came back to T.W.A., in January of 1960," Blackburn went on as he headed into the Lincoln Tunnel, "I checked in with Marvin Horstman—he's District Transportation Manager, Flight Operations—and he said that if I was going to bid for the jets, I ought to do it right away and they'd send me to school. 'No, Marv,' I said. 'I don't think I'll bother with the jets. You know we're going to have the same kind of trouble with them that we've had with

Then you can swing
down to Greenwich Village,
which is the home of
beat jazz,
rising young painters
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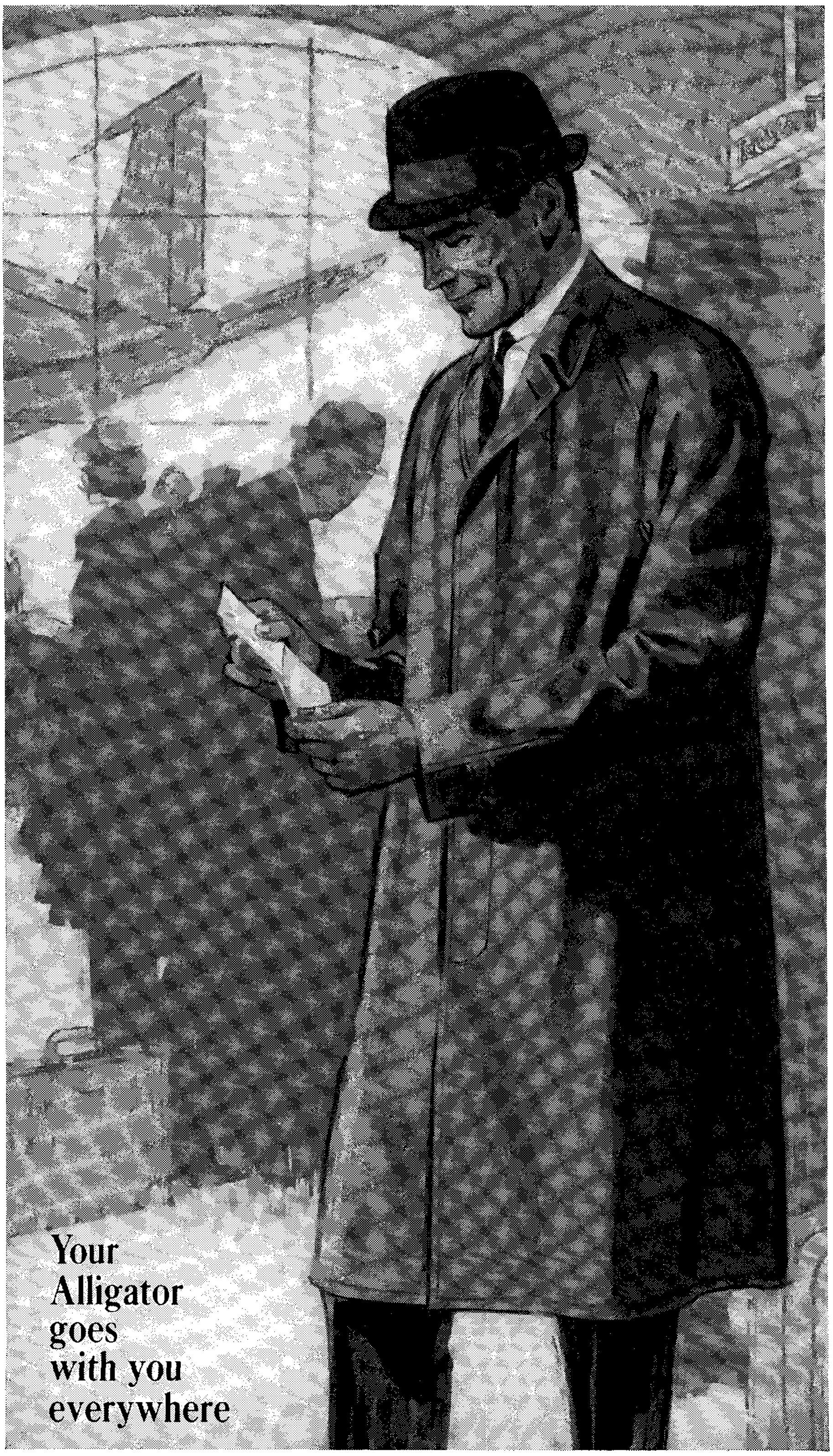
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY · 86 PROOF · EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY. ©ETDC 1962 every other piece of new equipment—delays, groundings, mixups in operational procedures, and all the rest. I think I'll just skip this one. I'll stay on the props, get a run to Bombay or someplace, sit quietly in the back row, and pretty soon just ease out of the picture.' He said, 'Have you been on a jet?' I said, 'No.' He said, 'Have you had a good look at one?' I said, 'No, but I've seen them standing out there. They're beautiful ships and all that.' 'Well,' he said, 'let's go down to the hangar and have a look at one.' So we went down to the hangar, and there was a 707. Boy! When I took a good look at that airplane up close, the hair stood up on the back of my neck. I climbed into the cockpit, and then, naturally, since I'm a pilot, I knew I had to fly the thing. Horstman said, 'When do you want to start to school?' I said, 'When does the next class begin?' He said, 'Monday.' I said, 'I'll be there.' "

Having patiently threaded his way through the Manhattan traffic and gained the Long Island Expressway, Blackburn remarked that the change from piston planes to jets was probably the greatest transition that airline pilots have ever had to make, and, from the airlines' standpoint, the most expensive. "They told us in the Air Corps that it cost the government about fifty thousand dollars to train each of us as a pilot," he said. "T.W.A. figures that it costs them about the same to check out a jet flight crew. The school is in Kansas City, and it begins with three weeks of classroom instruction—eight-thirty to five, and plenty of homework. The instructors are gentlemen, but they're tough. At the end of the first day, you know you aren't on vacation. After the ground school, you go on to the Flight Simulator. This is a full-scale reproduction of the 707 cockpit. It can simulate all possible flight conditions—everything from takeoffs to landings, in all kinds of weather and in all types of emergency situations. For takeoff-and-landing training, the Simulator has a closed-circuit-television attachment that projects a picture of an airfield on a screen in front of you, just the way you'd see it from the cockpit. The field changes in relation to your speed, altitude, and angle. It's surprisingly realistic. After checking out on the Simulator, you go on to actual flight in a real 707. In this 'line' instruction, as it's called, you practice landings and takeoffs, steep turns, three-engine approaches and pullouts, two-engine approaches and pullouts, emergency descents, touch-and-go landings and takeoffs, and all the



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other maneuvers you have to know to get your F.A.A. rating." On the average, it takes a T.W.A. pilot ten weeks to complete the course and qualify for the jets; it took Blackburn, who was the oldest member of a class of fifteen, six weeks. He also made the highest grade in his class on his final examination, scoring ninety-six. "Of course I'm glad I checked out on the jets," he said. "It's flying such as I had never known. It gave me the same feeling I had when I first flew a Jenny. When I got out of that 707 after the first four hours of actually flying it, I just wanted to stand around and look at it. I didn't want to leave the thing. It had been such a thrill that I got a lump in my throat."

IT was ten minutes to five when Blackburn turned off the parkway onto a service road leading to Hangar 12, T.W.A.'s operational headquarters at Idlewild. His flight, No. 800, was scheduled to leave at seven-thirty. Though crew members are not required to report for work until two hours before their flight departs, Blackburn likes to give himself some leeway. "Well," he said as he parked his car in the company's lot, "the most dangerous part of the trip is over. When I joined T.W.A., my life expectancy was nine years. Today, I can get life insurance at standard rates." He stopped off in a ground-floor washroom to change into his working clothes, and when he emerged, wearing a freshly pressed dark-blue uniform and a cap with a captain's gold braid on the visor, cocked at a snappy angle, he looked, as the T.W.A. employees' publication *Skyliner* had remarked of him a few months earlier, "the way many think every airline pilot should look." He is known to the fraternity as "the pilot's pilot," *Skyliner* also remarked, and noted that in his twenty-seven years with the company he had never caused injury to a passenger, damaged an aircraft, or reported late for a flight. After putting his sports clothes in his car, he started up to the second floor to begin his pre-flight routine. On the stairway, he passed another captain.

"Hi, Blackie," the other man said. "Going somewhere?"

"Roma," Blackburn replied.

"You'll get lost."

"It'll be worth it."

On the second floor, Blackburn went first to a room identified by a small sign reading "Crew Schedule—Int'l.," where one of four young men sitting behind a counter handed him a mimeographed form headed "General Declaration" and listing the names of the

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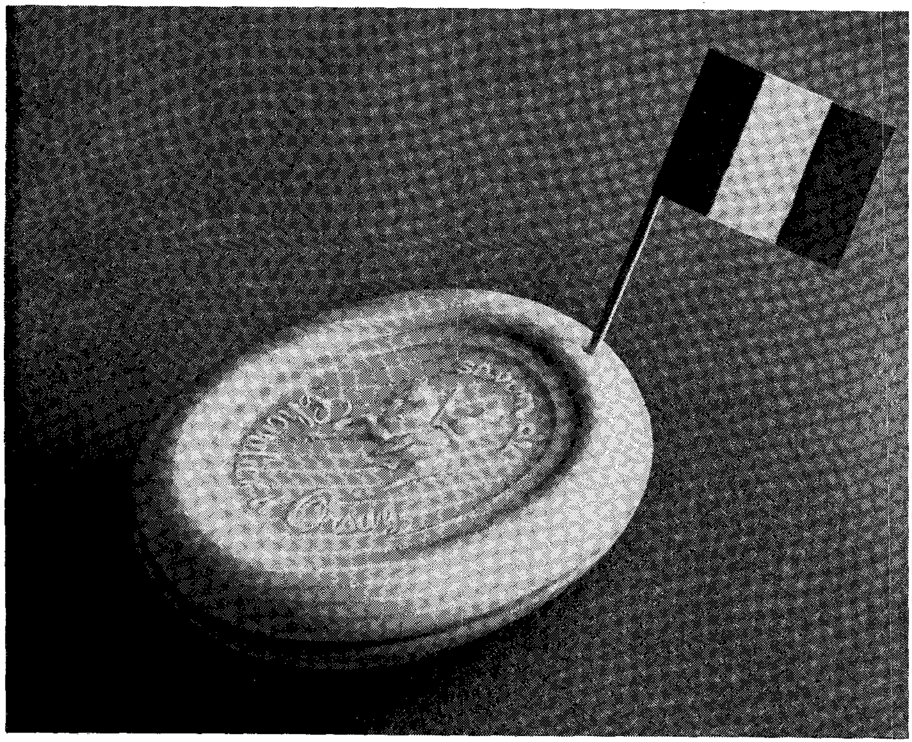

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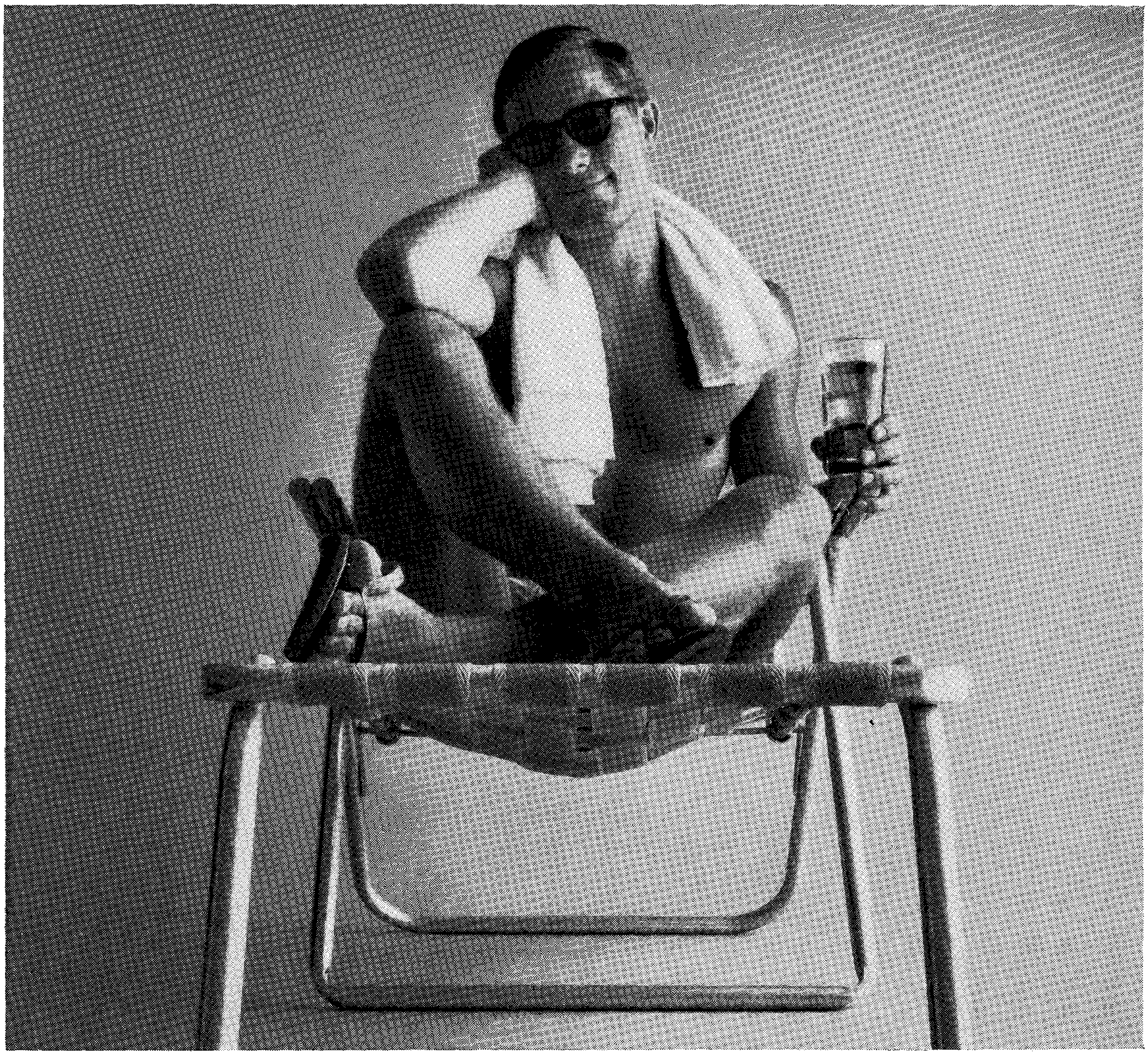
crew members assigned to Flight 800. "The makeup of the crew is almost always different for every flight," he said, glancing at the list. "I think I know everybody here except the second officer. They'll start turning up before long. Our pay starts two hours before scheduled departure time." There is a standby for each member of a crew, he added, but substitutions are generally infrequent except among hostesses, who seem to suffer indisposition most often on Thursdays; international crews leaving that day are away from home over the weekend. The 707 calls for a crew of twelve (compared with ten on a Constellation), consisting of a captain, a first officer, a second officer, a flight engineer, a navigator, a purser, and six hostesses. The cabin crews of four-engine jets have been increased by four (Constellations used to carry two pursers and one hostess), and the flight crews (those who work in the cockpit) have been decreased by two—a radio operator and one of two flight engineers. "They were victims of the advance of science—better high-frequency voice communication, and doubling the speed of the airplane," Blackburn said. "We get there so fast we no longer rely on continuous-wave radio, so we don't need a radio operator, and one man can handle the flight engineer's job without exceeding the number of hours he's allowed to work. The radio duty is now divided among the captain and the first and second officers, with the bulk of the routine stuff handled by the second officer. On the jets, he's the secretary, stenographer, and file clerk." Blackburn moved down to the end of the counter and said hello to an attractive young woman named Pat, who returned his greeting with a big smile and handed him the passports for the crew of his flight. "Pat's job is to sit here and smile at the crews when they leave and when they return," Blackburn said. "She's very good at it. She also keeps track of our passports and lets us know when they're about to lapse. We have to keep renewing them, just like people."

A rather heavyset captain with gray hair came up to the counter and took a folder out of his wallet. "Pardon me, Captain," he said, turning to Blackburn. "I don't suppose you would believe it to look at me, but I am a grandfather, and I happen to have some pictures of my grandchildren right here. Would you care to see them?"

"Funny thing," Blackburn said, reaching for his wallet, "but I happen to have a few snapshots of my own grandchildren right here, too."

"O.K., Blackie, let's call it a draw,"



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I got out of the States all right. A delightful Varig dinner, some casual conversation . . . and there I was, on foreign soil. Rio de Janeiro! The name was a song, the sky was a sea of stars. Why not stay just one night before going on? It was then I began to be undone.

Perhaps Destiny drew me from the airport to that tiny restaurant. Ordered my *cachaça* cocktail. Guided the hand that prepared my *empadas de camarao,* a symphony of shrimp, olives and hearts of palm, baked in flaky pastry.

Fate took me to a terraced suite overlooking the sugar-white sands of Copacabana. And — who knows how many days later?—purest Chance brought me at last to my senses.

What of my plan? Would I never see the crystal towers of Brasilia? What of São Paulo, Montevideo, Lima, Buenos Aires . . . the flash and color and blaze of South America's other great cities!

I gazed down from lofty Sugar Loaf to the sunswept beaches, the fairy-tale islands nestled in Rio's harbor. The embrace of Rio—graceful, sensuous, affectionate—had captured me completely. And so here began —and ended—my tour of South America. My two-week vacation was over long ago, yet I simply could not leave.

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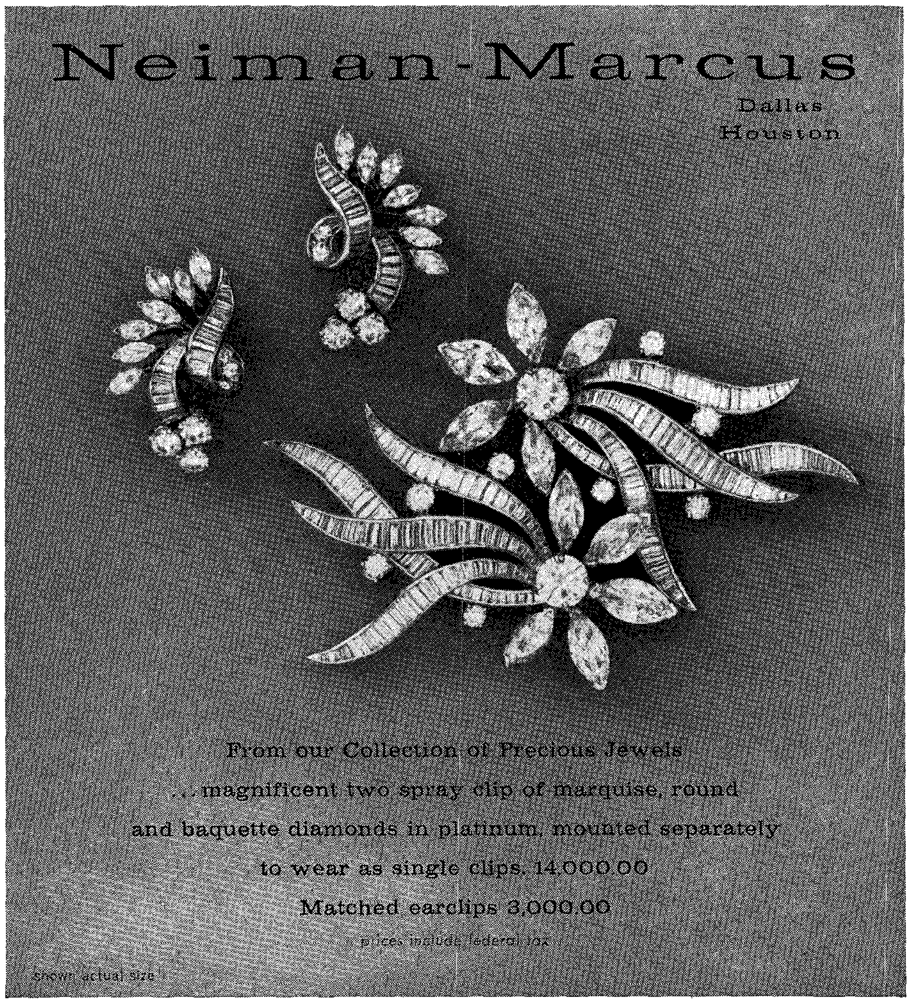

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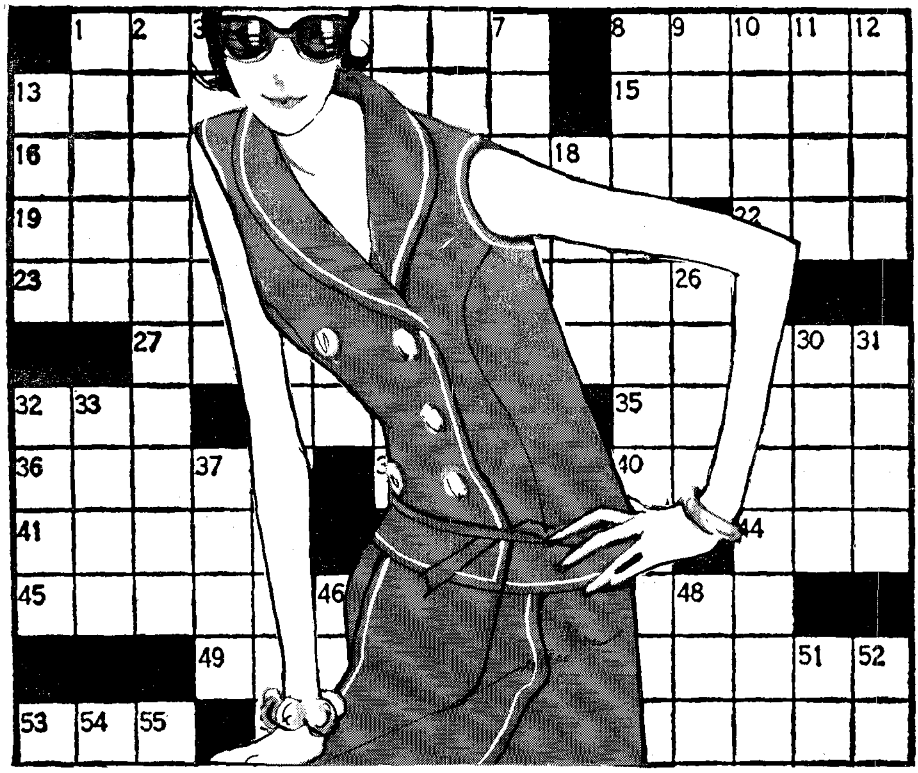

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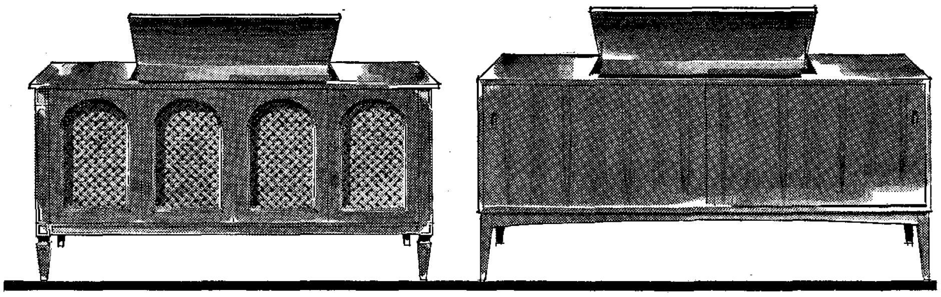
the heavyset captain said with a grin, and went about his business.

A number of other pilots passing through the room also had gray hair or were getting bald. Blackburn identified most of them as jet pilots, and explained that although the average age of airline pilots is thirty-eight, that of jet captains is fifty, and the ones on international routes weigh the figures upward, since they have had an average of twenty-four and a half years' experience with the line. Blackburn exchanged a few words with another old-timer, who commutes to his job from Florida, where he is putting his savings into building a marina and an adjoining motel. "In this business," Blackburn said after his friend had left, "it's very important to have something like a marina or a motel or a farm to fall back on, because a pilot can be employed one day and be retired the next, and I don't mean voluntarily. Every year, we have two F.A.A. physical exams and one company physical to see whether we're in top condition, and we have two instrument checks and one line check to test our flying skill. If we flunk any one of these, we're out of work. I know of no other profession whose members are required to take six tests a year and will lose their job if they fail a single one. No wonder only one out of ten pilots flies to the age of fifty."

Blackburn looked at the watch on his left wrist, set on Greenwich time, which is used for international airline operations (on overseas trips he also wears a watch on his right wrist, set on New York time, or what he calls "stomach time"), and said he'd better get to work. He walked across the corridor and into a room marked "Flight Planning," which is partly divided down the middle by bulletin boards covered on both sides with teletyped bulletins relating, as headings over them explain, to "Equipment," "Airways," and "Operations." Half a dozen officers, sitting at shelf-like tables attached to the two longer walls, were writing reports or reading bulletins. It was five-twenty-five when Blackburn walked in, and all the members of his flight crew except the second officer were already there. He joined them, nodding his head in greeting. "Why, Henry!" he said, casting an appraising glance at the navigator, a rather plump man in his early forties. "I guess the last time I saw you was about fifty pounds ago." The navigator smiled and briefly assumed an exaggerated brace. Blackburn walked over to a filing cabinet and picked out a form headed "Crew Flight Time Log." This is one of some four dozen forms

The Lost Octave in Beethoven's 7th



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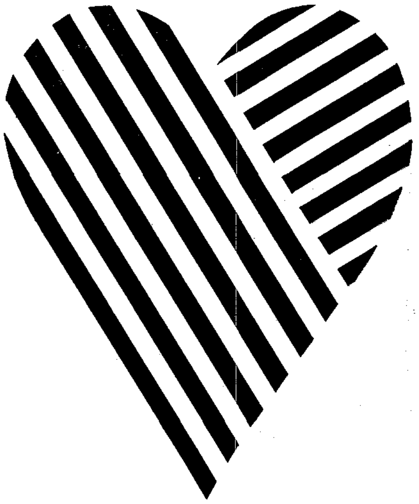

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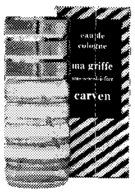

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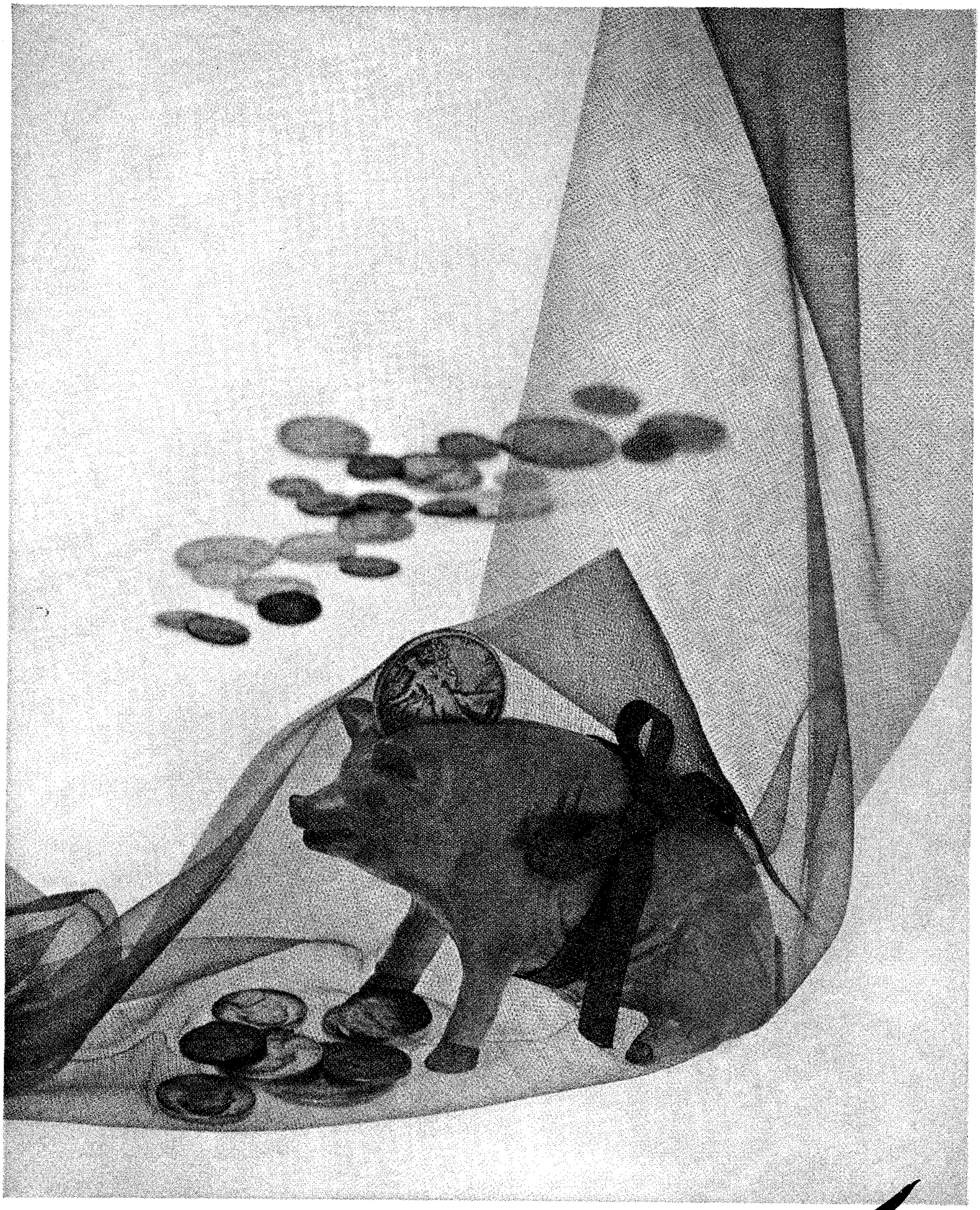
that he fills out or signs during a typical round trip. "The jets revolutionized flying but not the paperwork," he said. "I don't know of a single form that's been rescinded. The old rule still applies: A pilot can be cleared to take off when the weight of his paperwork equals the weight of his airplane."

A few minutes later, the second officer arrived. "Let's see what they've got for us tonight," Blackburn said, and, with his flight crew, walked into a large adjoining room, known officially as Meteorology and Wind Analysis but generally referred to on the premises as Weather. At one end of this room, which is intersected for most of its length by a low counter, eight teletype machines clicked continuously as they recorded weather information dispatched from relay stations around the world. Nearby, at five large desks surfaced with frosted glass and illuminated from beneath, meteorologists were making maps. On one wall, a floor-to-ceiling bulletin board gave detailed information about that evening's flights. Blackburn raised his eyebrows when he observed that Flight 800 was sold out in both first class and economy, and was accordingly scheduled to carry a hundred and forty passengers. That was more than four times the number posted for any other eastbound flight. "A full load—that's something for this time of the year," Blackburn said. "Last trip going over, we had six in first class and twenty-three in tourist. The load makes all the difference, of course, because the flight costs about the same whether we go out full, half full, or empty." Walking over to the counter, he greeted the chief dispatcher, who was in shirtsleeves.

"Hi, Ed. What's with 800?"

"A lot of military, Blackie," Ed replied. "Going to Paris." He spread on the counter two maps—one prepared by the U. S. Weather Bureau, the other by T.W.A. meteorologists—showing weather conditions over the North Atlantic. On the T.W.A. map, a thin red crayon line had been drawn between New York and Paris. Such a line is called the Minimum Time Route, or MTR, and is the course that, by taking advantage of weather conditions, covers the distance in the shortest possible time. (The company meteorologists also work out two alternate routes.) "Kind of a weird track, isn't it?" the navigator said, looking at the MTR, which indicated a course almost directly northeast for the first two-thirds of the trip and almost directly southeast for the final third. The usual New York-Paris route starts at forty-one degrees north, the latitude of Idlewild, slants gently up-



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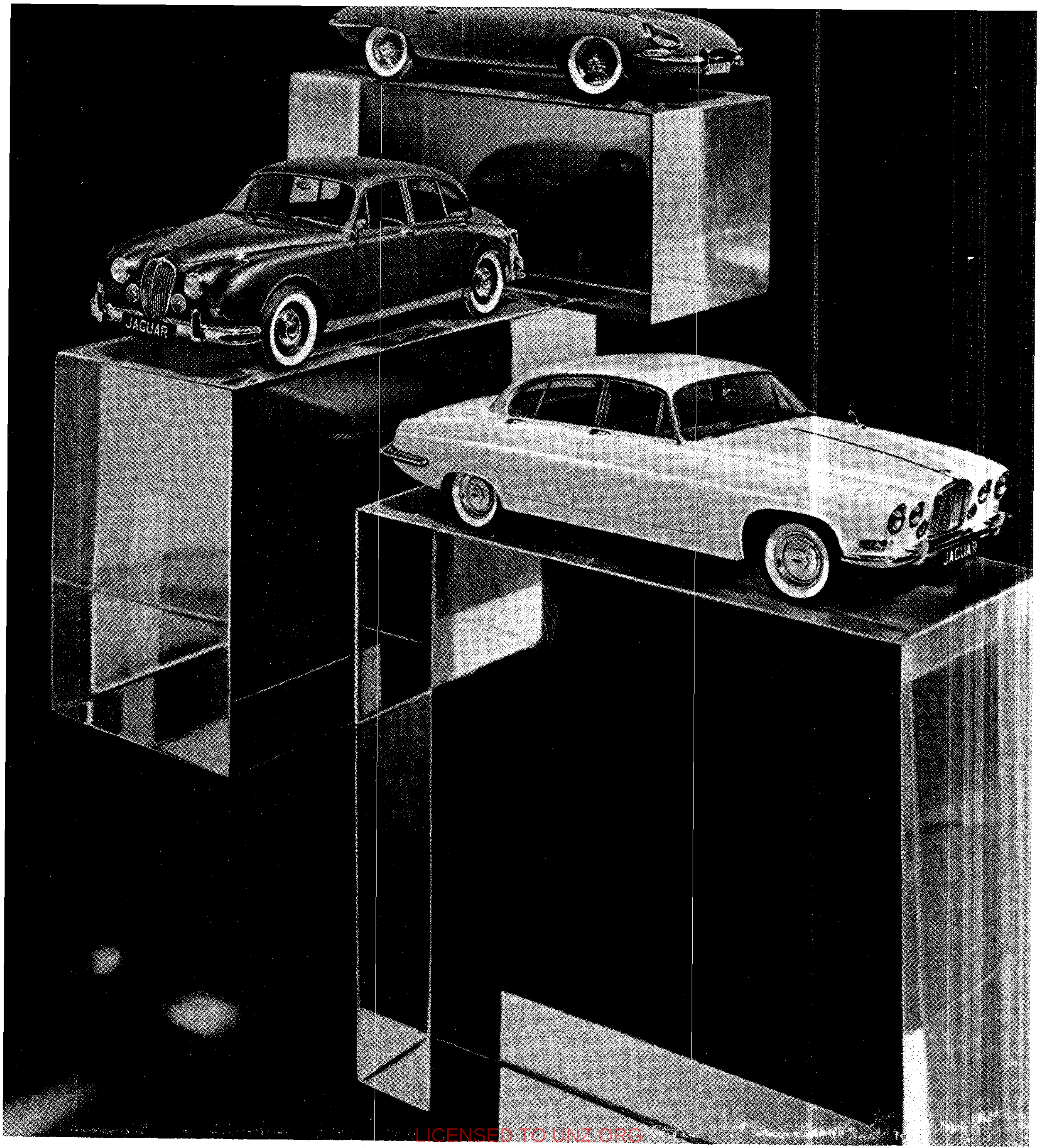
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ward to fifty-three degrees, the latitude of Shannon, Ireland, and then turns down to Paris. However, to take advantage of unusual winds prevailing on this night, the MTR ascended to fifty-seven degrees north, the latitude of Aberdeen, before heading back down. According to the maps, Flight 800 would encounter little weather until it approached Gander, Newfoundland, where for about three-quarters of an hour it would have to contend with a jet stream from the northwest at a hundred and sixty-five miles an hour. Having left the cross wind behind, the plane would have smooth sailing across the water, and off the coast of Ireland it would run into another jet stream blowing almost due south, which would provide a tail wind sufficient to boost the plane's speed to six hundred and eighty-five miles per hour into Orly Airport, in Paris. Blackburn asked about the weather there and in Rome. "Paris is O.K., Rome is good," the dispatcher said, and handed him a sheet of paper containing detailed forecasts not only for Flight 800's two terminal cities but for Gander, London, Geneva, Naples, and nine other emergency or alternate landing points. After glancing at this, Blackburn turned his attention to a neatly typewritten form prepared by the dispatcher and headed "Flight Log," which showed, on the basis of the scheduled load and the expected weather conditions, what Flight 800's fuel consumption and elapsed time would be if it flew the Minimum Time Route or either alternate, and if the flight was made at the optimum altitude for efficient operation or at either of two less desirable altitudes. "Let's figure at thirty-three and have twenty-nine thousand at the ramp," Blackburn said, indicating in verbal shorthand his choice of an altitude of thirty-three thousand feet—that night's optimum—and a request that the airplane have a hundred and twenty-nine thousand pounds of fuel (about nineteen thousand five hundred gallons) in its tanks, close to their maximum capacity, when ready to leave the passenger terminal. Unlike piston planes, which burn high-octane gasoline that costs twenty-one cents a gallon, jets burn kerosene that costs ten cents a gallon, but they consume it as if there were no tomorrow. A 707 burns almost twice as much fuel when idling as a Constellation does when cruising. After the dispatcher had entered in red pencil in the Flight Log the amount of fuel Blackburn had asked for, Blackburn signed the form and gave it back; that act, performed as casually as one would stamp a letter and drop it in a mailbox,

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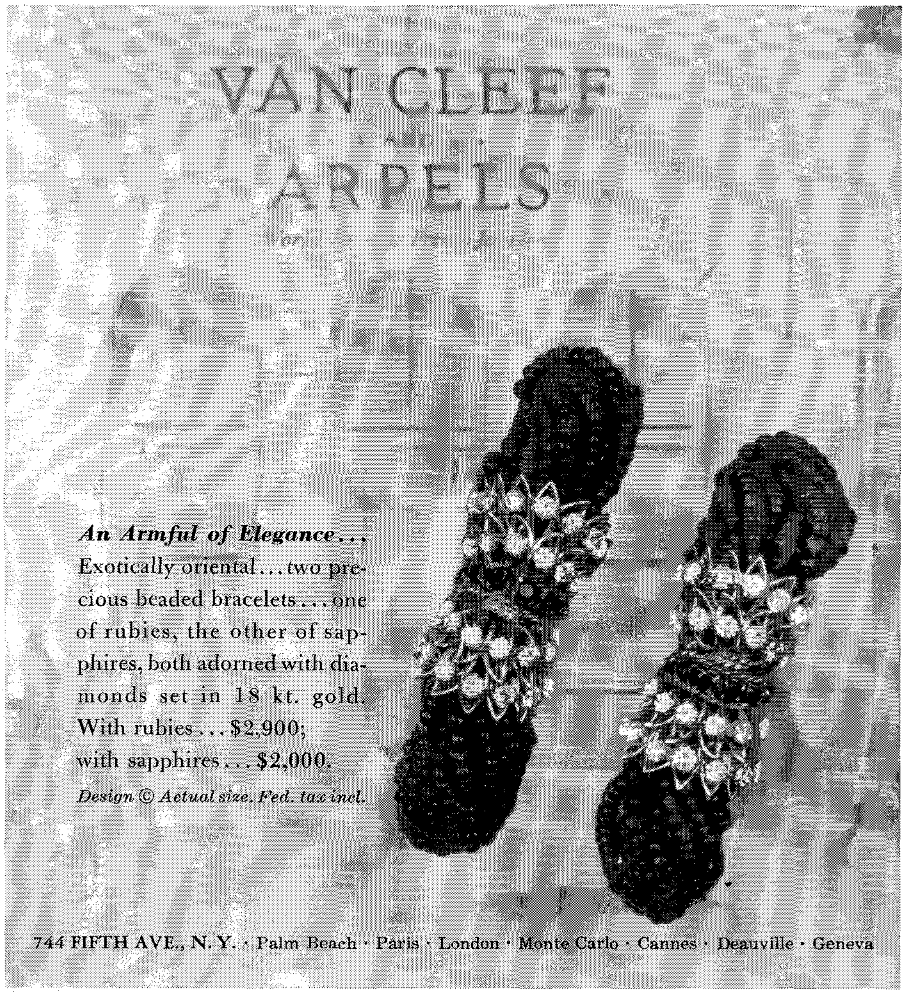

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constituted his formal acceptance of the flight. "O.K., Ed, I guess we can find our way with this," he said. He handed his navigator the material that the dispatcher had supplied. The dispatcher's briefing, which in the piston days used to take about ten minutes, had been wrapped up this time in a little more than five.

"We haven't become blasé about weather," Blackburn said after the rest of his cockpit crew had returned to Flight Planning to attend to various chores. "It's just that weather isn't as important a factor as it was on the prop planes, because now, at last, we can fly above it. We waited a long time for an airplane that could do that. When we got the Constellations, which could cruise at twenty-two thousand feet, we said, 'Boy, now we're finally going to get over the weather.' But even the Connies couldn't get on top. With the jets, we made a big jump. The 707 Intercontinental is certificated to fly at forty-two thousand feet. You don't find much weather up there. Yet I've sat at forty-one thousand and seen big anvils of thunderheads piling up above me, and, once in a while, high cirrus as well. The Air Force has found stuff up to fifty-five thousand feet. But you don't run into a whole storm in those altitudes. The high clouds you find now are isolated, and you can generally go around them. I have never yet had to use the de-icers on a 707. Never. And ice is something I'd been fighting ever since I started to fly. Of course, we still have to pass through stuff going up and coming down, but even so we're over the weather more than ninety-five per cent of the time. Another thing about weather and jets—winds don't affect them as much. That's because the faster the airplane, the less the effect of the wind. An airplane that flies a hundred miles an hour and encounters a fifty-mile-an-hour head wind has its speed cut by one-half. An airplane that flies six hundred miles an hour, as the jets do, and encounters the same wind has its speed cut by one-twelfth. On a transatlantic flight in a jet, a sixty-five-mile-an-hour wind, helping or hindering, changes your time of arrival by only a very few minutes. Take my last two trips to Rome. They were made at different altitudes, with different winds and different loads, and yet the flight times of the two for the round trip differed by exactly two minutes."

Since most transatlantic flights depart in the late afternoon or early evening, the Flight Planning Room was bustling with orderly, low-pitched activity when Blackburn went back to it,

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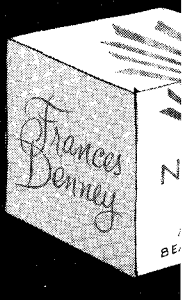

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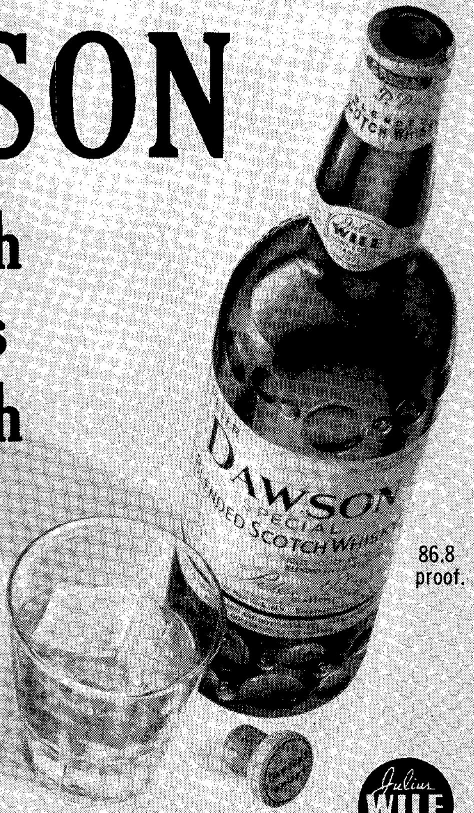

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after stopping to pick up his mail. This consisted mainly of a couple of dozen pages of new charts, maps, diagrams, and the like for his operations manual—the pilot's Bible—as well as a sheaf of legal-size mimeographed pages called "Notams," meaning "Notices to Airmen," which reported the latest changes in conditions and procedures on airline routes around the world. "You only have to look at the ones you're interested in," he said. "For example, it says here that Runway 16 Left and 34 Right at Fiumicino Airport, in Rome, will be closed until further notice. O.K. So we'll land on another runway. No problem." At five minutes after six, having scanned the Notams and updated his manual, he walked over to the table where his cockpit crew were completing the Flight Plan. To the untrained eye, this is simply a form covered with a dense mat of figures, but to an airman it is a lucid and detailed map showing the route that a particular flight is expected to follow; the exact time (if all goes as planned) at which the airplane will fly over each radio-reporting station on land and pass each fifth degree of longitude over water; the winds and temperatures that will probably be encountered at each stage of the flight; the amount of fuel expected to be left after each leg is completed; the speeds at which the plane will fly; and the estimated time of arrival at the destination. For Flight 800, the first and second officers had, as usual, made the plan to Gander, and the navigator had plotted the overseas leg. Blackburn, giving the Flight Plan a once-over, noticed that it called for Flight 800 to arrive over Paris with twenty-five thousand pounds of fuel left in its tanks, or ten thousand pounds more than the minimum required by the F.A.A. "We like to have that extra cushion," he said. "With that reserve, we'll have more than enough to go on to Geneva if both commercial airports in Paris should be closed. Actually, we would know about such a situation before getting to Paris, so we'd probably stop in London. Of course, we don't want to come down anywhere en route if we can avoid it—not only because of the schedule but because of the expense. If we come down in London, we have to pay a landing fee of six hundred and fifty dollars, and now they're trying to raise that. What you get for your money is just permission to land and take off. Use of the ramp equipment and everything else is extra."

The first officer remarked that, according to the Flight Plan, the trip to Paris would take six hours and thirty-four minutes. "I'll bet we make it

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within two minutes of that," he added.

"Famous last words," Blackburn said, and signed the form.

To wind up the hangar routine, Blackburn, accompanied by his flight officers, walked down the hall to a room marked "Crew Briefing & Lounge," where the purser and the hostesses assigned to Flight 800 had assembled. Here a dozen hard, ivory-colored chairs were set against the walls and in the middle was an ivory-colored table with a formica top. On one wall were diagrammatic drawings of the 707 and accompanying charts, headed "Evacuation & Ditching Procedures," that explained the duties of each crew member before and after "ditching," which is properly defined as the emergency landing at sea of a land-based aircraft. Exhibited behind glass on another wall were items of emergency equipment that are carried on airplanes flying overseas routes, such as a desalting kit, a shark-chaser kit, a fishing kit, sunburn cream, and a packet of religious literature. Blackburn sat down at the table and, after exchanging badinage with the purser, an old friend, told the cabin crew that Flight 800 was going out with a full load, including ninety-one military (this brought a low moan from the vicinity of the hostesses); ran over a number of facts about the altitude, the weather, and the like; explained the signal system that the hostesses should use to summon him on the intercom ("Two rings in case of trouble—a fight in the aisle, drunks, or anything else"); and said that even if there was no trouble, he would probably visit the cabin during the trip. "On the takeoff, Harlan," he continued, addressing the purser, "I usually leave the seat-belt sign on for five minutes, but you and the girls can get up and start things going while the customers are still tied down. I guess that's about all. Any questions? Any answers? O.K., Harlan, will you distribute the ditching and crash-landing forms? If you'll all sign them and give them back to Harlan, that will do it, and I'll see you on the six-thirty bus to the plane." All the members of the crew signed the forms, thereby certifying that they understood the emergency procedures as these are taught at T.W.A.'s Training Center, in Kansas City.

THE briefing finished, the crew dispersed. The flight engineer did not wait for the six-thirty bus but proceeded directly to the airplane, which had arrived from Kansas City, via Chicago, about half an hour earlier and was being serviced near the passenger terminal, two miles away. It is the flight engineer's

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task first to examine the Engine Log, a metal-backed book that never leaves the plane and contains its complete history, including a record of malfunctions noted by engineers who have previously flown in the airplane, and the measures that have been taken to correct these so-called squawks. If the engineer is not satisfied with any entry in the log, he consults the foreman of the maintenance department. Once through with the log, the engineer begins an inspection of the plane that is about as thorough as if he were thinking of buying it. Following an established ritual, he starts at the nose, works his way slowly down the right side, around the tail, and then returns up the left side, examining the wings, the engines, the rudder, the landing gear, the flaps, the fuel-dump chutes, the access doors, the navigation lights, and everything else in sight. He also checks the skin of the plane for any imperfections, such as dents caused by misguided birds. This external inspection is followed by an internal one that is just as nosy. In addition, the engineer keeps a sharp eye on the fuelling of the plane. This is his primary interest. He makes sure not only that the correct amount of fuel is pumped into the tanks, which are situated in the wings, but that the tanks are being filled in the proper sequence. The fuel capacity of a 707 is equal to that of five highway tank trucks.

At six-thirty, the other members of Blackburn's crew gathered their gear together and boarded a beat-up T.W.A. jitney, which gave them a rather turbulent ride from the hangar to the passenger terminal. At the terminal, Blackburn sent his luggage to the plane, bought a copy of *Time*, and then, followed by his crew, went up a flight of stairs (which he took two at a time) to a second-floor room called Load Control—the last stop before boarding—where the weight of the passengers, the luggage, the mail, and the fuel is combined and checked. There Blackburn signed a few more forms and received the U. S. Weather Bureau's Forecast Folder for Flight 800; this contained a packet of the latest charts and detailed forecasts of meteorological conditions along both the planned and the alternate routes. In pre-jet days, crews were obliged to call in person at the Bureau's office to pick up their folder, and also to receive an oral briefing. The elimination of this step is but another straw in the jet-age downgrading of the wind.

At five minutes to seven, Blackburn started out to the airplane. When it came into full view, he stopped. "There she is," he said. "Isn't she a beauty?" He contemplated it for a

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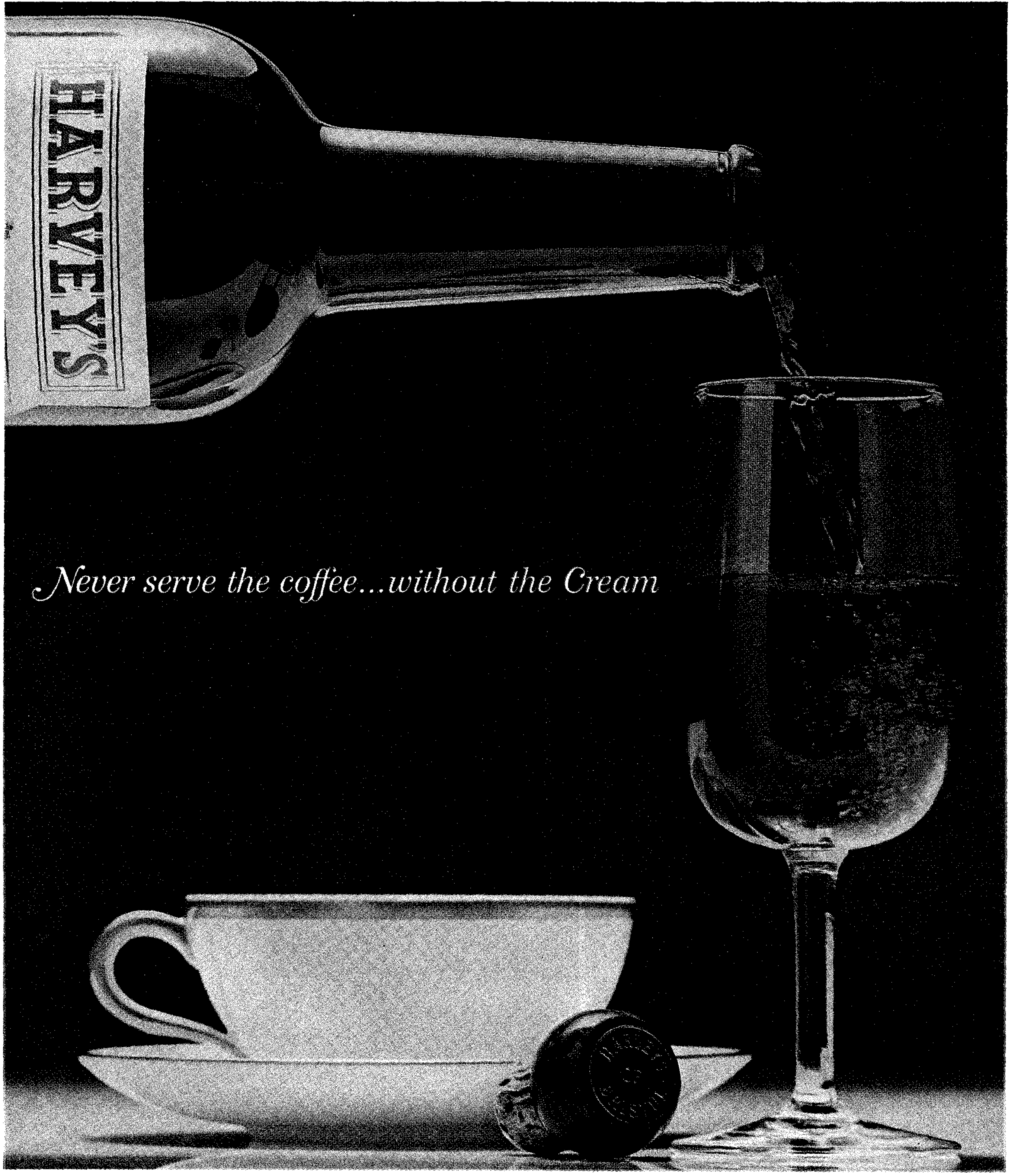

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moment. "More than half as long as a football field—a hundred and fifty-two feet eleven inches. That's thirty-three feet longer than the distance of the Wright Brothers' first flight." Boarding the plane, he entered the cockpit, where he removed his cap and jacket (all members of the flight crew work in shirtsleeves) and slid deftly into his seat, on the left side of the plane. The first officer, who sits on the right side, was already in his place, and so was the second officer, whose seat is directly behind the captain's and on a slightly higher level. The flight engineer sits at the same level behind the first officer, and faces a panel of instrument indicators and controls along the side of the cockpit. He has a small desk to work at, and so does the navigator, who sits behind the second officer. To a passenger, the cockpit of a 707—which contains three hundred and forty switches, four hundred and thirty-seven circuit breakers, a hundred and fifty warning lights, and several dozen dials, gauges, levers, handles, and other contrivances—is likely to seem no less complex and bewildering than that of a Constellation. However, to an experienced airman, and especially to an ex-Connie pilot like Blackburn, the 707 cockpit is significantly different. It presents a trimmer appearance, since most of the radio and electronic equipment is tucked away under the flight deck (it can be reached for servicing while the plane is aloft through a hatch under the second officer's seat), and it is a good deal simpler; owing to the elimination of piston engines, it has at least a hundred and fifteen fewer power-plant controls and instruments than a Constellation.

It was now ten minutes after seven. Except for the flight engineer, who was still on his tour of inspection, all the members of the cockpit crew had taken their places, and all but the navigator had put on radio headsets. (In flight, the captain and the second officer, on the left of the plane, use only the left receivers, allowing the right ones to sit on their temples, while the first officer and the engineer, on the right of the plane, do exactly the opposite; in this way, every man has an open ear toward his fellow-officers.) Blackburn and the first officer were checking the dials and gauges on their instrument panels, which are identical, and testing switches, lights, and other controls. Each had his operations manual at hand next to his seat, and, as is usual except when the plane is cruising over water, a number of maps and charts in his lap. The second officer was talking to the control tower and checking the radio transmit-

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ters and receivers, and the navigator, though theoretically not obliged to begin work until over the ocean, was arranging his charts and his calculating instruments on his desk.

The flight engineer walked into the cockpit and said, "We've got a little trouble, Hal. A fire bottle in No. 3 engine isn't up to snuff. It has to be changed."

"How long will it take?" Blackburn asked.

"Forty-five minutes, if we're lucky. They've started on it."

"O.K., Dick," Blackburn said. "If you see Harlan, would you send him in?"

The engineer left to keep an eye on the replacement of the fire bottle, which, as its name suggests, is a fire extinguisher (there are two in each inboard-engine strut), and which can be discharged by pressing a button on the instrument panel. When the purser appeared, Blackburn told him about the trouble, and learned that the tourist passengers had already boarded but that the first-class customers were still in the lounge. Blackburn said to keep them there, and the purser left. Picking up a telephone that was hooked into the plane's public-address system, Blackburn informed the tourist passengers of the delay, the reason for it, and how long it was expected to last. Then, with nothing to do but wait, he picked up the Engine Log and started to leaf through it. The log showed that the plane, known simply as Aircraft No. 761 (the Constellations, like Pullman cars, had colorful names), was not quite two years old. Three days earlier, it had been returned to service after receiving a major overhaul—a painstaking procedure that T.W.A. planes undergo every nine to twelve months and that requires about ten thousand man-hours of work. "Passengers often ask me, 'How old is this airplane?' " Blackburn said. "Usually, I have to tell them that I couldn't say without looking it up. But I do know that if it's had a major overhaul, it's a better airplane than it was when it was new. On new planes, we always find things that don't operate exactly the way we want them to, and so during the overhaul they're changed—or modified, as it's called. This airplane has had dozens of modifications, large and small, and each one has helped make it perform better than when it left the factory." The log also showed that in the three days since its return to duty Aircraft No. 761 had made one full round trip from Kansas City to Rome, stopping both ways in Chicago, New York, and Paris, and, as of that moment, had completed the Kansas City-

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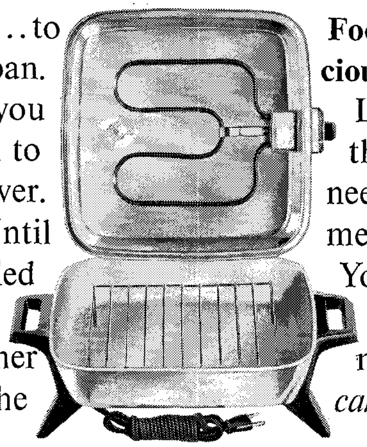

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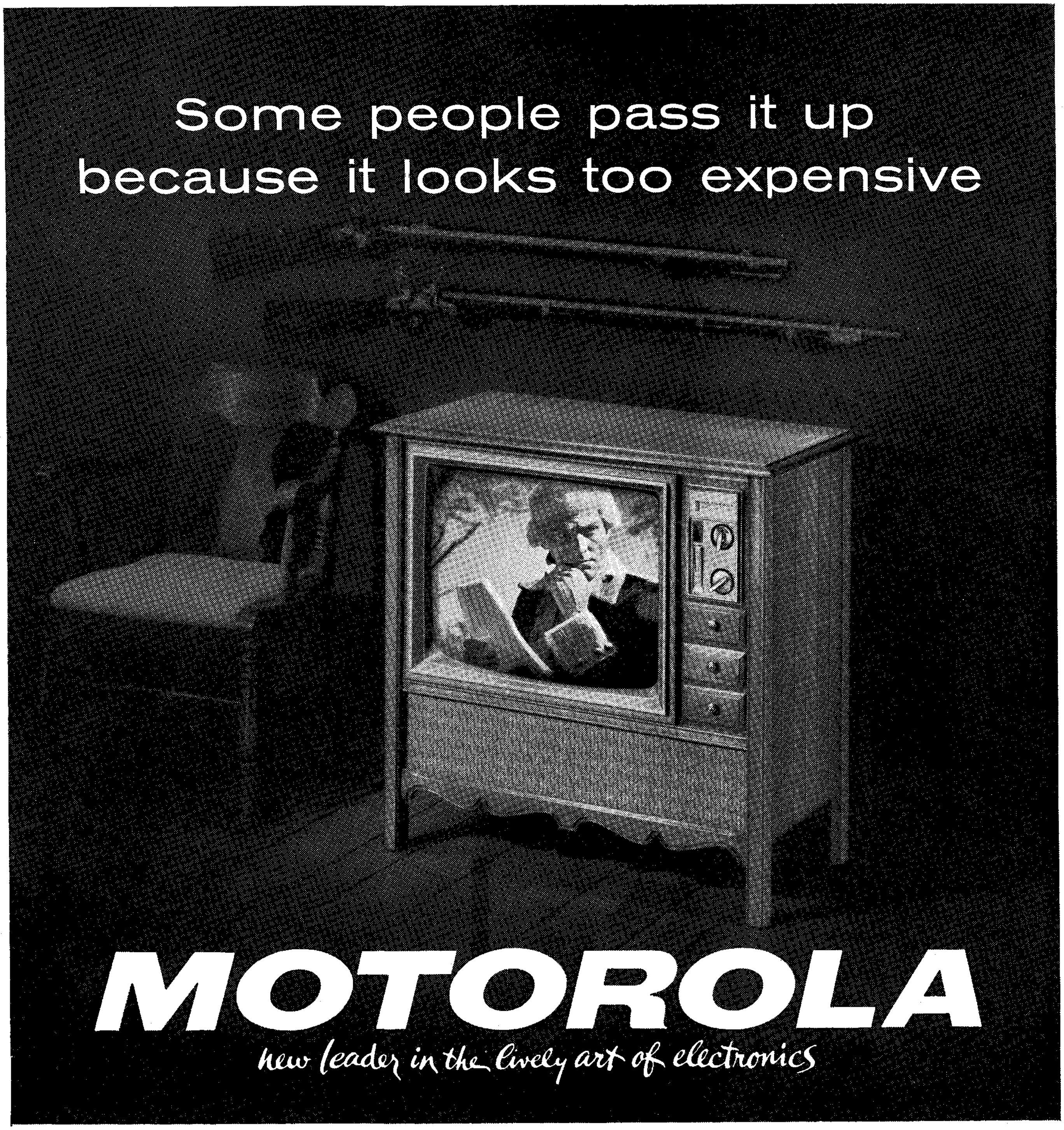
New York segment of another. This pattern of almost continuous use, with time out only for servicing, is standard for the jets. "I've had a plane that made three Atlantic crossings in one day," Blackburn said. "Two crossings a day are routine, and a great many planes make two and a half. The rascals just don't get tired, the way we do. Besides, they cost so much—about five and three-quarter million apiece—that they have to be up there earning all they can. T.W.A. used to keep a spare Constellation in Paris and another in Rome for use in case of need. But not any more. You can't have eleven million dollars sitting around gathering moss."

At this point, the purser came in and said that Blackburn was wanted on the phone in the terminal; the final "ship's papers," without which the flight could not take off, were being held up because the plane was overweight, and the dispatcher wanted to have a word with the captain. Putting on his jacket and cap, Blackburn went to take the call. Flight 800, the dispatcher informed him, was seven hundred pounds over the limit. Blackburn replied that he would take care of it. The maximum takeoff weight of a 707 Intercontinental, he explained on the way back to the plane, is three hundred thousand five hundred pounds. In ordering a hundred and twenty-nine thousand pounds of fuel, he had calculated that the plane would weigh two thousand pounds more than the maximum at the ramp, and that since the engines burn two thousand pounds of fuel taxiing from the ramp to the runway, he would have reduced the load at that point to the exact authorized takeoff weight. His calculations had been upset by the fact that the soldiers had brought aboard seven hundred pounds more gear than they had been officially allowed. To get rid of the excess weight, Blackburn had a choice of pumping seven hundred pounds of fuel from the tanks, which would have meant further delay; of removing passengers or baggage weighing seven hundred pounds, which would have caused disappointment and loss of revenue; or—to a pilot, the obvious solution—of taxiing to the runway slowly enough to use up an extra seven hundred pounds of fuel. "If we're still overweight at the runway, we'll burn the rest off there," Blackburn said. "It's very simple—just push up the throttles with the brakes on. What we need, of course, is a more economical source of power. The other night, I took off from London with a hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds of fuel and only twenty thousand pounds of passengers and cargo. If we could reverse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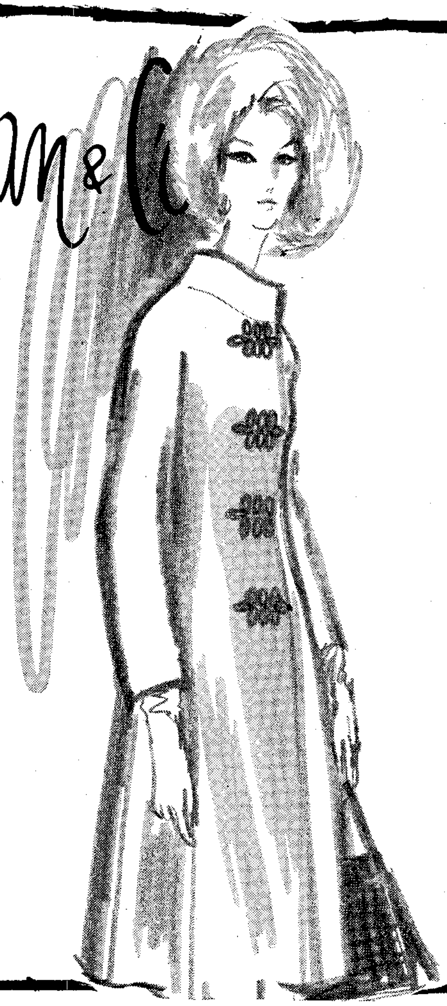

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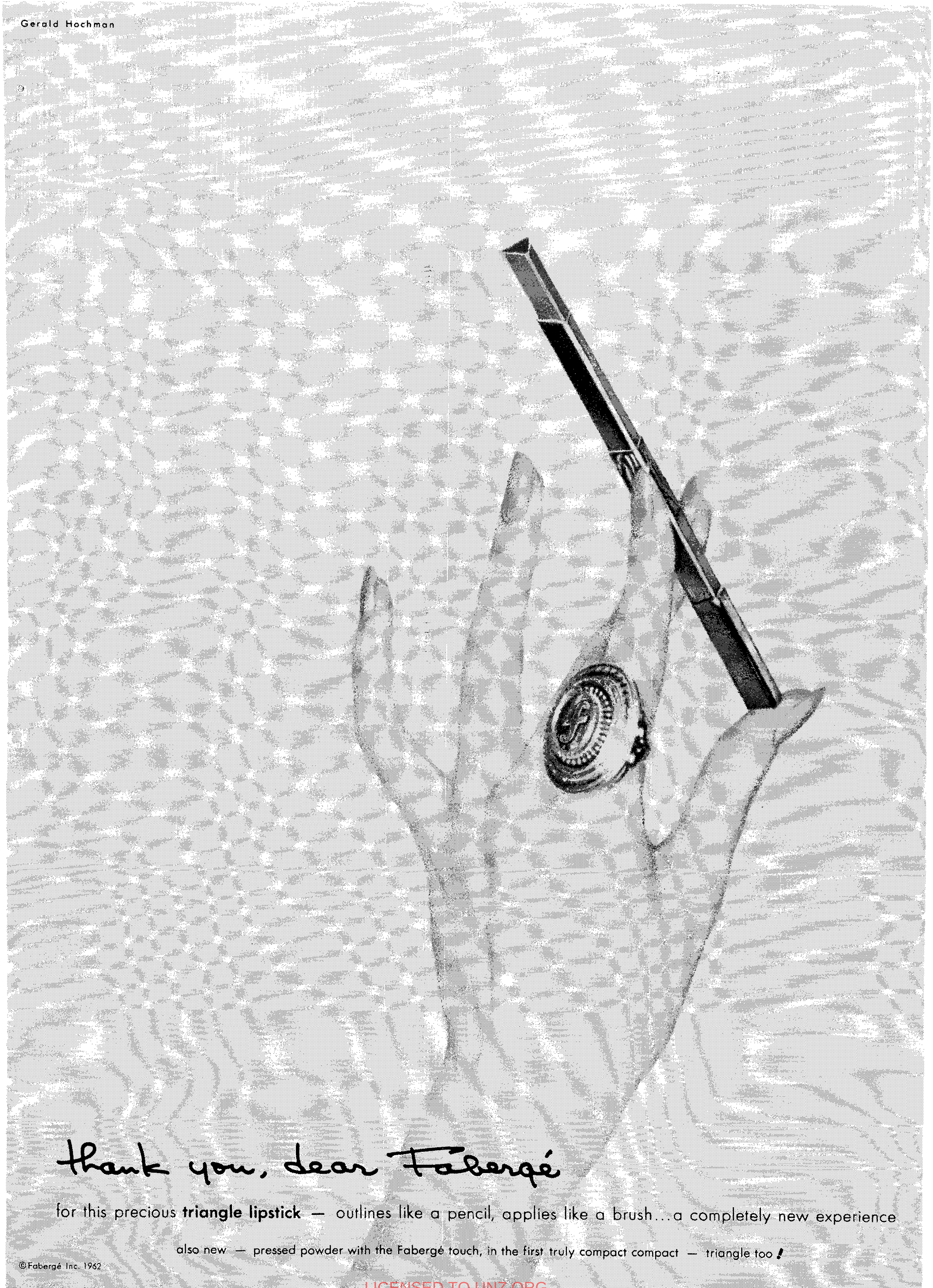
those figures, we'd really be in business." Pausing under one of the plane's great engines, he remarked that each 707 engine produces more power than the four Constellation engines combined. "On a jet, power is measured in terms of thrust," he said. "The ratio between thrust and horsepower varies with the speed, but at three hundred and seventy-five miles per hour one pound of thrust is equal to about one horsepower. On takeoff, these engines are putting out the equivalent of better than sixty-seven thousand pounds of thrust. Holy Moly! That's more than five times as much power as we ever had before. But it takes time to get that power kicking out the tail pipe, because a jet is like a car with only a high gear. That's why we have to have a long runway. A jet starts slowly and builds its speed as it goes along. When we break ground and pull up the gear, the speed keeps right on increasing while we climb. This thing climbs up there like a homesick angel. Four thousand feet a minute. It just soars."

The flight engineer, walking by with a mechanic, stopped briefly and said, "They were doing real good until they broke a wire. Now they have to wire a cannon plug. It'll be a few minutes."

Blackburn nodded and again looked admiringly at the airplane, gleaming under the airport lights. "Another thing about the jet," he said, "is that since it has no propellers, there is no prop blast—no additional rush of wind over the wings—to help lift the plane off the ground. So if we want a jet to go up, we have to *point* it up. If we want it to go down, we have to *point* it down. The only control that will make it go up or down immediately is the elevator—not acceleration or deceleration of the engines. This is what we call 'attitude flying.' Getting used to the idea of attitude flying is the essential point in making the transition to the jets. Basically, the idea is that for every maneuver there is a specific attitude—a specific thing to do. If you do that, the certified performance will be delivered. But you have to do that specific thing precisely. The most important rule about a jet is that you must fly it *by the book*. On takeoff, for example, we know exactly how many feet of runway this airplane needs in relation to its weight, the barometric pressure, and so on. If the temperature increases one degree, we need another fifty feet of runway. If the barometric pressure decreases one-tenth of an inch, we need another hundred feet of runway. And we know how much fuel it will use during takeoff, climb, cruise, descent, and every other phase of fly-

Gerald Hochman



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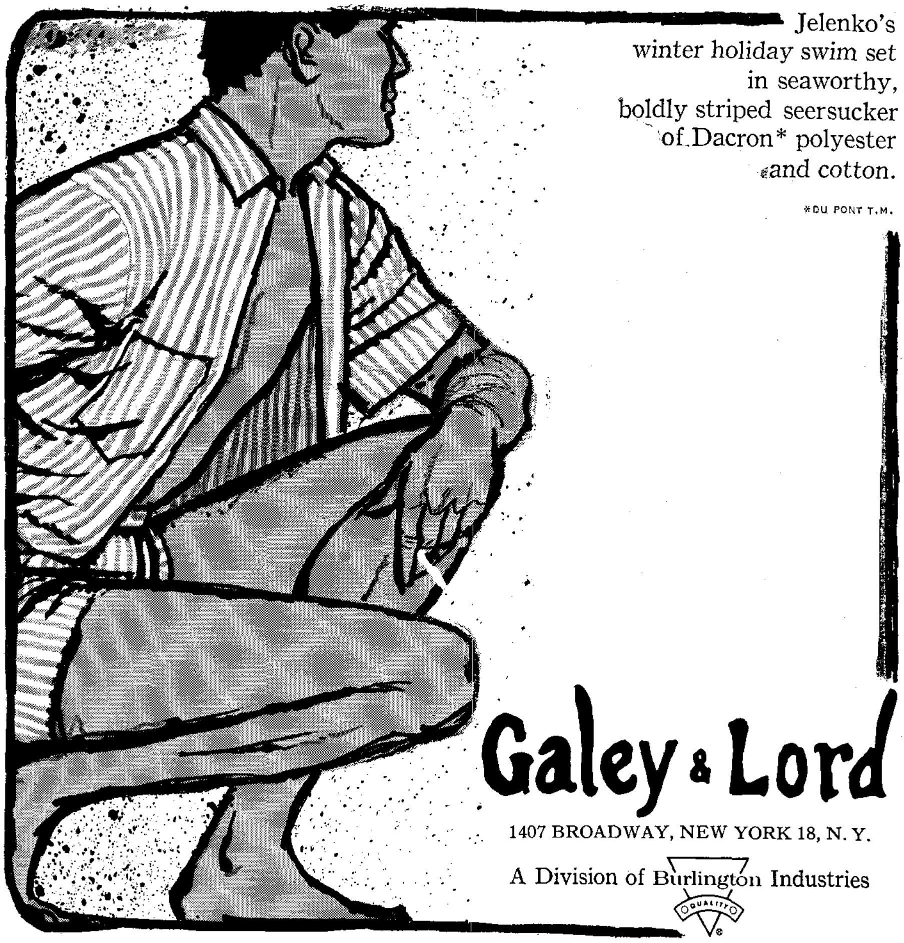
Back in the cockpit, Blackburn hung up his cap and jacket, and again took his seat. He relayed the news about the cannon plug to the first officer, and said they would probably be starting in about ten minutes. A mechanic put his head in the door, said "The Muzak is working," and disappeared. He was followed by the purser. Blackburn told him it was all right to begin loading the first-class passengers, and then, addressing the second officer, said, "We might as well have the check list." The second officer picked up a plastic-encased printed form labelled "Normal 707 Check List" (all flight crews also carry a red-bordered "Emergency 707 Check List"), and, from a section headed "Before Starting Engines," began calling out a series of forty-five so-called commands, such as "Parking Brake," "Altimeters and Clocks," and "Start Levers," to which replies of "On," "Set and checked," and "Off" were made by Blackburn or, in a few instances, by the first officer. Soon after the intoning of the litany, which proceeded at a fast pace, had been completed, the flight engineer came in and reported that everything was in order. As soon as he had taken his station, the second officer read the section of the check list, consisting of twenty-seven items, to be answered by the engineer. Meanwhile, Blackburn was informed by the control tower that Flight 800 was to take off from Runway 13 Right. This is the longest runway at Idlewild—fourteen thousand six hundred feet, which is approximately five thousand feet longer than the minimum required by law for the 707 Intercontinental.

"Do you want to look up the noise abatement on 13 Right?" Blackburn asked the second officer, who was the youngest man in the cockpit.

"I wrote it down, Captain," he replied. "It's fourteen seconds."

"I'll bet he's been to school since we have," Blackburn remarked with a smile to the first officer, and looked down at the Takeoff Data Card, on the instrument panel, which provides what amounts to the takeoff formula; it is usu-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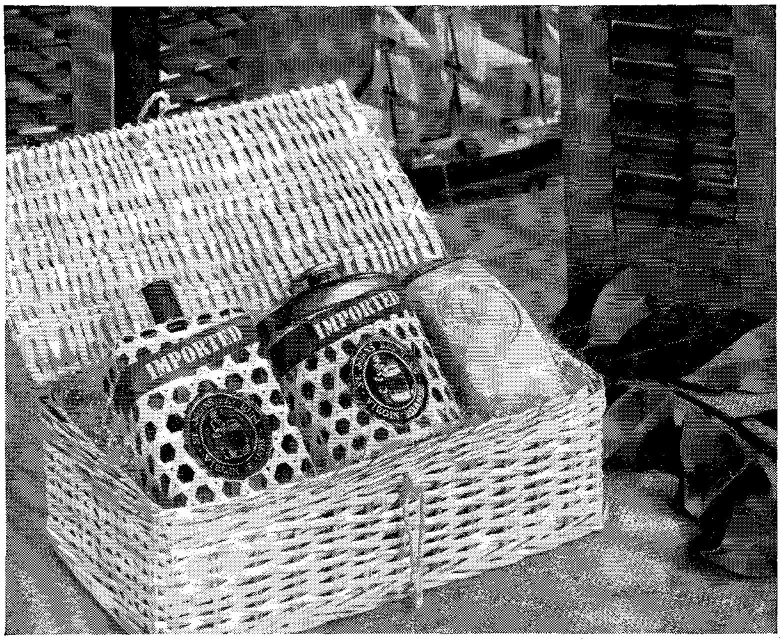
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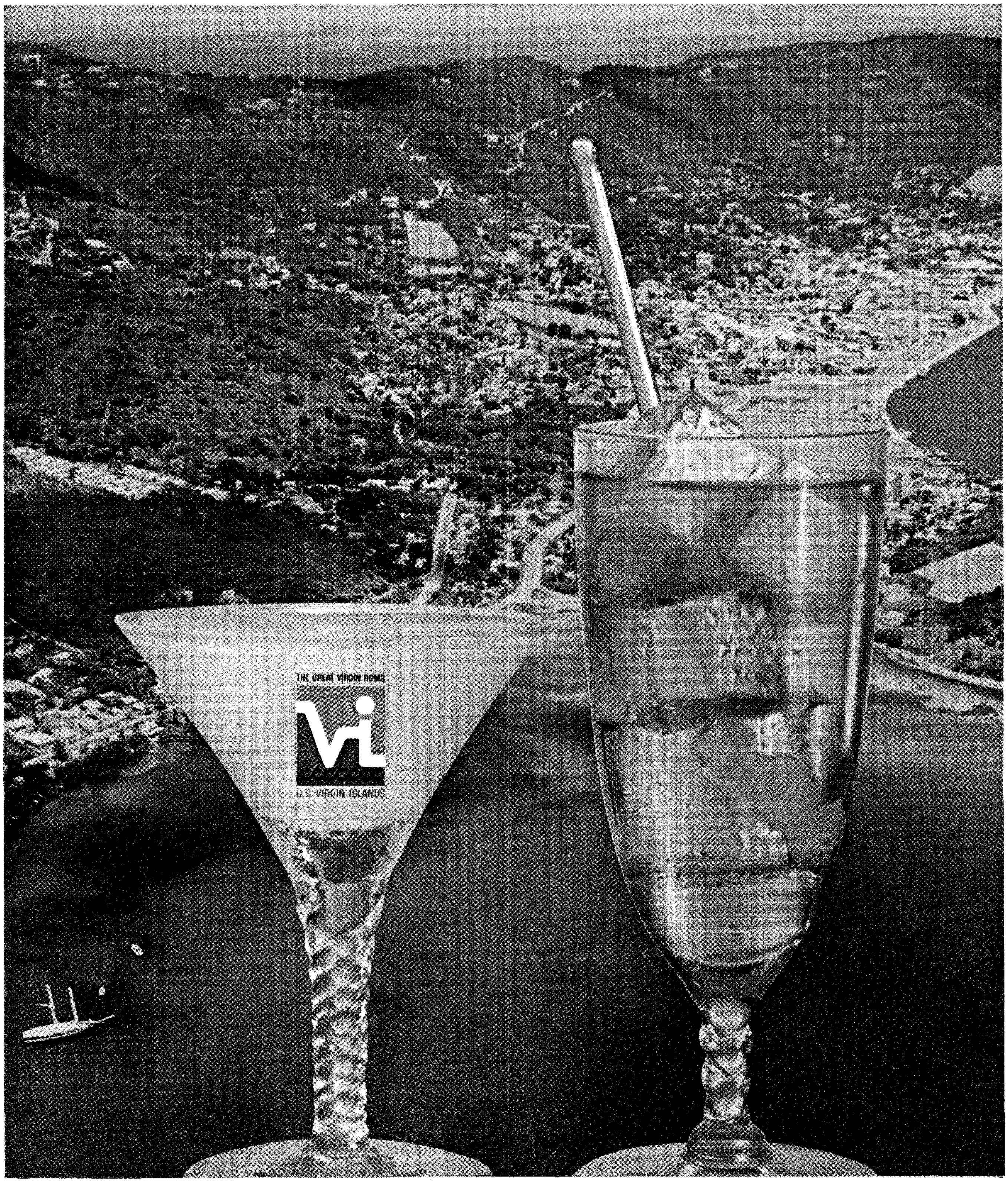

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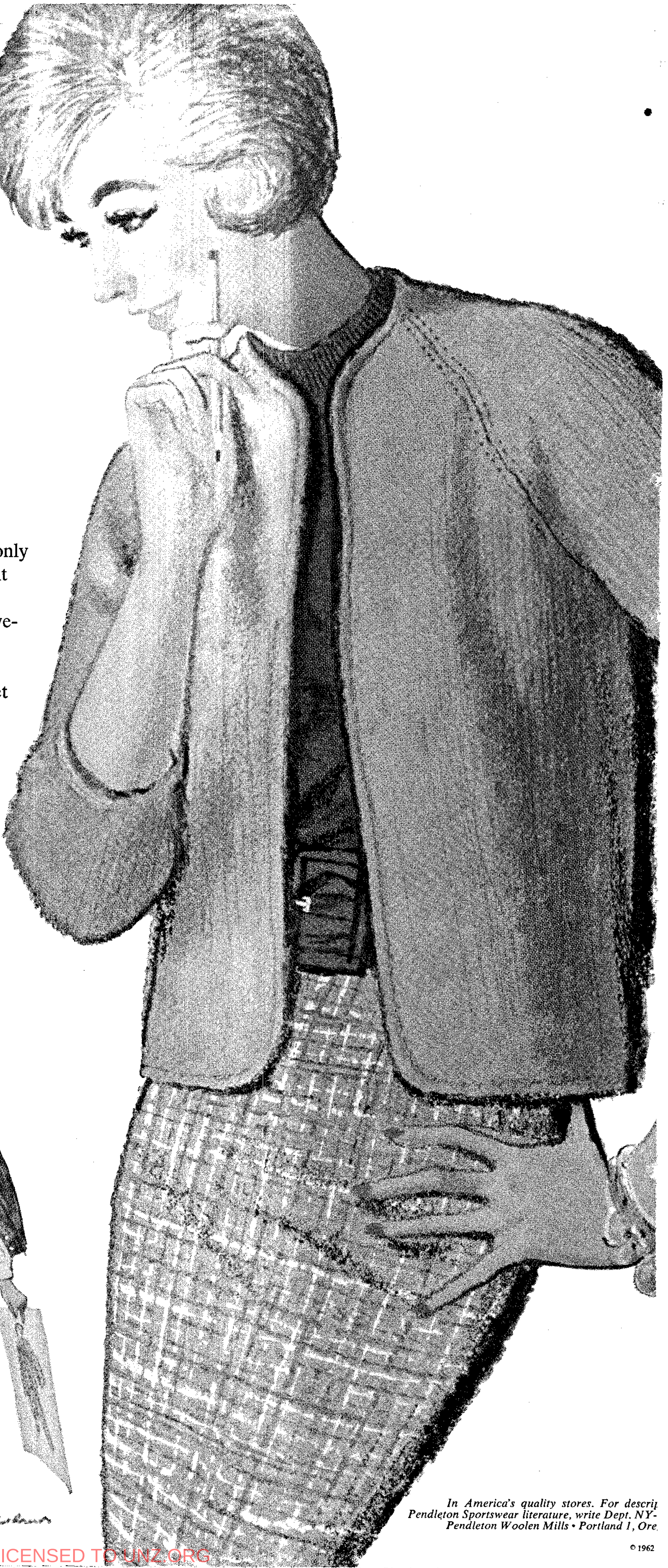

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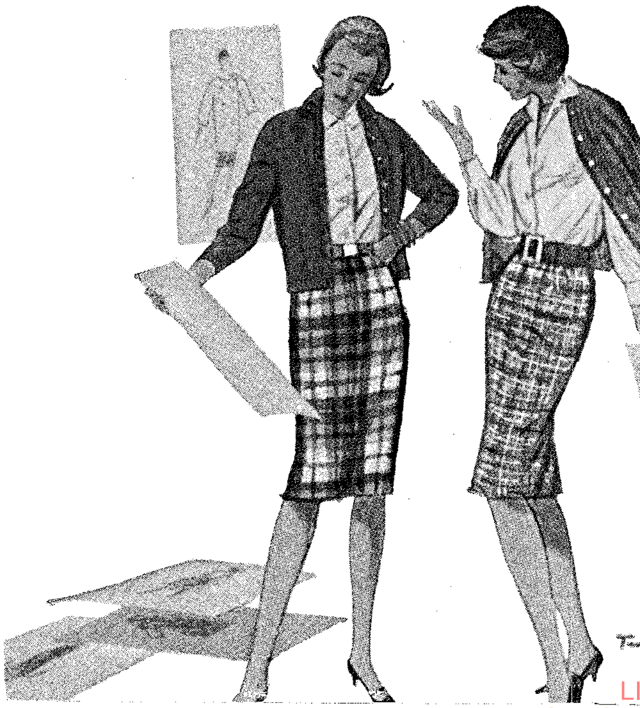

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ally worked out by the second officer, according to the tables in his manual, and tells, in relation to the weight of the plane and the atmospheric conditions, at what points on the runway the pilot should take the routine steps to make the airplane deliver its certified takeoff performance. At the top of the card the second officer had noted that fourteen seconds after the plane had passed the end of the runway—and while it was climbing and in a critical part of its flight—Blackburn was required to reduce power temporarily on all four engines, in order to spare the hearing of the residents below. Blackburn glanced out the window. Another T.W.A. plane, which had been parked nearby, started to move away from the ramp. "There goes 700 to London," he said. "Son of a gun! That's one altitude shot."

"So long, thirty-three thousand," the second officer said.

The purser came forward. "We're all loaded back here, Captain," he said.

"Good," Blackburn said. "Let's crank up and get going."

He put on what he calls his Jack Palance gloves, which are a pair of black leather gloves that he bought in Rome and wears when making takeoffs and landings—the last holdover from his Air Corps days. While the first and second officers started the engines, Blackburn spoke to the passengers over the public-address system. "This is the cockpit," he began. (He has always avoided the more widely used identification "This is your captain," because, he says, "that's putting on the medals.") He expressed regret over the delay, and went on to give a preview of the flight. When Blackburn had finished his talk, the second officer called out the "After Starting Engines" section of the check list (thirteen items), and then, looking out the window, said, "All clear on the left, sir." The first officer said, "Clear on the right side." With his left hand, Blackburn grasped a control, attached to the side of the cockpit, that looks like one-third of an automobile steering wheel and is straightforwardly called the nose-wheel steering device. Then he released the brakes, and, to the accompaniment of a faint and distant whine, the airplane began to move smoothly away from the terminal. It was now twenty minutes after eight.

Fourteen minutes later, Flight 800 taxied onto the apron of its assigned runway. The seven hundred extra pounds of fuel had been disposed of handily. The "Taxi—Before Takeoff" part of the check list (seven items) had been called out en route. Under directions from the control tower, Flight 800 remained

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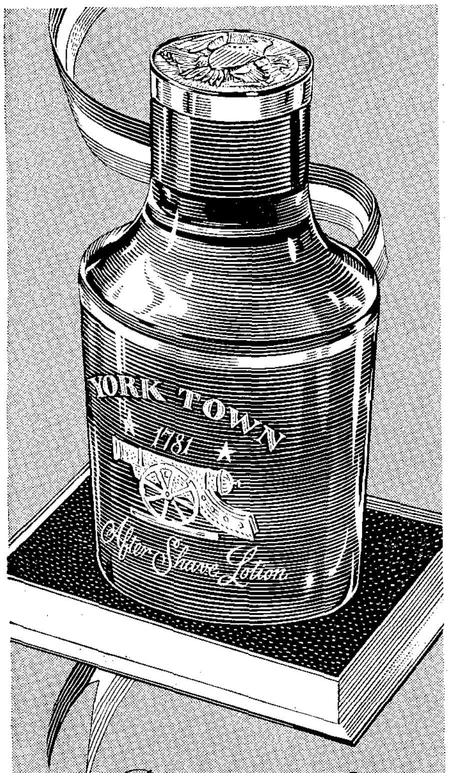

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on the apron until an Alitalia plane had landed on a runway intersecting 13 Right. Though getting off the ground in an airplane could hardly be described as a novel experience for Blackburn and his flight crew, the atmosphere in the cockpit was one of tension under quiet control—not wholly unlike the atmosphere that generally prevails at this point in the cabin. After the Alitalia plane had come in, the tower said to continue to hold until a B.O.A.C. plane had also landed. Though niggling delays like these get on the nerves of airmen, they seldom let on that they do. "The other night, seven jets were lined up waiting to take off on Runway 25," Blackburn said. There was some other small talk, carried on against a background of crackling communications from the tower. Finally, at eight-thirty-seven, Flight 800 was cleared to take off.

Blackburn rolled the airplane onto the runway, and the second officer called out the nine commands in the "When Cleared for Takeoff" part of the check list. (Unlike piston planes, jets do not require a preliminary running-up of the engines at the end of the runway.) With the brakes set, Blackburn scanned the five sets of gauges that jet pilots check at the start of the takeoff. These are in the center of the instrument panel, and give readings of, in order, the exhaust-pressure ratio, the first turbine, the exhaust temperature, the second turbine, and the fuel flow of all four engines. Satisfied with what he saw, Blackburn, using the palm of his right hand, gradually pushed forward the four red-knobbed throttles on the console between him and the first officer. "O.K., let's go," he said. The first officer pushed the starting button of his instrument panel's stop clock, which has a face five inches in diameter, and said, "Time." At that instant, Blackburn released the brakes. The hundred and fifty tons of airplane under his control started to move. He guided it with the nose-wheel steering device while the first officer kept both his hands on the yoke—which controls the elevators and resembles a fat black steering wheel cut in two—and held it forward, to keep firm contact between the airplane and the ground. Meanwhile, the second officer, who, as the phrase goes, "rides shotgun" on the jets, constantly scanned the sky for traffic. Throughout the takeoff, he also frequently darted a glance down the runway. So did the flight engineer, who was otherwise intent on monitoring his instrument panel in order to keep watch on the performance of the engines. The navigator, being free of responsibility for the time being, took advantage of his unique situation to do what everybody in the cockpit felt the urge to do: he kept his eyes on the runway. He was not quickly dazzled, for the start of the takeoff was typically sluggish. After twenty seconds, the airplane was going scarcely fast enough to get a ticket for speeding on the New York State Thruway. As Blackburn, looking out most of the time but glancing occasionally at the exhaust-pressure gauge, adjusted the throttles slightly, the whine of the motors became higher pitched, the airplane gradually picked up speed, and the sense of excruciating reluctance began to diminish. The first officer, besides holding the yoke forward, was watching both the air-speed meter and the stop clock. When the pointer of the clock was on twenty-five seconds, he called out, "Eighty knots!" The airplane was now going ninety-two and a half miles per hour; at this speed it can no longer be guided by the nose-wheel steering device. Blackburn accordingly took his left hand off that control and put it on the yoke. He eased the yoke back a trifle. From there on, he controlled the airplane by means of its rudder and ailerons. It was now beginning to act as if it wanted to fly. The first officer called out, "Time O.K.!" This key signal told Blackburn that the airplane had reached a speed of a hundred and thirty-eight miles per hour within the forty-two seconds prescribed for this particular flight, and was therefore accelerating properly. (If it had not reached that speed after forty-two seconds, the first officer would have called out, "Abort!," and Blackburn would have stopped the takeoff by pulling back the throttles, reversing the engines, and applying the brakes. He had more than nine thousand feet of runway still ahead of him.) So far, Flight 800 was doing fine. It had reached the first critical point of the takeoff with two and a half seconds to spare. Seven and a half seconds later—forty-seven seconds after starting to roll—the first officer called out, "V-One!," which put Blackburn on notice that he had reached the place and the speed—a hundred and seventy miles an hour—that committed him to taking off. There was no longer a chance to abort. He would have to take the airplane up, even if he lost two engines. ("When you hear the first officer sing out, 'V-One,'" Blackburn said later, "you know you're going to take off, come hell or high water.") At V-One, Blackburn removed his hand from the throttles and took a firm, two-handed

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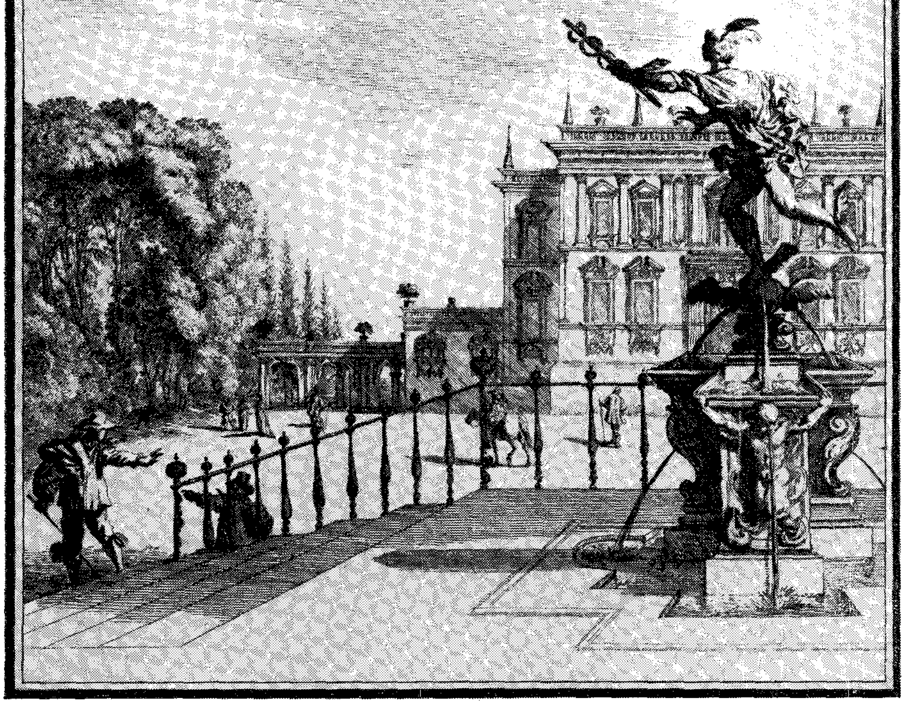

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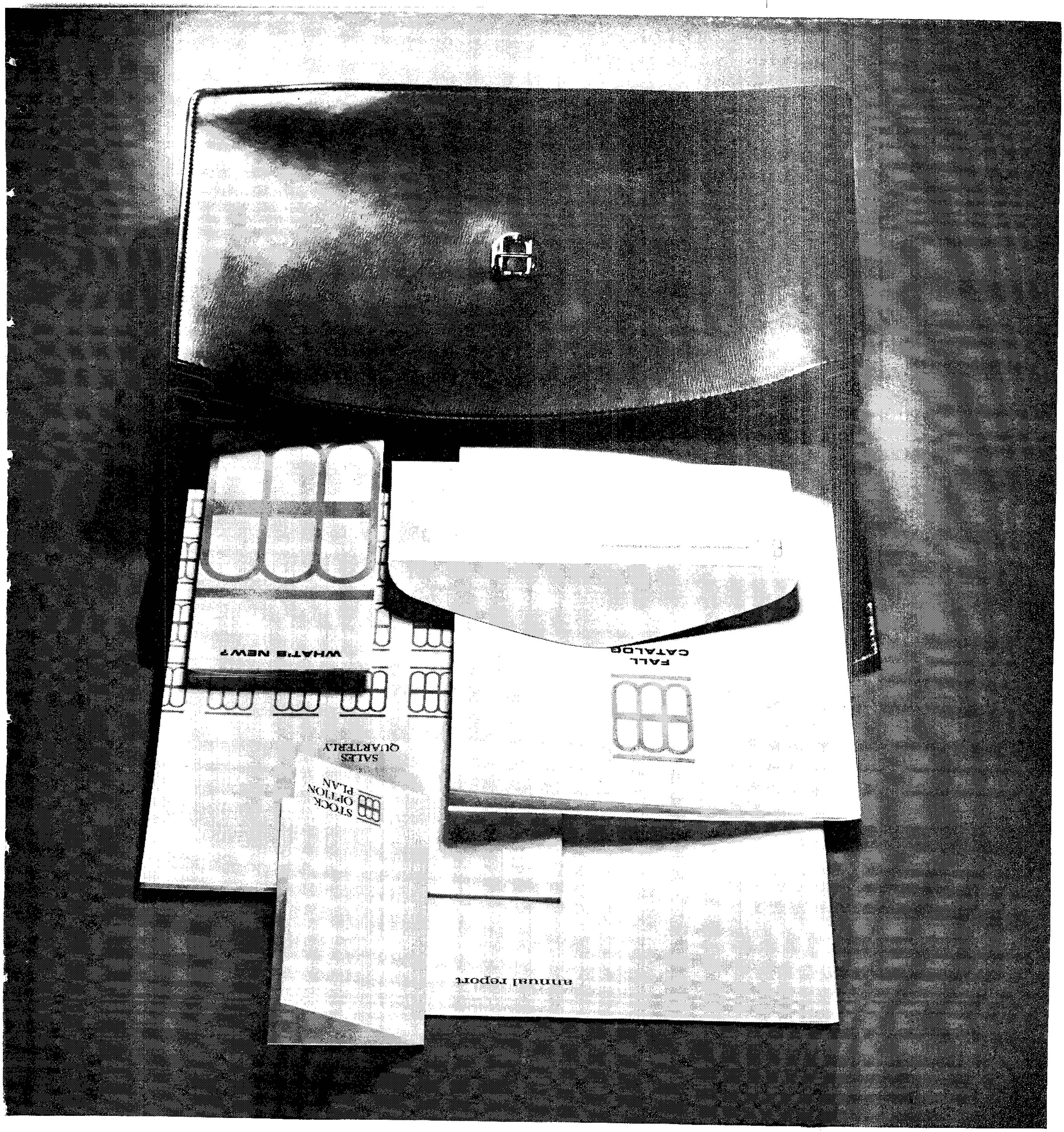
grip on the yoke. The throttles were now set at about three-quarters of their span. The first officer placed the palm of his left hand close behind them, to prevent them from accidentally slipping back. The airplane was now racing as if Old Scratch were after it. When its speed had jumped to a hundred and eighty-one miles per hour, the first officer's stop clock indicated fifty-one seconds. He called out, "V-R!" This told Blackburn that the plane had reached the velocity at which he should start pointing it up. He pulled back the yoke. The plane stayed on the runway for three more seconds, meanwhile building its speed to a hundred and ninety-three miles per hour. Then, as it was devouring the runway at two hundred and eighty-five feet per second, the first officer called out, "V-Two!," and the maneuver that Blackburn had begun at V-R—rotating, or pointing, the plane upward—took effect. At last, fifty-four seconds and nine thousand and seventy feet after starting the takeoff, Flight 800 broke ground. (Blackburn used to take off Constellations in half that time.) Almost as soon as the airplane had left the runway, Blackburn called, "Up gear!" and the first officer pushed the lever that retracts the landing-wheel assembly. The airplane was pointed up at an angle of about seven degrees (twice as steep as that negotiated by Constellations), and was climbing at a speed of two hundred and fifteen miles per hour. Fourteen seconds after leaving the runway, Blackburn carried out the noise-abatement procedure by reducing the power about one-third and simultaneously pushing the yoke forward to change the attitude of the plane to horizontal. (Though the sharp change in attitude and the abrupt dying down of the engine noise are perceptible in the cockpit, they are much less noticeable than they are in the cabin, where they produce an unpleasant sinking sensation.) After flying flat for nearly a minute, Blackburn pointed the airplane up again, and the feeling of sogginess vanished instantly. The second officer, taking time out from his surveillance of the sky, read off the eleven items in the "After Takeoff" part of the check list. Clearance had meanwhile been received to climb to five thousand feet, and then to twenty-two thousand. Flight 800, now soaring along at nearly four hundred miles an hour, was off and away.

ALMOST ten minutes after the plane had become airborne, the first words uttered in the cockpit since the takeoff, other than those required



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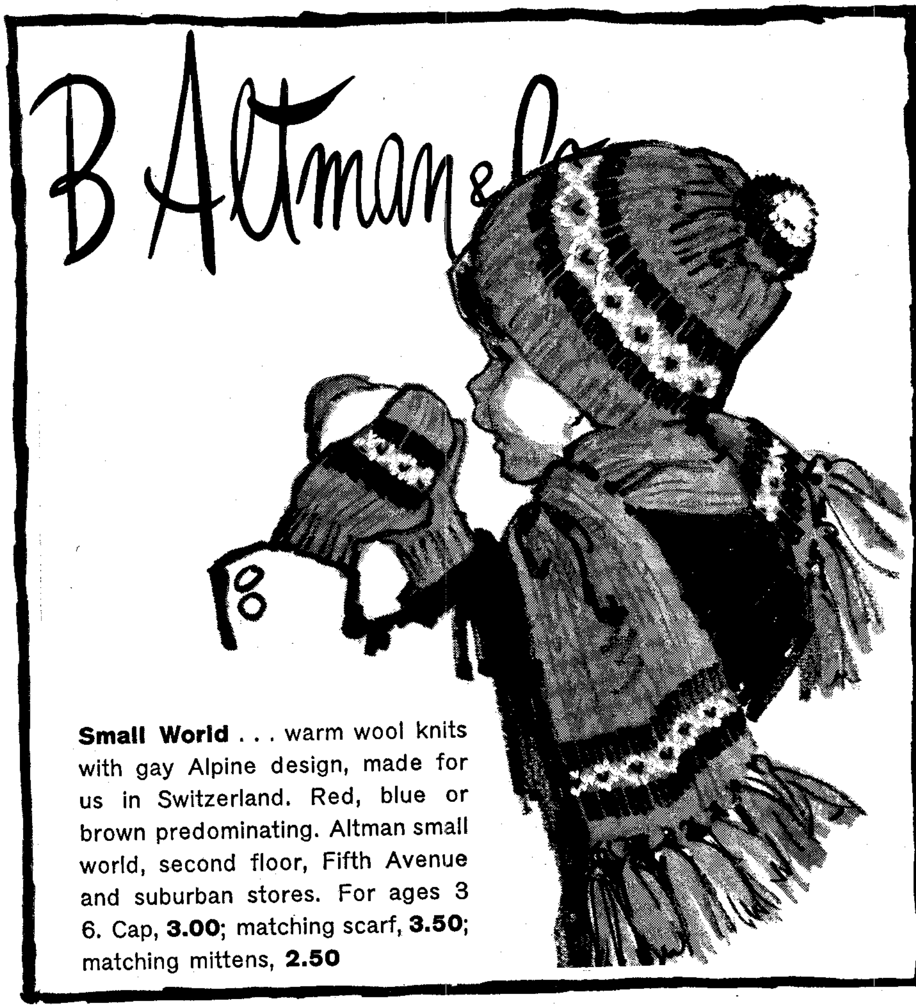

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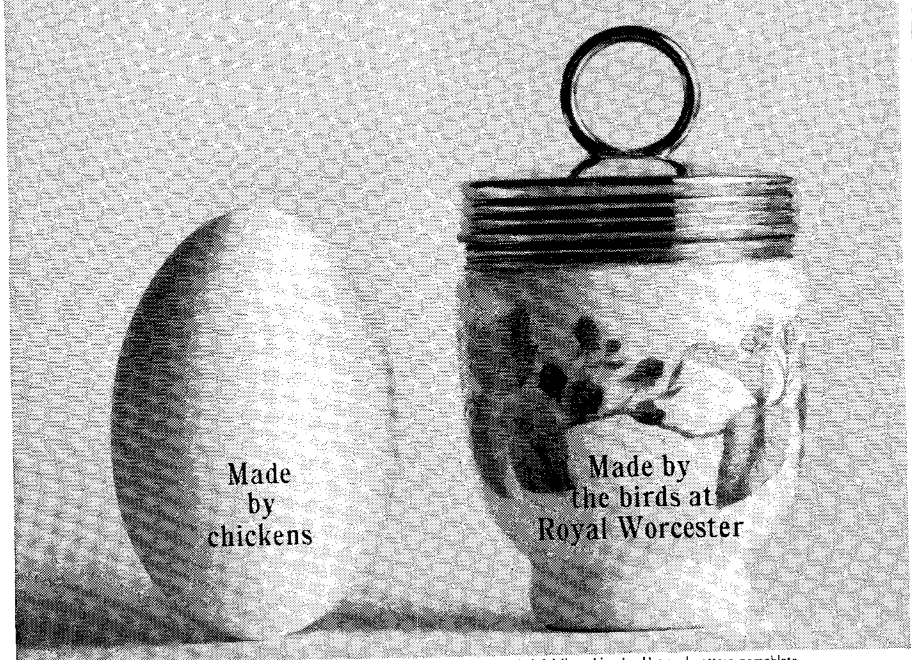

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by duty, were spoken by the first officer, who asked Blackburn if it was all right to smoke. (A few airline captains forbid smoking in the cockpit.) Blackburn, who gave up the habit during the war, told him to go ahead, and then said, "I thought you'd quit."

"I did," the first officer replied, "but an F.A.A. inspector made me so mad that I took it up again."

"If that's all he drove you to, you're lucky," Blackburn said.

The other officers chipped in with a few comments, and the atmosphere became more relaxed. The demand for total concentration had passed, for the time being. The airplane was set on automatic pilot, by which jets are normally flown from the time they reach cruise speed until they start a descent. Shortly after nine, permission was received to climb to twenty-nine thousand feet. While Blackburn took the airplane up to the new altitude in a gradual, sloping climb, the second officer radioed the plane's flight plan to Gander. "All flights do this," Blackburn said. "It gives Gander a preview of what's coming, and they can begin planning how to sort us out for the ocean leg." The night was clear, and presently the lights of Nantucket were sparkling some five and a half miles below as Flight 800 passed over the island, seven seconds behind the flight plan. "On the jets, seconds count," Blackburn said. "That's another fantastic thing about them. The Queen Mary can be a day late and nobody minds. On the Connies, you could be a couple of hours late. But the jets are expected to be there on the minute. And they are, I should say, about ninety per cent of the time. Of course, they're constantly being improved, and the speeds will be getting better and better. Last summer, I flew a 707 from New York to London in five hours and twenty-five minutes. It was a world record, for ten minutes. A fellow who came in right behind me had done it in three minutes less."

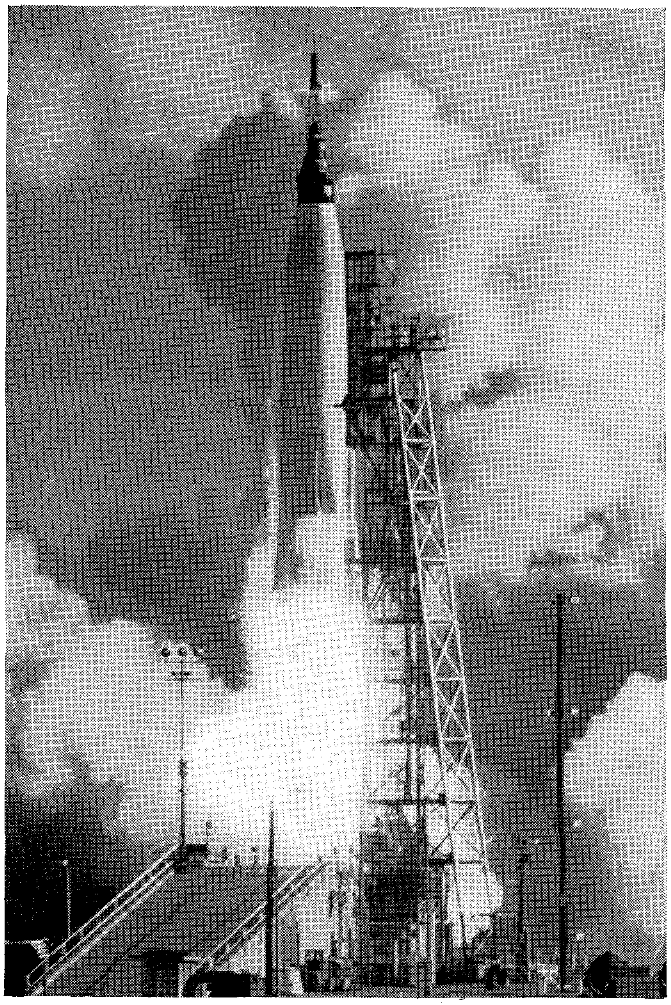
A hostess opened the door of the cockpit. "Why is it so dark in here?" she asked.

"Because we're too scared to turn on the lights," Blackburn said.

The hostess, a young blonde, gave no sign of being amused. "There's something wrong with the overhead light in one of the bathrooms," she said crisply. "I think the bulb's burned out."

The flight engineer said he would be back shortly to check it, and the hostess left.

She returned in a few minutes. "Don't worry about that light," she



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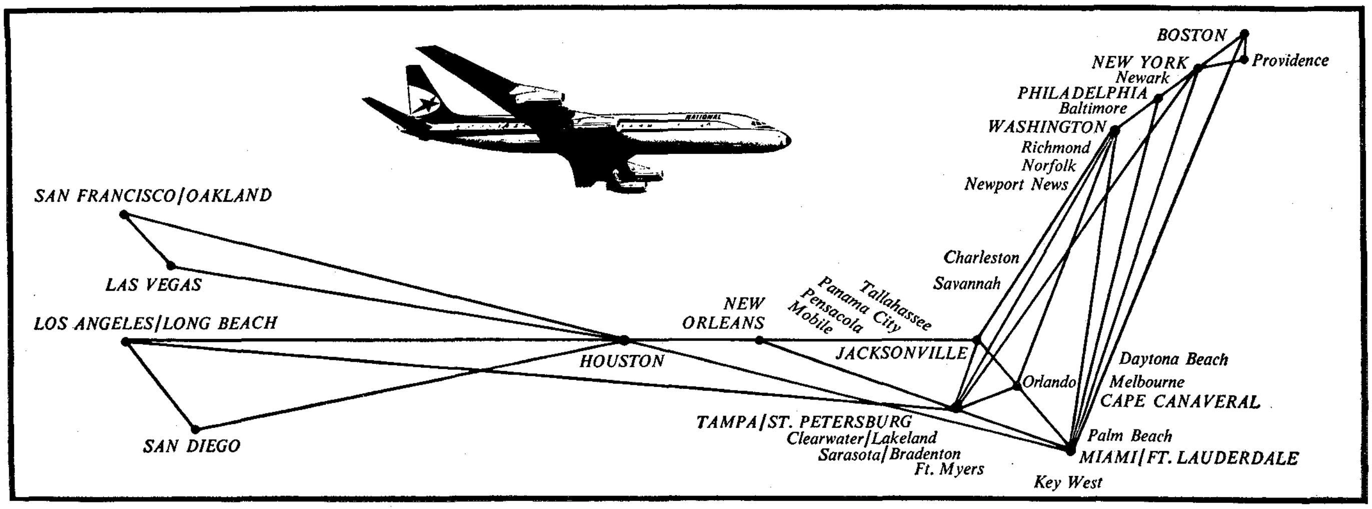
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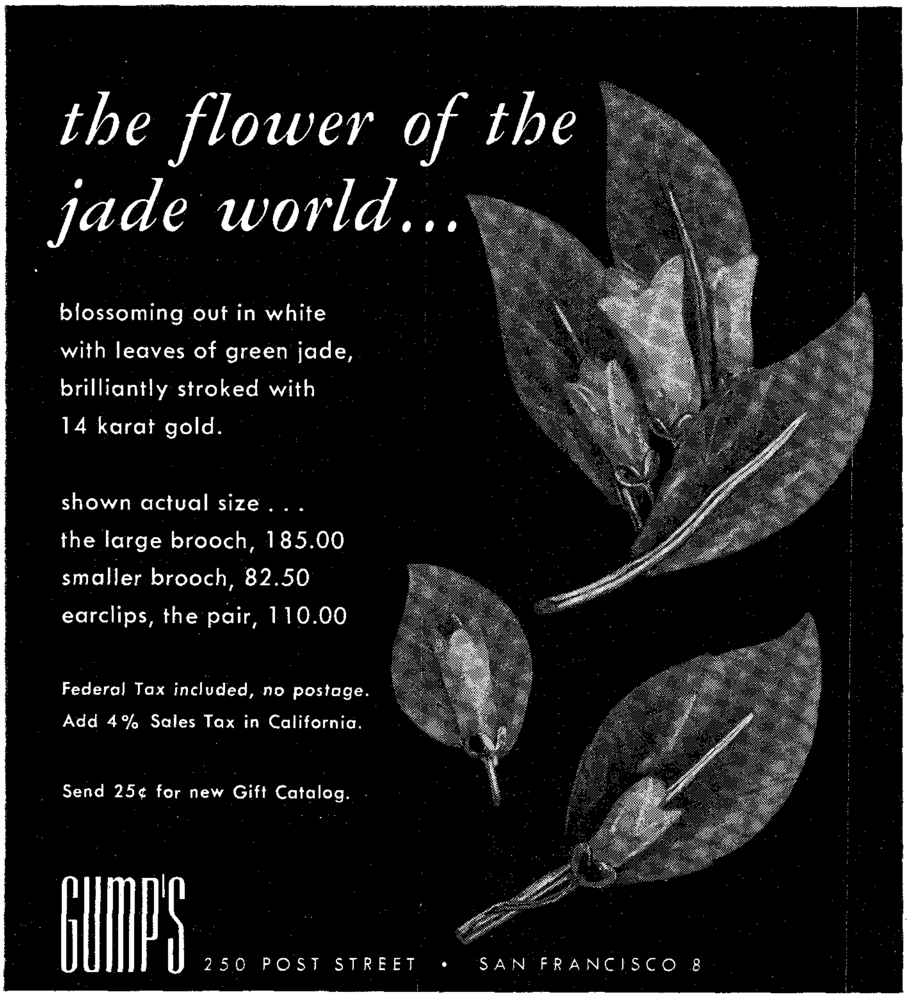

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said. "We found the right switch. The light's on."

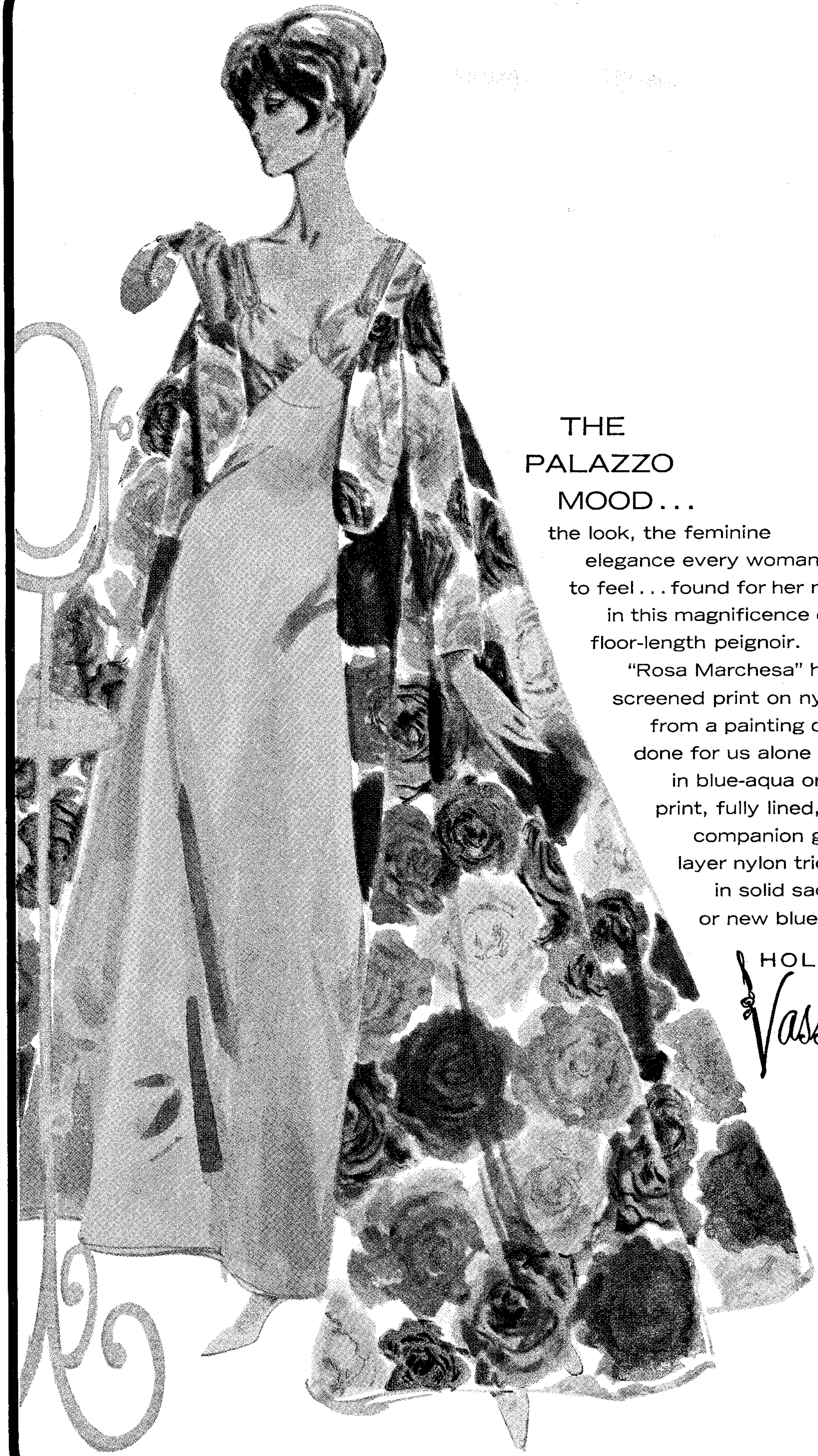
"That's a relief," the engineer said. "I thought we'd have to turn back."

The hostess, still not amused, took dinner orders and departed.

"I guess the world's not treating her right," Blackburn said. "It's too bad. If you get one sour hostess or a mean purser, it can put a damper on the whole trip. American overseas airlines have lost plenty of business to foreign carriers because the foreign lines have pursers and hostesses who work at their jobs. They have a tradition of service and a desire to please. American cabin crews—with exceptions, of course, who really like people and enjoy doing a good job—generally take no great pride in their work. They just put in the time and draw their salary. But the situation is not unique with cabin personnel. It is true of pilots and vice-presidents, too. We Americans are very inconsistent. Nobody loves to get good service as much as we do, and nobody seems to hate to give it more than we do."

Since taking off, Blackburn's primary interest had been in whether he would receive permission to go up to thirty-three thousand feet, the altitude for which he had filed. "It's a matter of temperature more than anything else," he said. "Jet engines are much more sensitive to temperature than pistons. With the jets, we want to be in the troposphere—that's the portion of the atmosphere below the stratosphere—because there the temperature decreases as you go higher. It goes down about three and a half degrees Fahrenheit every thousand feet you go up. We want to get the lowest temperature we can, because jets thrive on cold air. It's thicker than warm air, so jets get more thrust out of it, and it lifts better on the wings. When you get up into the stratosphere, the temperature stops decreasing. So we want to stay out of there. We want to get as high into the troposphere as our weight will allow."

Flight 800 was now one hour out of Idlewild, and the lights of Yarmouth, on the southeastern tip of Nova Scotia, were flickering below. Blackburn, the second officer, and the navigator were eating dinner—filet mignon, white asparagus, and green salad. The first officer and the flight engineer, having elected to dine later, were nibbling salted nuts and olives from a compartmented silver dish. The airplane was still at twenty-nine thousand feet. Outside, the temperature was thirty-nine degrees below zero. "It doesn't look as if they're going to let us go up, Dick,"



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Blackburn said to the flight engineer. "If we're stuck here, what will it cost us?" After consulting his manual and making some quick calculations, the engineer replied that to complete the trip to Paris at twenty-nine thousand feet would use sixty-five hundred pounds more fuel than the amount figured in the flight plan, and the airplane would accordingly arrive over Orly with a fuel reserve of seventeen thousand five hundred pounds. Blackburn nodded, and resumed eating.

"Everybody got the altitude he didn't want," the second officer said a few minutes later, pushing the radio receiver from his ear. "Pan-Am's stuck at twenty-six. K.L.M.'s got to hold at twenty-three. T.W.A. 700 can't get over thirty-one. Alitalia's at twenty-eight. I just asked Gander what they were planning for us over the water, and they said, 'That's a good question. Call us later.' It's like the start of a horse race tonight. Everybody's jockeying for position."

"You'd think they could figure out a way so everybody wouldn't want to leave New York at the same time," the first officer said. Blackburn, who had finished dinner, remarked that the airlines had tried to entice travellers onto overseas flights departing at some time of day other than the so-called "magic hours" of late afternoon and early evening, but had had no success whatever. As a result, the great bulk of jet flights across the North Atlantic—there are about six hundred and fifty a week during the summer—not only depart in a flock but carry roughly the same gross weights; their crews have studied the same weather maps and plotted the same routes to take advantage of the same winds, and so have requested the same altitude. The routing problem is further complicated by the fact that planes crossing the ocean on the same course must be separated horizontally by thirty minutes (about three hundred miles, as jets fly) or vertically by two thousand feet. Giving each plane its required block of air space, whose dimensions are about six hundred miles long and a hundred and twenty miles wide (approximately the length and breadth of Florida), is the responsibility of the Air Traffic Control people at Gander and Shannon, who assign the over-the-ocean routes for eastbound and westbound flights, respectively. Considering the circumstances, they have a rather poor chance of pleasing everybody in the nightly armada.

Up to this point, the controllers at Gander were getting no bouquets from

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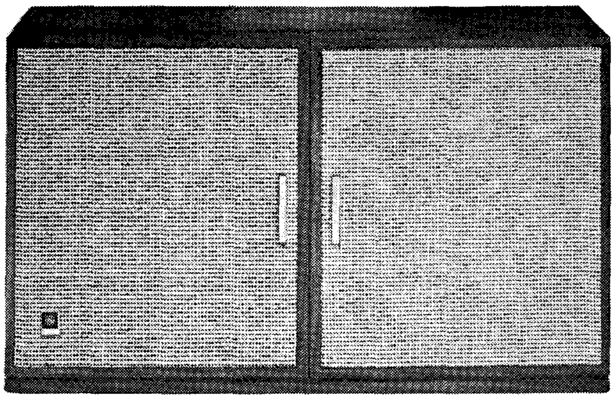

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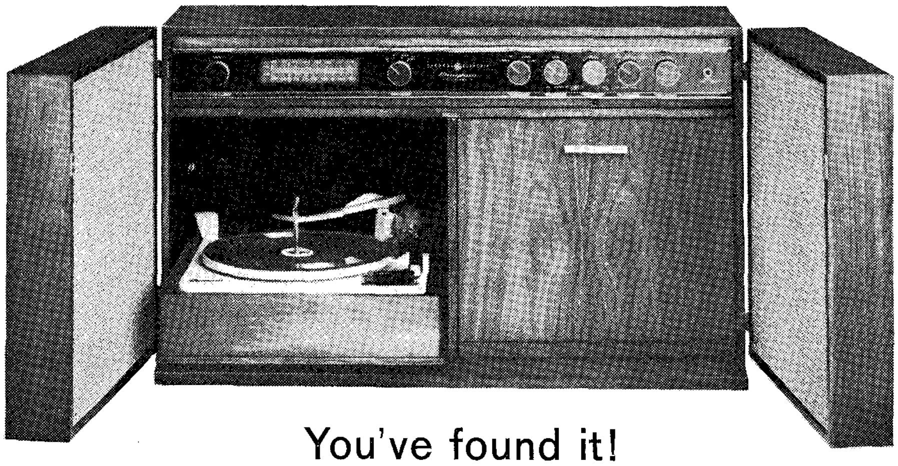

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Flight 800, which was being held at an altitude four thousand feet below the optimum. In addition to this handicap, the plane now encountered the predicted northwest wind, which exerted a steady pressure on the beam, creating an effect similar to that encountered by a swimmer crossing a river with a strong current.

"How much drift have you got, Henry?" Blackburn asked the navigator.

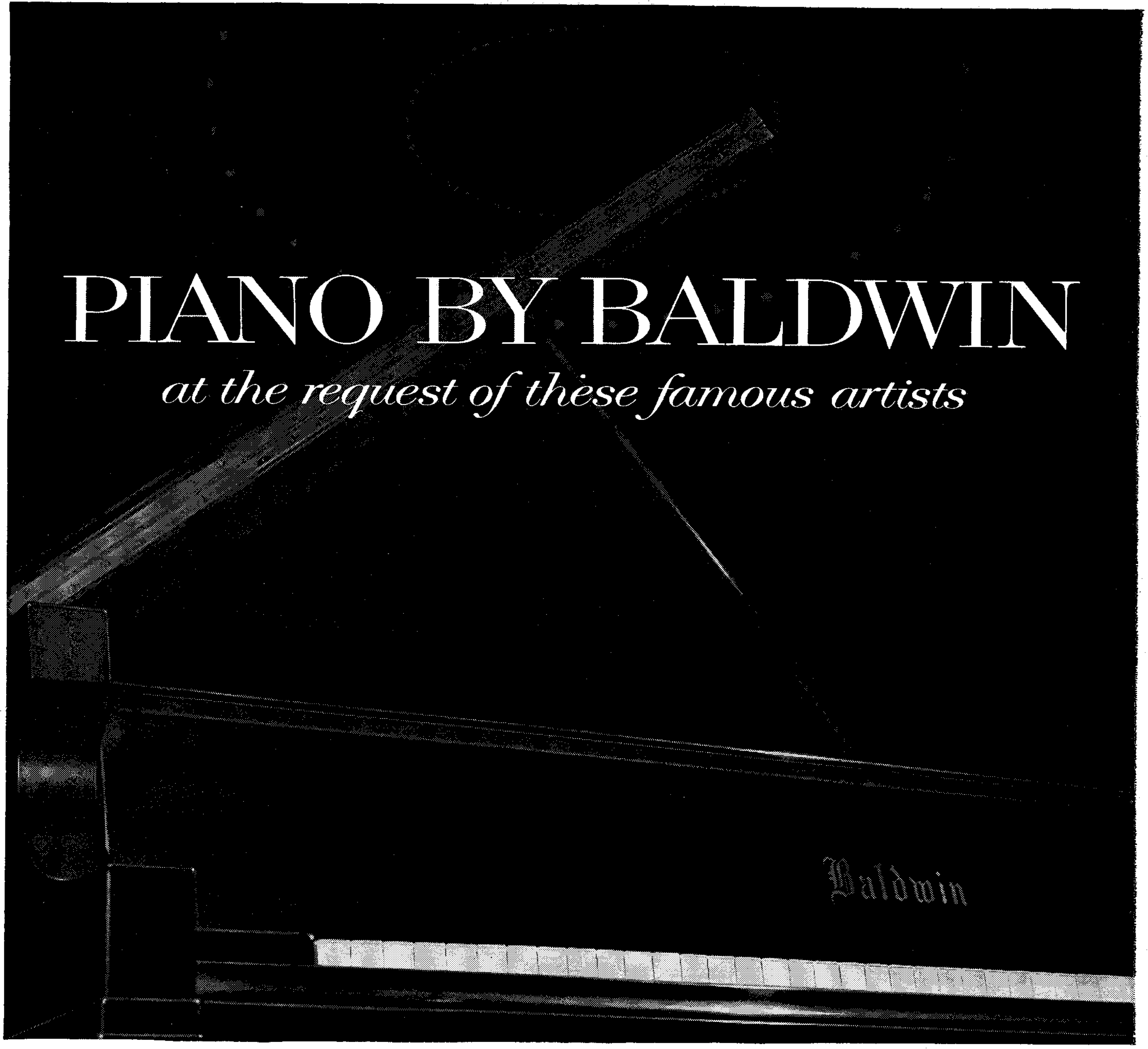
"Fourteen degrees," he replied. "We'll be on the plus side of the wind pretty soon, but we'll be setting no records tonight." He passed Blackburn a chart showing the plane's position. Flight 800, having traversed the length of Nova Scotia, was now over Sydney, on the island's northeast coast. "Aren't we supposed to have a ten-knot gain here?" Blackburn asked, returning the chart.

"Yes, sir, from here to Gander," the navigator said. "But instead we have a twenty-five-knot loss. So we wind up with a net thirty-five-knot loss. That's going to cost us two and a half to three minutes on this segment. The meteorologists didn't prognosticate the position of the low-pressure area with consummate accuracy, you might say."

"In a word," Blackburn replied. He added that he was not surprised that the weather forecast had turned out to be less than perfect. "One night, they tell us there's a jet stream out here, and we don't find it," he said. "The next time, they don't tell us, and we hit it. You can't blame the weather boys. We call any wind over seventy-five knots—that's about eighty-seven miles an hour—a jet stream, but that's about all we know about them. Nobody knows exactly what they are or where they are, so, of course, nobody can plot them accurately." Plotted or not, a jet stream was now striking the plane virtually on the nose. "Call Gander," Blackburn said to the second officer, "and tell them we'd like something from thirty-one to thirty-five for the crossing."

Seven minutes later, permission was received to climb to thirty-one thousand and to maintain that altitude over the ocean. As Blackburn eased the plane upward, the flight engineer, after his usual lightning calculations, announced that at thirty-one thousand feet the fuel consumption would exceed that of the Flight Plan by just about a thousand pounds. "Under the circumstances, that's very good," he said. Blackburn nodded agreement. The altitude hunt, which had been going on for nearly two hours, was over.

Flight 800, now approaching Gan-



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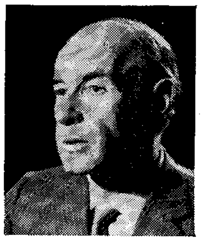
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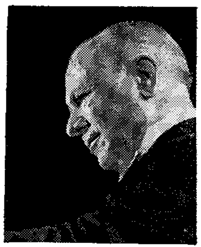
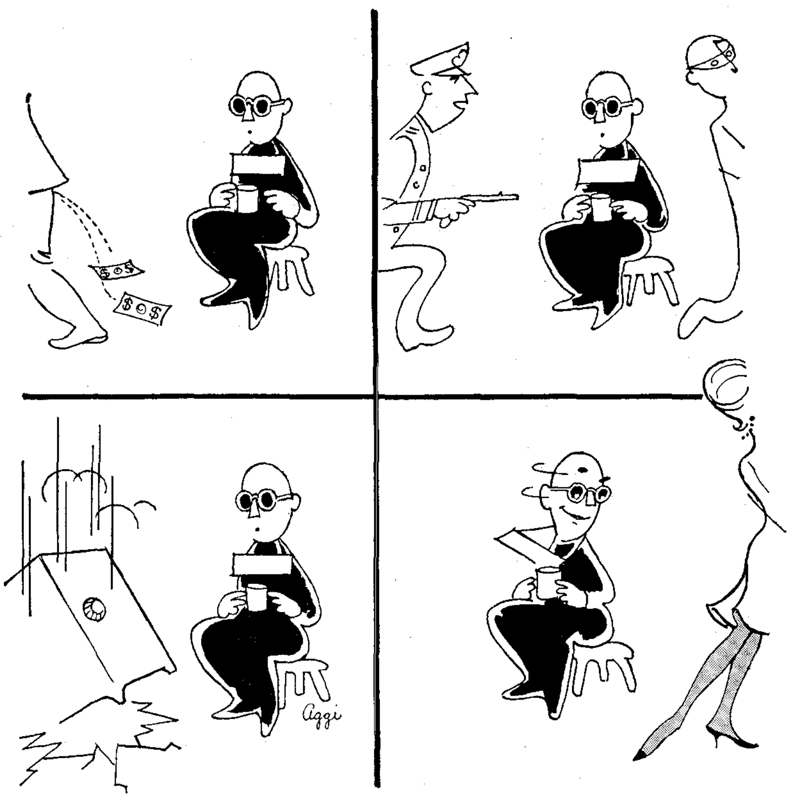
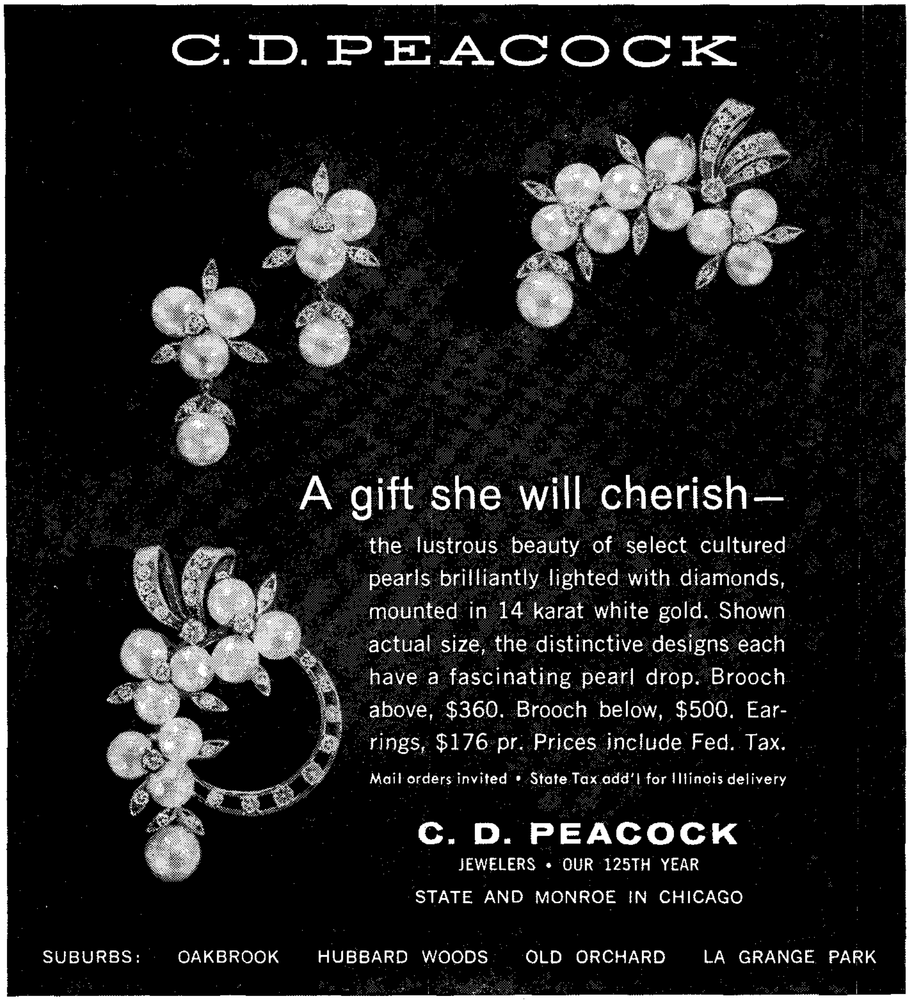

Jose Iturbi

Baldwin pianos and organs, official instruments, Seattle World's Fair, 1962 der, was skimming along at an air speed indicated on the instrument panel as Mach .82, meaning that the plane was travelling at eighty-two per cent of the speed of sound at the prevailing air density, or five hundred and fifty-eight miles per hour. This was the exact speed that Blackburn wanted, since a 707 cruises most efficiently at Mach .82. When a 707 is flown closer to the sound barrier—at Mach .95, for example, as it has been in tests—it stays under control but shakes and rattles like an automobile running over a very rough road in a gale. However, Flight 800, cruising over Newfoundland at Mach .82, floated through the air without a quiver and almost in silence; instead of the unceasing thunder and throb of the piston engines, there was only a faint, high-pitched whine, which, unless one thought about it, was almost imperceptible. On a 707, the first-class section is even quieter than the cockpit; neither gets much noise from the engines, which are situated behind the high-rent district, but the cockpit has less insulation and also receives more noise from friction caused by the airstream striking the nose. Engine noise on the jets, such as it is, is loudest in the economy section. On the other hand, the forward seats in this section, being in the center of the airplane, are subjected to less motion than any of the others and so give the passengers occupying them the smoothest ride. "On the jets, we have drastically reduced—in fact, practically eliminated—vibration, and we have very little torque," Blackburn said. "If I had an engine failure on a Connie and had to let a prop windmill when cruising, that prop produced a drag of thirty-two hundred and fifty pounds. You can imagine the yaw that you had to correct, with more than one and a half tons of drag. If I lose an engine on this airplane, I have only *two hundred and seventy pounds* of drag. And you don't have to tell the passengers and start them worrying. You go right on cruising, and then make a landing with three engines exactly as you would with four." On the radar screen, Gander became clearly outlined and then started passing out of sight. "Poor old Gander," Blackburn said. "And poor old Shannon, too. We don't need them for refuelling any more. I don't know what will become of them." He sounded almost as regretful as if he were speaking of the decline of a pair of old friends. Over the years, he had seen a good deal of these landmarks from the air and on the ground. On this night, he was crossing



"Mmmm... archer stockings"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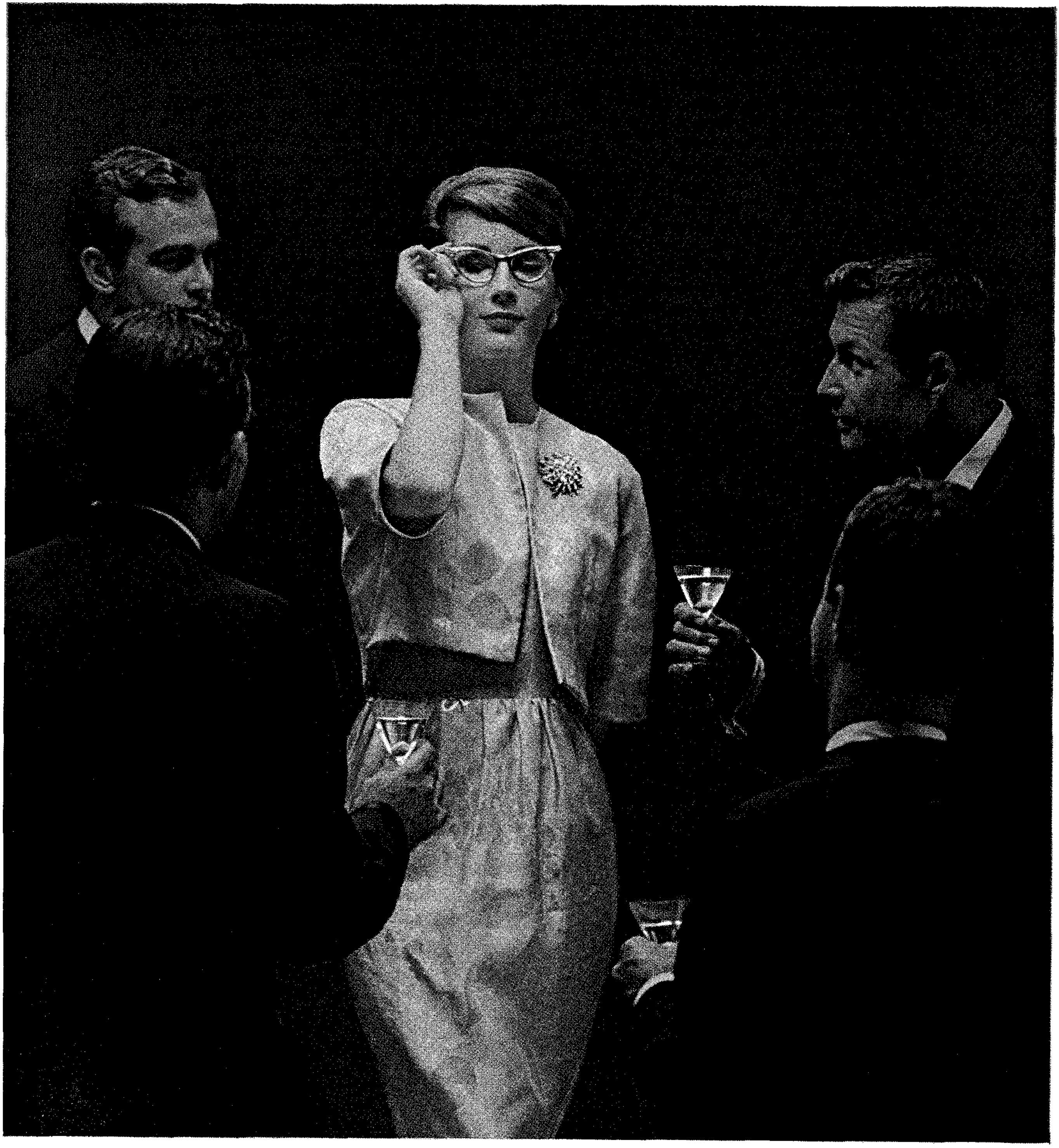

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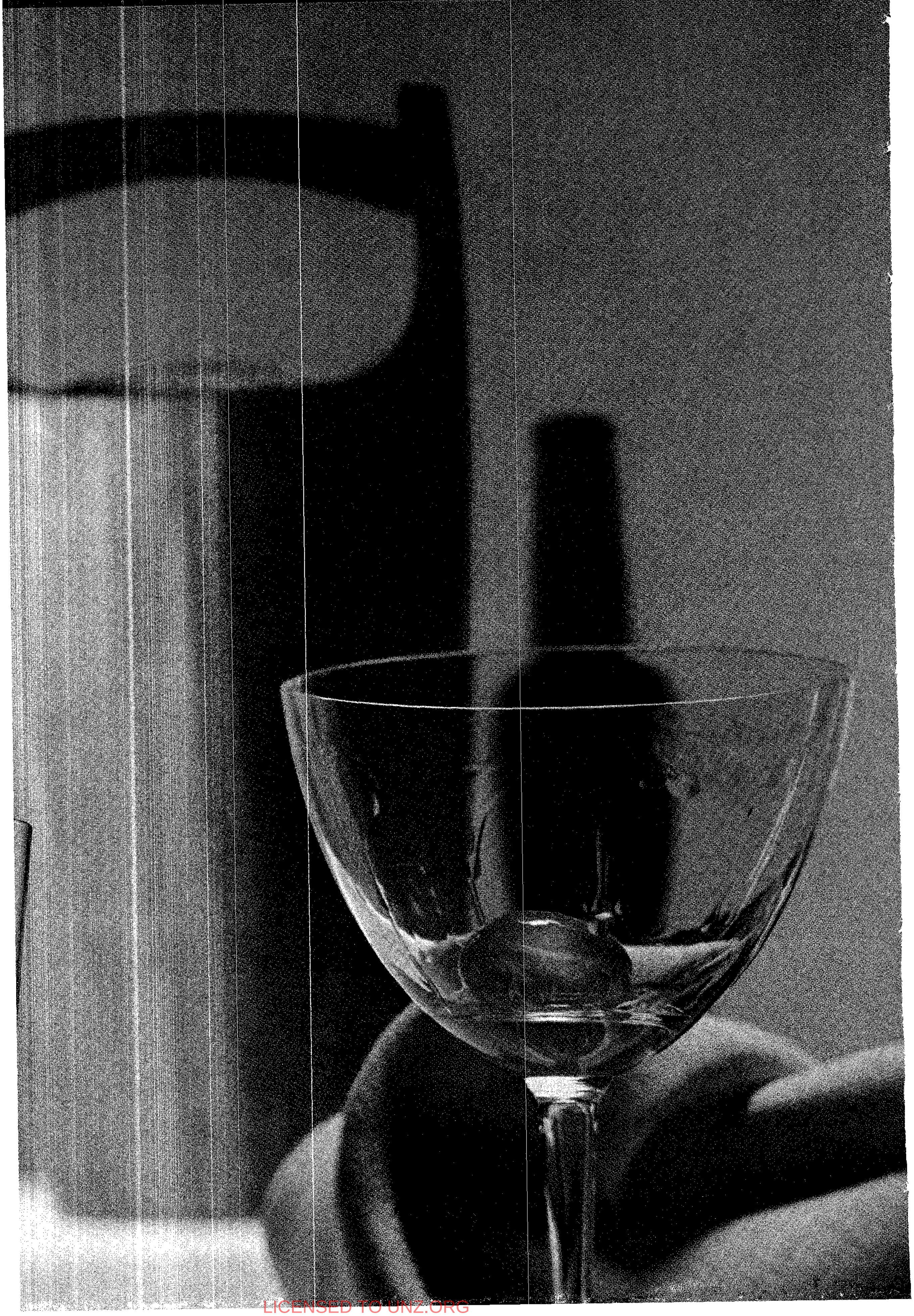
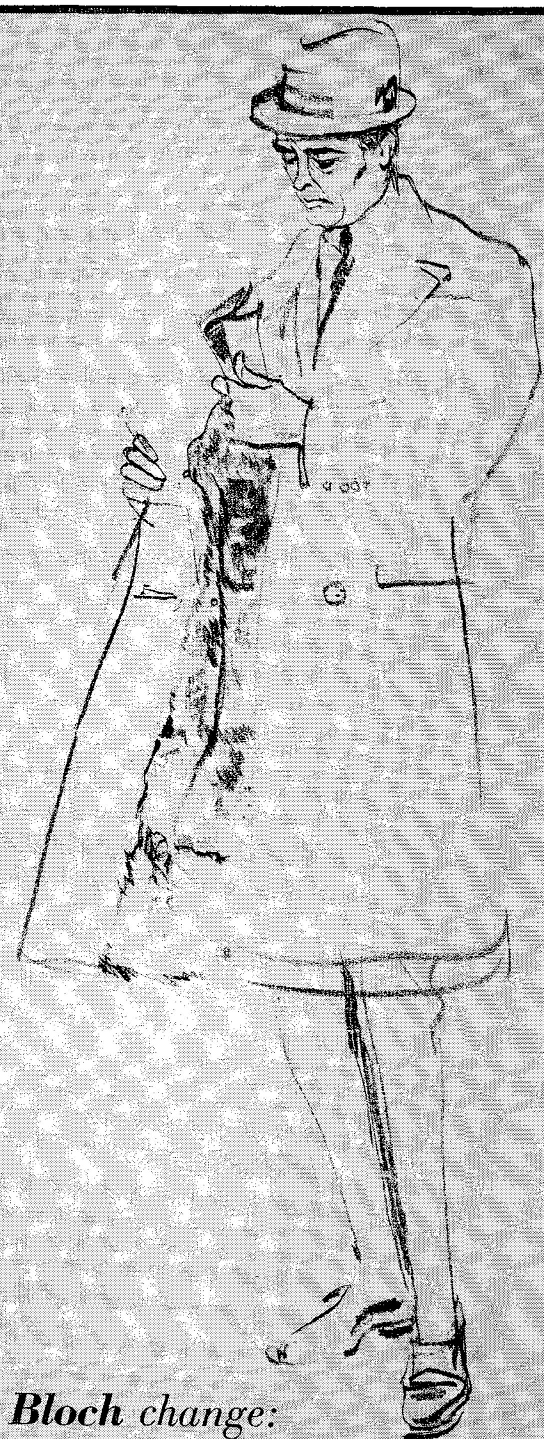


the Atlantic for the seven-hundred-and-thirty-ninth time—not once by ship.

NOW that the trip was well under way, Blackburn prepared to make his customary informal inspection tour of the cabin. It has always been his conviction that an airline captain has the responsibility not only of getting an airplane safely from one point to another but also of paying close attention to what he calls "the care and feeding of the people who pay our salaries." Another reason for the tour is that he simply enjoys talking to people about flying. As he was putting on his cap and jacket, the second officer asked permission to sit in his place. "Go ahead," Blackburn said. "I know you young fellows are getting pretty anxious for us old fellows to retire. Well, it won't be long. But until then, don't get any big ideas, like ordering any of that captain's food." As soon as he had gone, the second officer, looking as pleased as a youngster who is allowed to sit behind the wheel of the family automobile, moved into the pilot's seat. A hostess appeared and asked the flight engineer if he could come back to fix a coffee-maker that wasn't working properly. He said he would when the captain returned. "The trouble with this job," he remarked after the hostess had gone, "is that it's either dull or too exciting." On a jet, the flight engineer monitors the performance of the engines, but he does not operate them, as he did on the pistons, by means of a duplicate set of throttles at his station; a jet has one set of throttles, controlled by the captain or the first officer. Otherwise, the flight engineer's duties remain unchanged, and consist of operating the plane's electrical, heating, refrigeration, and pressurization systems. "It will be two years next month since I went on the jets," the engineer said. "During all that time, I've had only four engine shutdowns. That's an amazing record. On the pistons, I would have expected twice that number. I've been flying with T.W.A. for twenty years, and this is the finest airplane we've ever had. The jets do seem to have a higher fatigue factor for crews, though. Some of the noises we get up here are practically supersonic. They may have a damaging effect, even though we don't actually realize that we're hearing them. When I first get home after a trip, I don't seem to be as tired as I used to be on the piston planes, but the day after I'm too tired to do anything. The next day, I may start doing something around the house, but you can't get into much, because the day after that you're out on another



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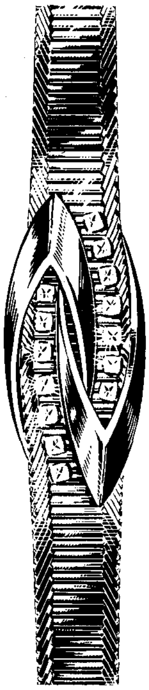
trip. On the jets, you have a pretty hard time catching up."

In a while, Blackburn returned to the cockpit. "Only four passengers said, 'Captain, who's minding the store?' " he reported. "That's a little below average. On westbound trips, the question you're asked most often is 'What time is it in New York?' I'll say, for example, 'Well, it's now nine-thirty in the morning there. If you started from Rome, your watch shows three-thirty in the afternoon, so you should set it back six hours.' So many times they tell me, 'No, I don't want to set it back now. I want to save that time for a while.' It's a very interesting phenomenon. I guess they figure it's like having six hours to live over again—one of the rare times they'll have sort of a second chance."

After settling in his place, Blackburn asked the navigator to figure the "equal-time point"—the point in the flight at which, considering the predicted winds, it would take the same amount of time to return to Gander as to continue to the nearest available airport in Europe. "If I had a fire or any other emergency," Blackburn said, "I'd want to be able to decide without wasting a minute: Do I turn back or do I go on? Incidentally, the equal-time point is always figured on the basis of three engines in operation. That would make your speed a little slower, of course. We know from experience approximately where the equal-time point will be. We just figure it exactly en route. We also used to calculate the 'point of no return'—the point beyond which we wouldn't have enough fuel to get back to an airport behind us. The jets fly so fast and carry such large reserves of fuel—when we took off, you know, our fuel supply alone weighed almost as much as a Connie does fully loaded—that we no longer bother with the point of no return." He had scarcely finished speaking when the navigator passed him a slip of paper bearing the intelligence "ETP, Gander-Shannon: 04:20." As this notation indicated, the equal-time point for Flight 800 would be reached at four-twenty Greenwich time, or eleven-twenty New York time. It was now eleven P.M. in New York. If trouble developed within the next twenty minutes, Blackburn would turn around and head back; after that he would continue toward Paris and, depending on circumstances, consider coming down at an alternate airport, such as Shannon.

At this point in the trip, according to the Flight Plan, Aircraft No. 761 should have been at fifty-five degrees thirty minutes north latitude and thirty-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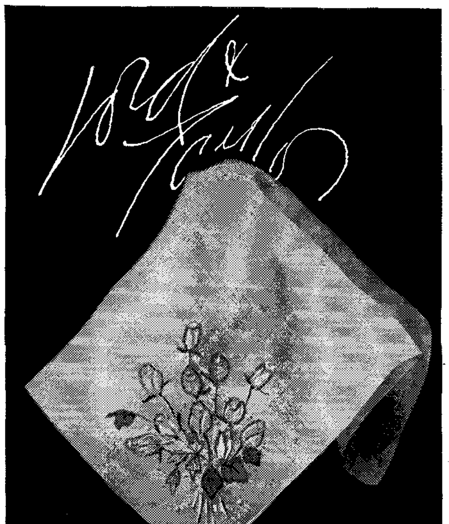

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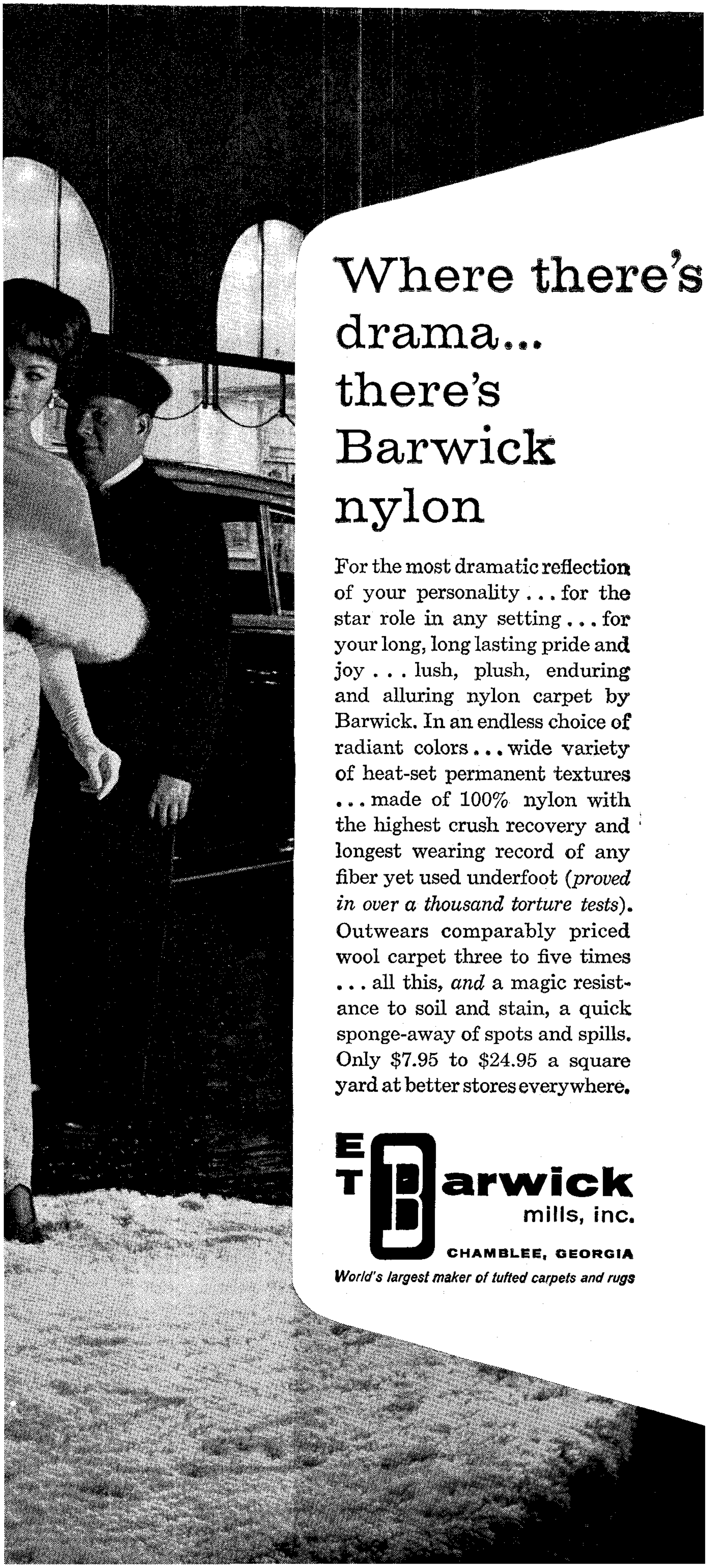

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seven degrees thirty minutes west longitude—about three hundred and fifty miles below the tip of Greenland. The navigator now prepared to make a position check. Standing on a small wooden platform, he extended a periscopic sextant through the ceiling of the cockpit and took sights of the stars Polaris and Capella. Back at his desk, he used these findings, in combination with various navigational aids, to fix the plane's position. "We're only twenty-two miles to the right of the course we planned," he said. "Not bad." He gave Blackburn a new heading, and then plotted the plane's progress with red pencil on a green-and-white chart. Throughout the ocean leg of a flight, the navigator is the busiest man in the cockpit. His duties are the same as they were on the pistons, but he has to perform them twice as fast, doing in four hours what he used to do in eight. As the plane passes each ten degrees of longitude, he calculates and, on his "Air Report," records the position of the plane, its estimated time of arrival over its next reporting position, the velocity and direction of the wind, the amount of fuel on board, and the estimated time of arrival at the destination. Since No. 761 was now crossing one degree of longitude about every four minutes, the navigator was not overburdened with leisure. As he completed each ten-degree segment of his report, he passed it to Blackburn, who noted the latest entries. These, together with additional meteorological information, were then radioed to Gander by the second officer. "Around the airports," Blackburn said, "the navigator takes it easy while everybody else is as busy as a cat on a hot tin roof. Out here, the rest of us just sit by while he works. You sit, and look at the ocean or the clouds or the stars, and eat. It's pretty monotonous, night after night. What can you do? Sometimes we can while away the time watching Echo. One good thing—the jets have cut the boring time in half."

Shortly before Flight 800 passed its equal-time point, at eleven-twenty, it reached the northernmost point on its route—approximately three hundred miles south of Iceland. Outside, the temperature had dropped to fifty-one degrees below zero. Inside, the cockpit was illuminated by shaded lights on the instrument panels, a lamp on the navigator's desk, and a reddish glow from the dials overhead. It was almost completely quiet, as it often is on the ocean leg. The first officer and the engineer were finishing their dinner, the second officer was looking at reports, the navigator was working over his chart, and

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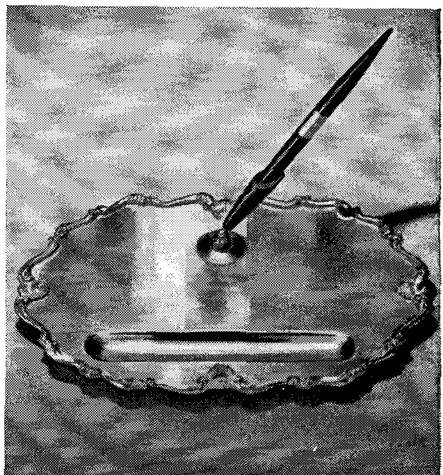

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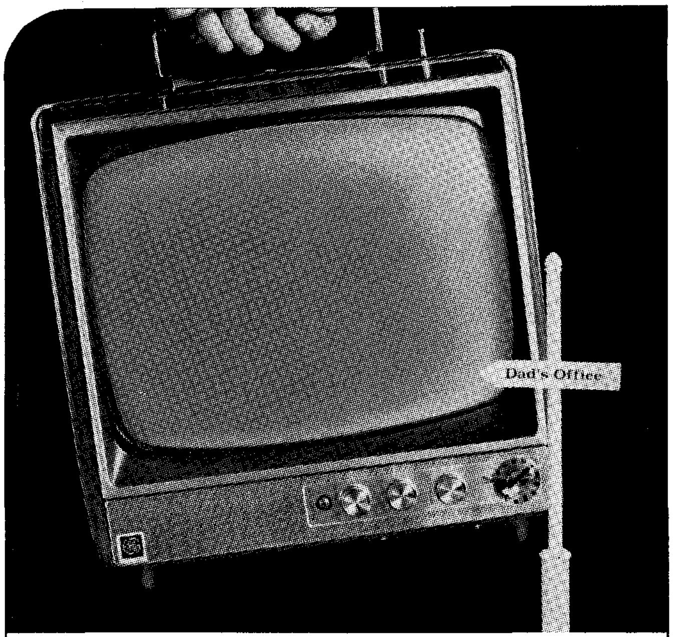

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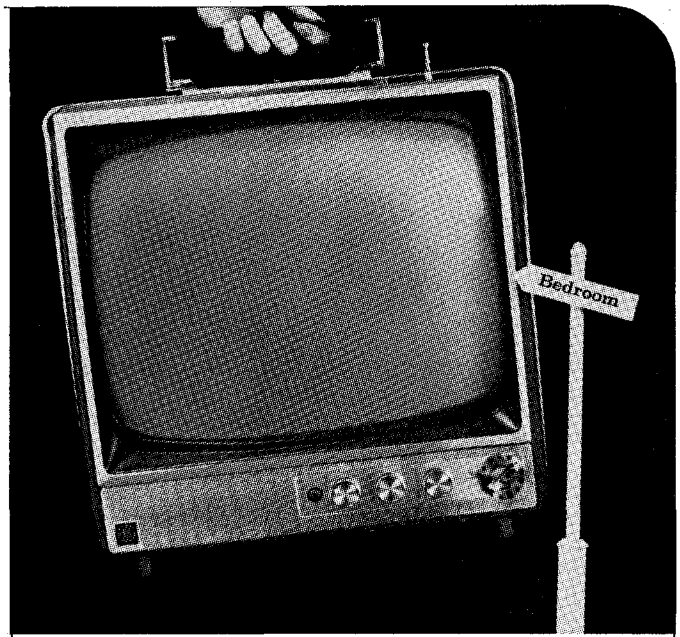

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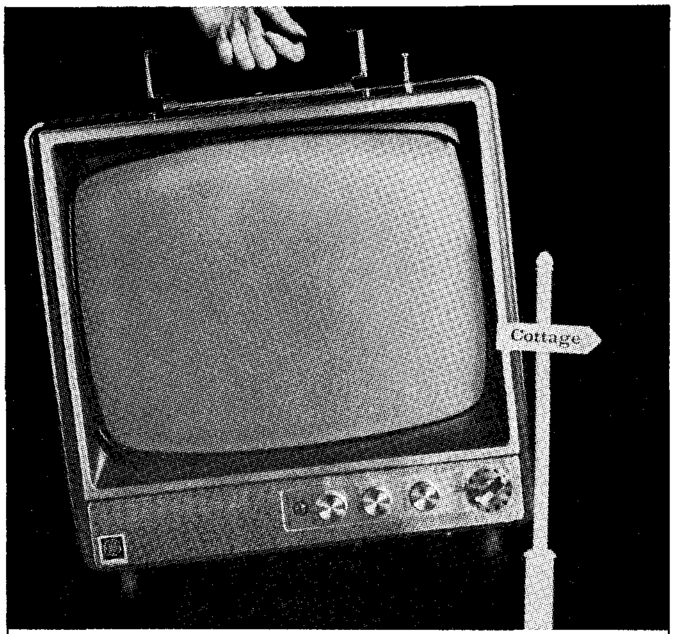

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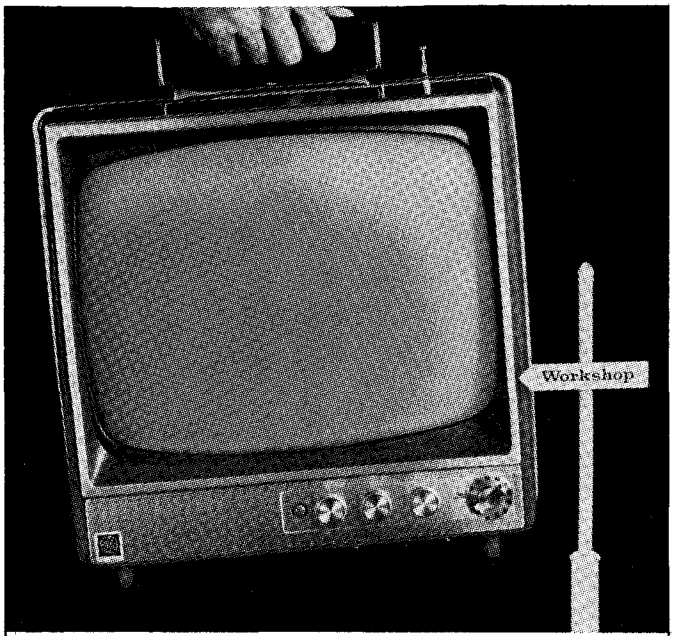

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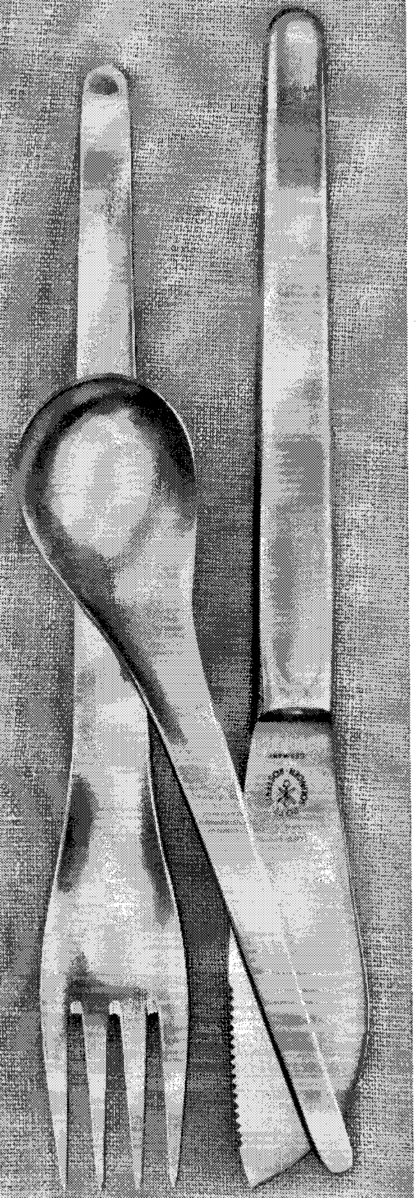

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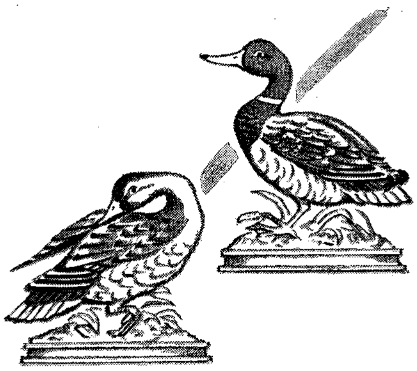
Blackburn was peering ahead into the darkness. In the monotony and the recurring periods of near-silence, the atmosphere in the cockpit was similar to what it used to be on a Constellation during an ocean crossing. The aura of professionalism was also the same—a group of skilled, highly trained men doing a collective job with the easy coördination and seeming effortlessness that come from the sense of having mastered it. Nor was there any diminution in the air of casualness that pervaded the cockpit of a Constellation. Yet things had changed. The flight deck of a Constellation resembled a small, overcrowded apartment, complete with bedroom, bath, and kitchenette. Its permanent tenants consisted of three pilots, who spelled one another at the controls; two flight engineers, who alternated at their post; and a navigator and a radio operator, whose duty started over Gander and ended over Shannon, or vice versa. The part-time occupants were the two pursers and the hostess. During a trip, each member of the crew was normally allotted two three-hour rest periods, and, as a rule, spent the time sleeping in one of two Pullman-type bunks at the rear of the flight deck. There seemed to be something going on all the time—some people working while others were going to bed, sleeping, getting up, or eating. By contrast, the atmosphere in the cockpit of Flight 800 was something like that in the office of an efficiency engineer. Nobody could stretch out for a nap, because there were no bunks; they had been made unnecessary by the shortness of the trips. Since all routine procedures on a 707 have to be performed in half the time allotted to them on a Constellation, the flight officers on a jet usually take their places and stay put for the whole trip. On Flight 800, the only exceptions were Blackburn's inspection tour of the cabin and the flight engineer's trip to check the coffee-maker. Nobody went out for coffee; it was brought in. Staying at one's post, even though at times apparently unnecessary, is essential on a 707, to keep tab on its performance. It is, as pilots say, a very sophisticated airplane. When cruising, it is largely operated by a number of almost incredibly complex electric and electronic devices known to airmen as "little black boxes," which have gone a long way toward transforming commercial airliners into automated airborne aluminum tubes. As the little black boxes increase, the flight crews of the jets will be further reduced. The next member to follow the radio operator and the spare flight engineer will no doubt be the navigator. He is already



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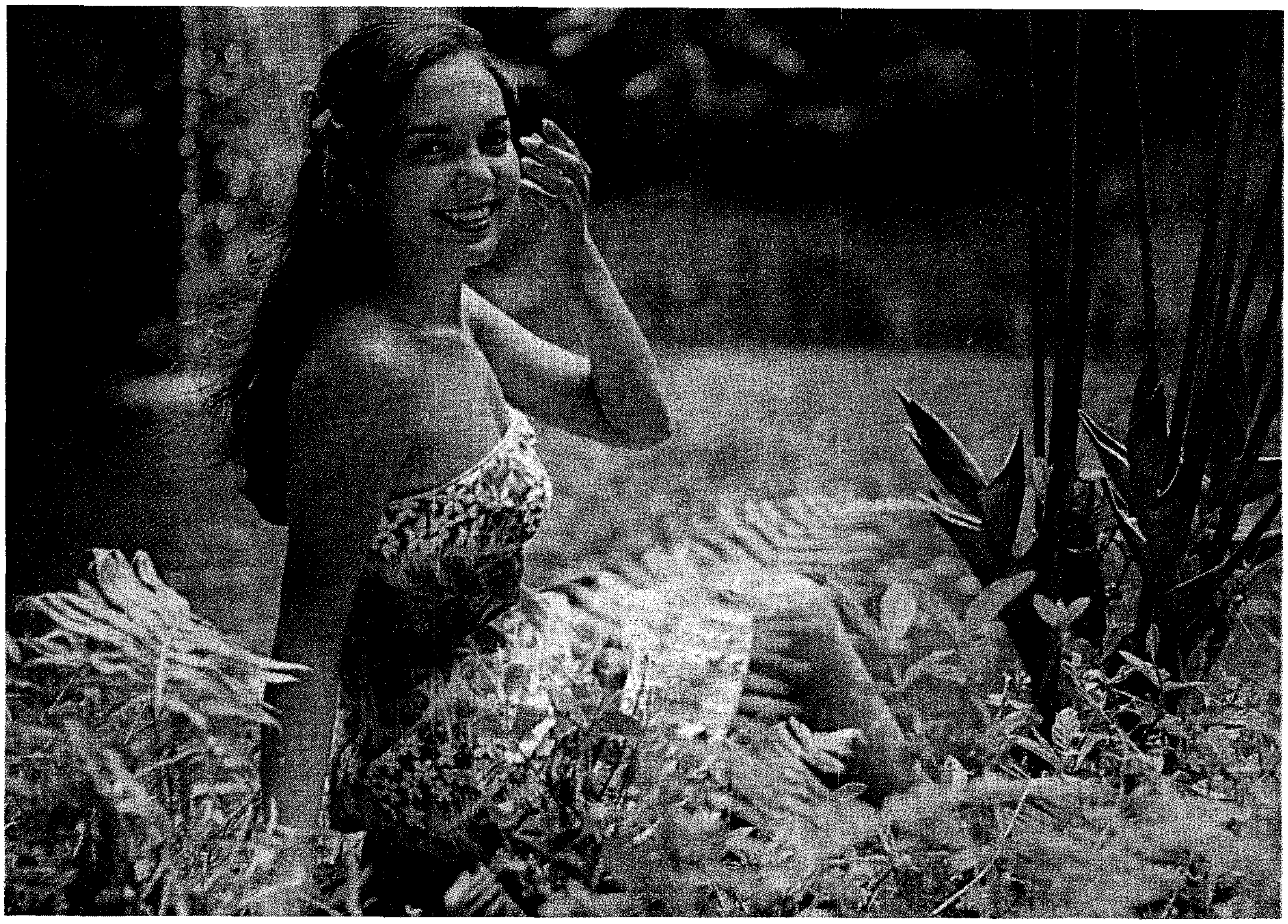

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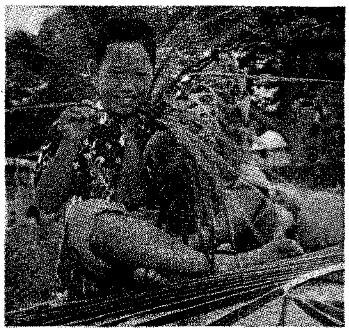

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"Good," Blackburn said. He glanced up at the Doppler unit on his side of the cockpit. "You know," he added, "you guys aren't going to have much fun flying."

"When you get right down to it," said the first officer, who was a Navy pilot during the Second World War, "flying hasn't been much fun since the war."

"Every trip was an adventure then," Blackburn said. "But now—brother! We used to think we were making progress when we got an instrument that told us the direction of the airport. Now we have one that tells us not only the direction but how many miles away it is. Sure, we've been saying that they took all the kick out of flying when they first put a hood over the cockpit and we threw away the helmet and goggles. Actually, though, when I got into the Air Corps, back there in the late twenties, flying was something. I've never got over it. You flew that airplane around in the sky, and the wind whistled, and you listened to the music of that engine—one of the sweetest sounds in the world. The way you controlled that airplane, it was like being in the stomach of a bird. You were *it*, and you were going. Now the hottest pilot in the Air Force is really just one part of a giant computer operation. He gets into a 104 and goes up to forty thousand feet in a minute. He's sitting in this scientific monster, but it's mostly controlled from the ground. They pull the strings, and he flies this way and that, and then he comes down. There can't be a hell of a lot of fun in flying like that. It's

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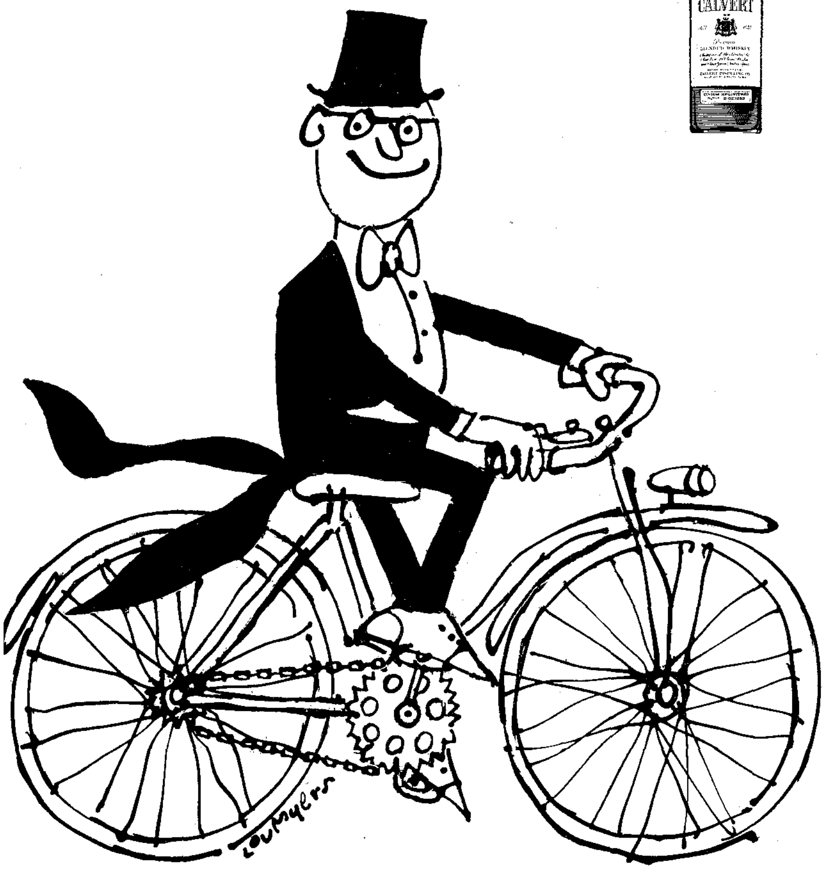

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scientific and necessary and, I suppose, very interesting to some. To me, it would hardly be worth suiting up for."

The first officer nodded, apparently in agreement, and let the subject drop. That was typical of conversation in the cockpit. It was sketchy, sporadic, friendly without being familiar, and seemingly linked, if at all, by free association. As Flight 800 streaked through the darkness at ten miles a minute, the three pilots, all of whom had the rank of captain and were entitled to four stripes on their sleeves (but only Blackburn, being in command, was entitled to gold braid on the visor of his cap), touched on such disparate subjects as taxes, swimming pools, winemaking, boats, blackstrap molasses, and parachute jumping. "It's funny about heights," Blackburn said. "They didn't bother me when we made practice jumps in the Air Corps, and I never think about them in an airplane, but I don't enjoy being on a ladder. In East Williston, whenever a neighbor had to get a cat out of a tree, they usually came around to me. I did it, but boy—was I glad to get down again!" A hostess came into the cockpit and told the navigator that the soldiers were asking how long before they would be in Paris. He told her that the estimated time of arrival—or ETA, as he put it—was two hours and twenty minutes. "You know, Henry," Blackburn said after the hostess had left to spread the word, "a hostess came up here a couple of weeks ago, and said to the navigator, 'What's your WEG for London?' He said, 'What do you mean, my WEG?' She said, 'Why, your wild-eyed guess, of course.' " Silence again settled over the cockpit. After several minutes, Blackburn, who was looking into the darkness ahead, said, "There's Venus." It was as bright as an automobile headlight, and appeared to be coming straight at the airplane's nose. The sighting brought no comment from the other members of the crew.

When the clock on the instrument panel, set on Greenwich time, showed five-thirty-seven, a hostess appeared, to take orders for orange juice and coffee. The navigator had taken his third and final position shot with the sextant, and the second officer was trying to radio the report required at that point to Shannon. He was unable to make contact there, because of adverse atmospheric conditions, so he transmitted the message to the weather ship Item, stationed about a hundred and twenty-five miles away, which would relay the information to Shannon. "O.K., sir," he said, signing off. "Thank you and good morning." It was now getting light. On

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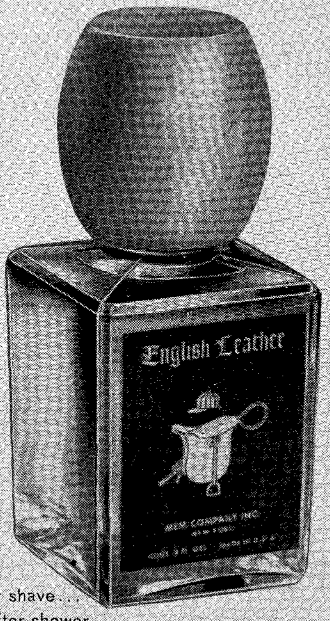

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the horizon appeared what seemed to be a low mountain range, jagged and pink-tipped. During the next fifteen minutes, the pinkness turned to ochre, while the sky above it changed from black to dark blue and then to an ever lighter blue. It was now possible to make out beneath the plane a layer of white clouds, cleft here and there by black gashes—openings that extended to the ocean. Presently, the fissures in the clouds changed from black to light blue. This was the first visual indication that Flight 800 had completed the ocean crossing and was now over land. The crew hailed the landfall with the enthusiasm of a Staten Island commuter sighting the Battery. The airplane, aided by a strong tail wind, was now making a ground speed of six hundred and seventy miles an hour. This was a respectable speed, Blackburn remarked, but added that on the trip before this one he had picked up some exceptional winds off the coast of France and had romped into Paris at seven hundred and sixty miles an hour.

At six-nineteen, Flight 800 was over Belfast. It had covered three thousand two hundred and seventy miles, and was two minutes behind the Flight Plan. "How's *that* for navigating?" the navigator asked. "Right down the main street of Belfast!" The question was treated as rhetorical. The sun now appeared to be about two feet above the horizon and was so bright that Blackburn and the first officer affixed rectangular green plastic glare shields to their windshields.

"We're really sailing now," the second officer said as the plane crossed the coast of England. "The checkpoints in the U.K. are going to go by like fence posts." A voice coming over the radio in what sounded like a stage British accent informed Flight 800 that a military plane was diving on a target fifteen miles to the west. The three pilots immediately scanned the sky; no sign of a plane or a vapor trail appeared.

At six-forty-five, Blackburn told the passengers that they would be landing in Paris in about half an hour. Ten minutes later, the airplane, having crossed into France over Dieppe, began its descent. Blackburn, whose ears are more than normally sensitive to changes in atmospheric pressure, asked for some gum; a hostess brought forward a silver platter bearing a rich variety of brands. He helped himself, put on his Jack Palance gloves, and spread a map of Orly Airport in his lap. He was now communicating with the tower there, and at one point had trouble deciding whether the controller, whose English

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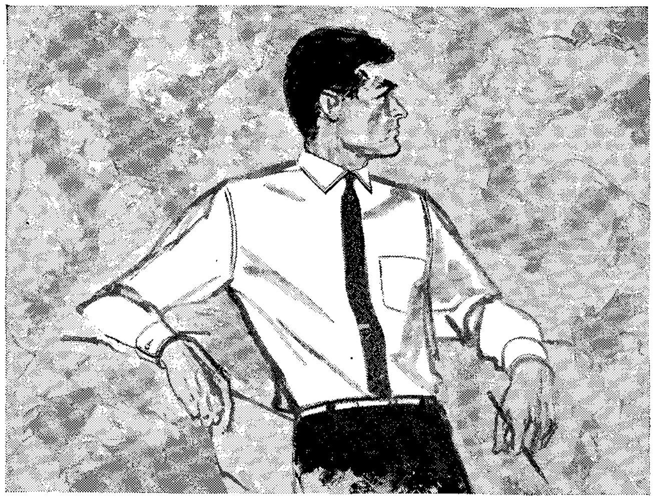

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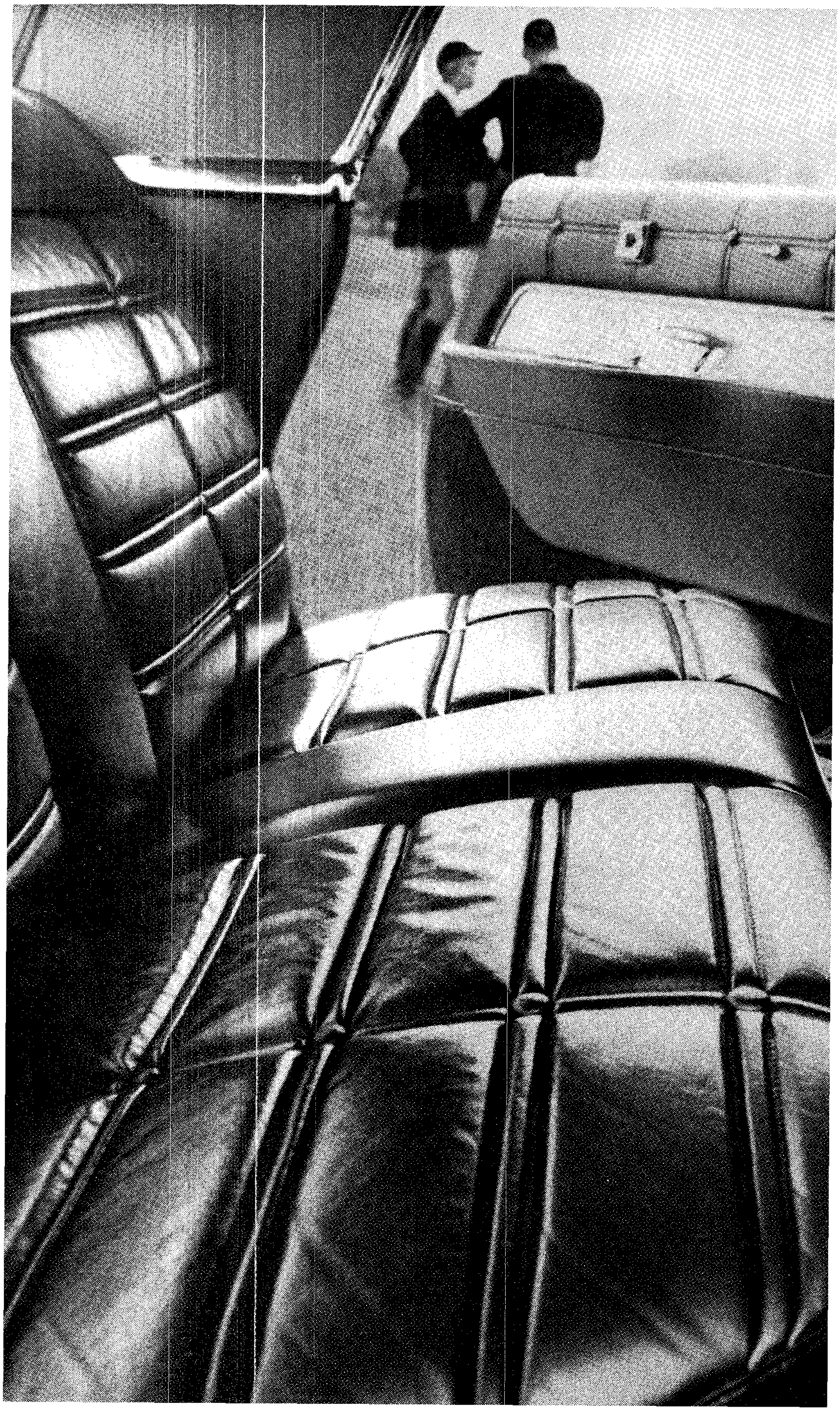

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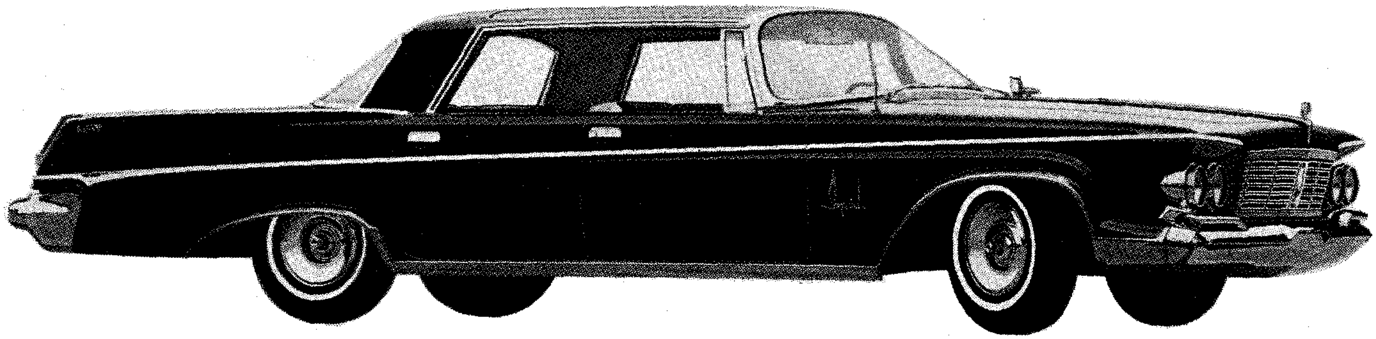

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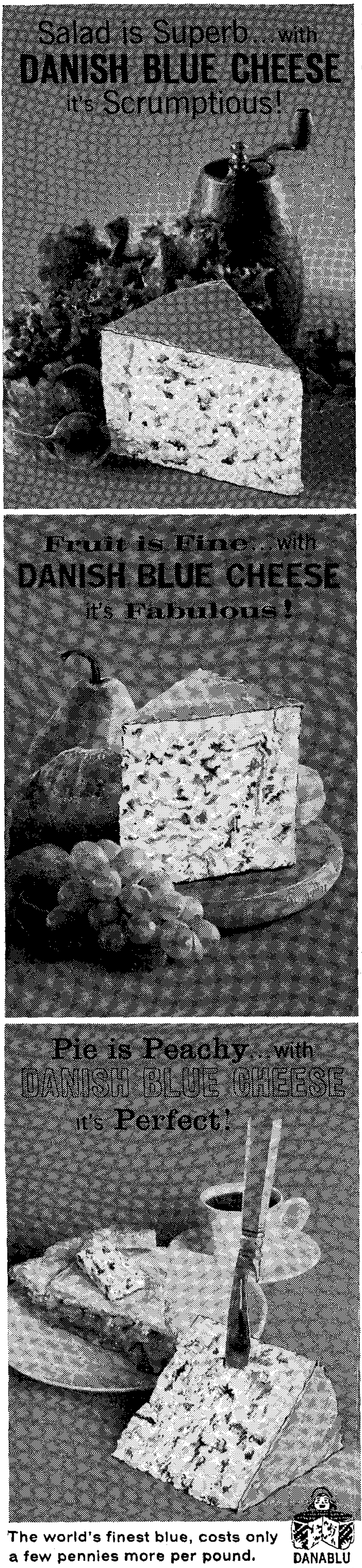

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was heavily accented, was saying "Eight, six," or "One, six." "He doesn't speak very good French," Blackburn said. "That's the trouble over here. Too many foreigners." Since the war, he added, there has been an international agreement that cockpit-to-tower communication all over the free world be conducted in English, except when the plane and the tower are of the same nationality.

As the second officer read the "Before Landing—Preliminary" section of the check list, consisting of thirteen commands, the plane continued its smooth descent, flying through a couple of minutes of slightly bumpy overcast before breaking into the clear again. Paris was now stretched out on the horizon, and the sun was shining. The sight moved only one of the crew to audible comment. "Boy!" the second officer said, sighting some new construction. "Look at the size of that housing development." With the airport in view, Blackburn called, "Down gear!," answered the five commands on the "Before Landing—Final" section of the check list, and, at seven-nineteen, set the airplane down on the runway so smoothly that the instant of impact was hardly perceptible. The throttles were now pulled all the way back. As soon as the airplane had made firm contact with the ground, Blackburn pulled a handle that lifted the "spoilers," which are two pairs of hinged plates near the trailing edge of each wing; raising them disturbs, or "spoils," the flow of air over the wings, thus decreasing their lift capacity and at the same time increasing their drag. The action of the spoilers also places the airplane's weight on its wheels; this increases the effectiveness of the brakes. To slow the plane down further, Blackburn pulled back a set of levers that actuated the thrust reversers. These are situated at the rear of each engine, and look like two halves of a clamshell; when brought together, they form a barrier that prevents the jet blast from escaping through the tail pipes and forces it forward instead. This produces a braking effect similar to that of propeller reversal on the pistons. When the thrust reversers had done their job, Blackburn brought the landing roll to an easy finish. (Because of the 707's efficient deceleration devices, its runway requirement for landing is a mere sixty-eight hundred feet, or only five hundred and sixty feet more than that of a Constellation.) The second officer broke the silence that had enveloped the cockpit from the beginning of the final descent by reading the "After Landing Roll" section (ten items) of the check

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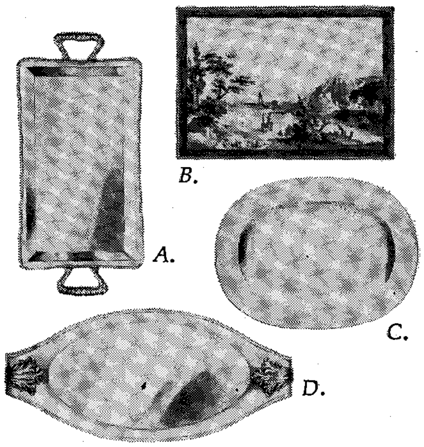

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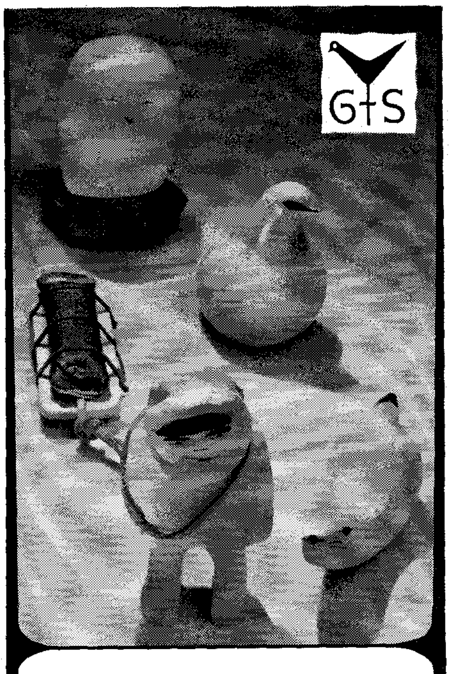

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list. He then said, "Captain, that was a real fine landing."

The first officer agreed. "No bull," he said. "You really painted that one on."

The flight engineer was also impressed. "I've heard them talk about rolling one on," he said, "but I've never seen one like that before."

"Got to do it right once in a while—the law of averages," Blackburn said, appearing to be more than ordinarily occupied with the relatively simple business of steering the plane to the terminal.

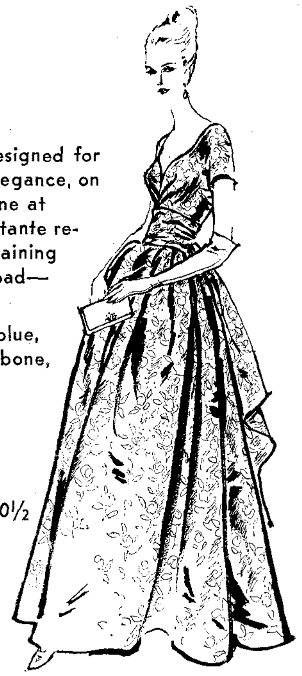
On the way, the other members of the crew completed the paperwork for the New York-Paris leg. It had taken six hours and thirty-seven minutes—three minutes more than the Flight Plan—and had exceeded the estimated fuel consumption by exactly five hundred pounds, an error of not quite four-hundredths of one per cent. Once the soldiers and the other Paris-bound passengers had left the plane, Blackburn and the cockpit crew disembarked, led by the navigator, whose duty was now completed. "All out for Boystown," he said, starting down the steps.

With the three other flight officers, Blackburn walked to the T.W.A. operations office, where the dispatcher, a round-faced, mustached Frenchman, bade him good morning, informed him that the weather to Rome was fine, and asked, "What altitude would it please you to fly at, Captain?"

With matching politeness, Blackburn answered, "Twenty-seven thousand, if you please."

The first and second officers looked over the weather maps and forecasts and made the Flight Plan to Rome. Blackburn meanwhile signed several forms, including one that listed the names of the purser and hostesses, all French, who were to replace the American cabin crew. After approving the Flight Plan, Blackburn told the first officer that he could fly the leg to Rome. The first officer smiled and murmured something in gratitude; not many captains in command allow their junior officers the privilege of making takeoffs and landings. "If you don't bounce them a couple of times, I won't let you do it again," Blackburn said. "I don't want you to show me up. Naturally, I'll expect some Green Stamps for this."

At eight-nineteen, Flight 800 started to roll away from the terminal at Orly, and within twenty minutes was cruising at twenty-seven thousand feet, high above an endless carpet of clouds. "Let's get there fast," the flight engineer said, yawning. "I'm ready for bed." Black-



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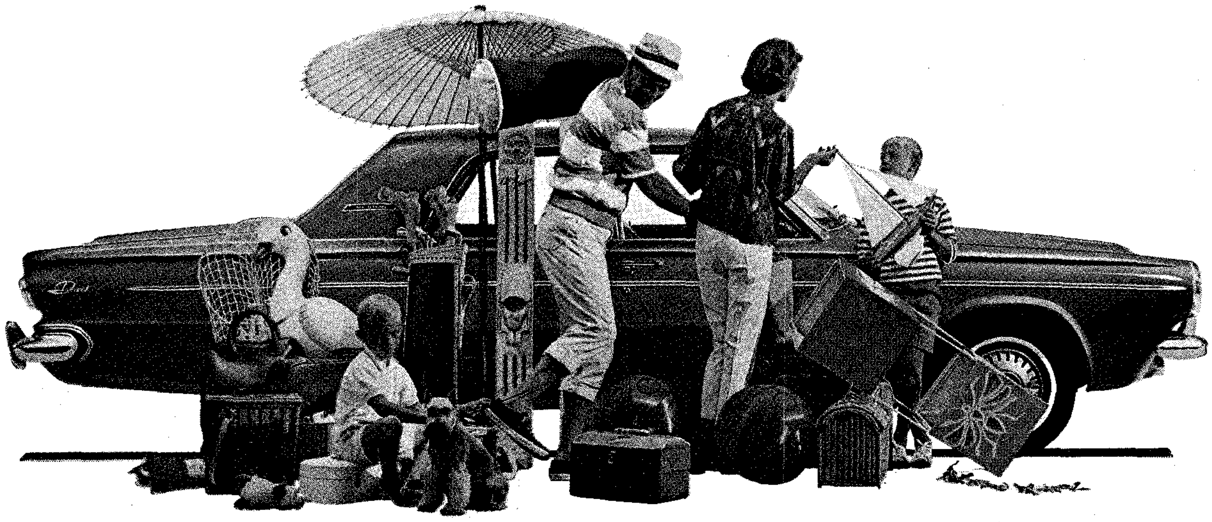

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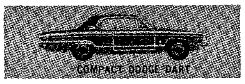

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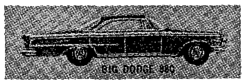

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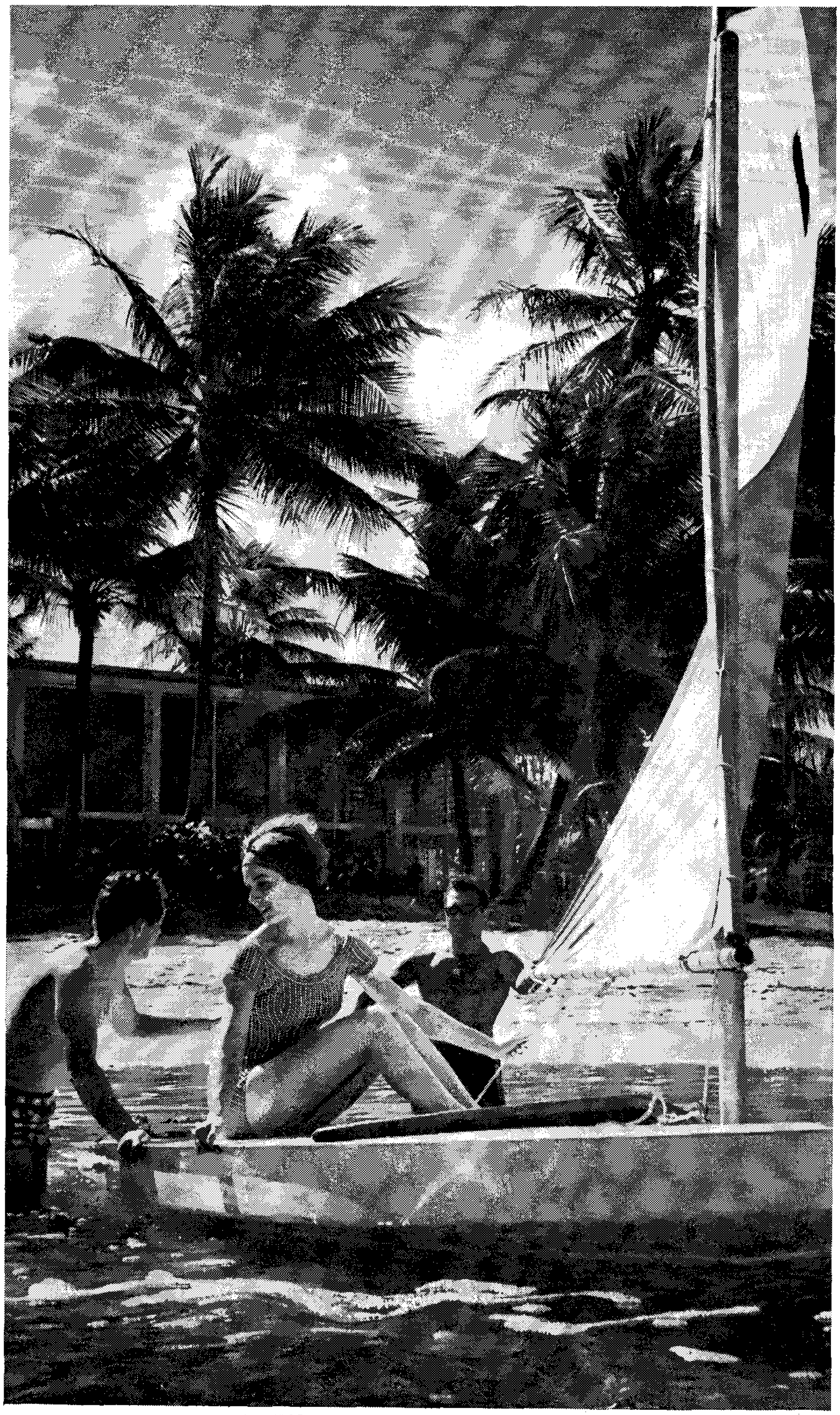
burn looked out the side window. Great holes had developed in the cloud cover, revealing Alpine peaks that appeared to be only a stone's throw away and valleys that seemed bottomless. "I've never understood how anybody who's half alive can sit in an airplane and spend all his time reading a magazine," Blackburn remarked. "You look out the window, and something's bound to fascinate you. Every time we go over the Alps and I can see down there, I can't help wondering how Hannibal did it. Where did he go through? How did he manage it? The same thing out on the desert. You see tracks going off to the horizon, and you wonder who made them, and when, and where they lead. What you see below—that's all bound up with this thrill of flying."

Now racing over the Italian Alps, Flight 800 was suddenly enveloped, above Turin, in clouds that permitted no view in any direction. For the first time since leaving New York, over four thousand miles ago, the passengers experienced a ride that was sufficiently turbulent to remind them that they were in an airplane. However, they were not subjected to the uneasy sensation, familiar to air travellers in the past, that the plane was being given a mighty shove upward one minute and that the bottom was dropping out of it the next. Instead, the roughness was quite regular—sharp and jiggly. A jet generally takes turbulence in stride, thanks largely to the design of its wings, which are swept back at an angle of thirty-five degrees and move up and down through an arc that can reach eighteen feet at the tips. "When you hit a bump, the wings give," Blackburn said. The cloud area was soon left behind, and at nine-thirty-one Flight 800 was cleared by the tower at Fiumicino, the new airport in Rome, to descend to twenty-two thousand feet, and, directly after reaching that altitude, to six thousand. "We're doing all right today," Blackburn said, and went on to tell about a colleague who once became annoyed at the tower in Rome for not giving him permission to descend as rapidly as he thought reasonable. "So he asked them why he couldn't come down faster," Blackburn said, "and the tower said, 'Traffic.' He called back and said, 'I don't see any traffic. What traffic?' And the tower said, 'Thatsa mya biz-i-ness.' There wasn't much he could say to that."

When the airport came into view, far in the distance, Blackburn assumed the role of instructor, advising the first officer more or less continuously as he proceeded with the landing. "Don't crowd



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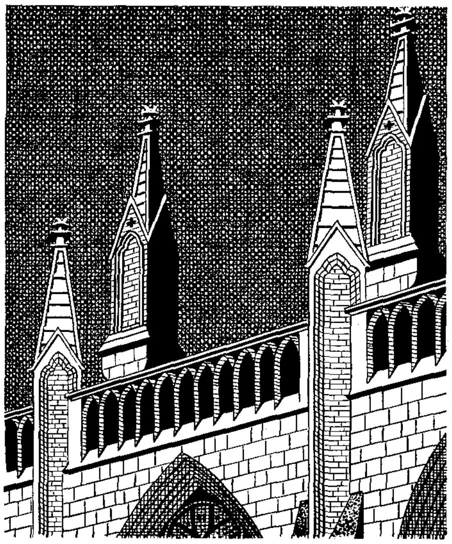

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in," he said as the first officer began a right-hand turn. "Stay out. Give yourself plenty of room." As the plane was being lined up with the runway, he went on, "Don't come in cockeyed. Get it over on the glide path. You've got two hundred thousand pounds here. You don't kick this thing around at the last minute, like a pursuit ship. Play it all the way down. Keep playing it." After the plane had touched down, on schedule, and was taxiing toward the terminal, the first officer said, "Well, thanks a lot. I could have used a few hundred feet more out there."

"You'll know next time," Blackburn said. "A landing is like a golf shot. After it's over, you know what you did wrong."

AFTER turning in the reports compiled during the trip to the T.W.A. operations office at the airport, Blackburn and his flight crew went through customs and then boarded a company bus for the ride into the city. This was something like Blackburn's hundredth visit to Rome. It was nearly noon when he and his crew stepped out of the bus at the Hotel Massimo d'Azeglio, where they had been billeted. During layovers, T.W.A., like other airlines, pays for the lodging and meals of its crews, who stay at one of four hotels where the company has rooms permanently reserved. Leaving a call for six-thirty that evening, Blackburn went to his room, drank a can of Metrecal, and went to bed.

When he reappeared in the lobby, at a quarter after seven, he was wearing a single-breasted brown suit and a brown bow tie, and looked surprisingly fresh for someone who had slept about six hours in the preceding forty. "I worked on the crossword puzzle in the Rome *Daily American*, but I corked off before finishing it," he said. "Sometimes it's not that easy to get to sleep. If I'm wound up, I may take a sleeping pill—you can buy them here at any drugstore without a prescription—and that way you can be pretty sure of getting at least five hours' sleep." Even when he arrives wound up, he has no trouble getting rapidly into phase in a new time zone, and his appetite never fails him—especially not in Rome, where, he thinks, it is almost impossible to get a bad meal in a restaurant. Of the dining rooms in the company-approved hotels, he prefers the one in the Mediterraneo, which is across the street from the d'Azeglio, so he decided to go there. He was warmly welcomed by the headwaiter. "I'm just going to have a little shrimp cocktail, a piece of meat, and a green salad,"

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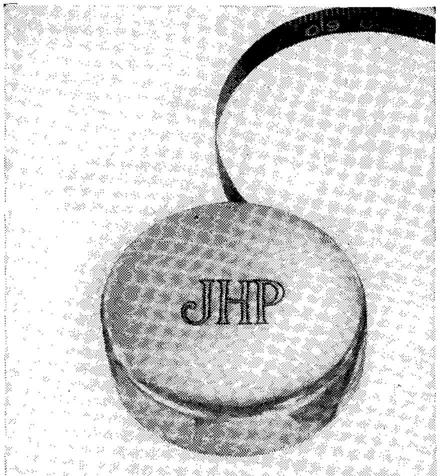

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Newsworthy note: the 61 is now available in a "convertible" model, too—you can load it with a cartridge *or* you can fill it from an ink bottle.

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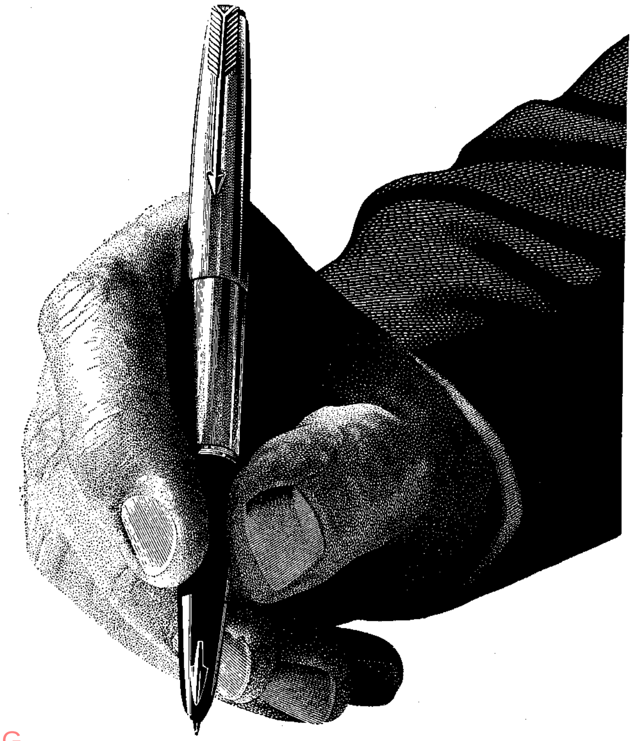
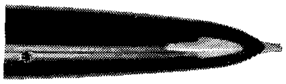


The remarkable



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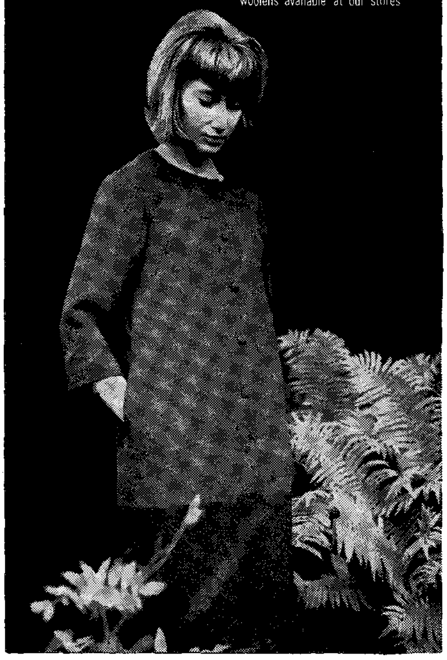
Blackburn told him after ordering a bourbon-and-water. That was not enough for the headwaiter, and Blackburn eventually succumbed to his entreaties to also try "the special lasagna" as well as some fresh garden peas and some fresh cauliflower au gratin. He also had a small carafe of white wine. Blackburn enjoys a drink before dinner and often has wine with dinner when abroad, but he has never had any difficulty complying with the rule that pilots abstain from drinking liquor during the twenty-four hours before a flight. Being extraordinarily conscientious, he has no patience with people who do not do their job properly. On a recent trip from Frankfurt, he said, he landed in London, where he was to pick up his navigator for the trip to New York, only to learn that the navigator had failed to show up at the field. Blackburn tried to find a replacement for him first in London and then at Shannon, but discovered that the only immediately available navigator that the company had been able to reach was back in Frankfurt. Consequently, Blackburn had to go back to Frankfurt, pick up the replacement, make a new Flight Plan, and start out again, flying non-stop to New York. The diversion not only annoyed and inconvenienced the passengers but cost the company some six thousand dollars. "That rascal will claim he was sick and go on sick leave, and that's probably all there'll be to it," Blackburn said. "Of course, things like that are rare, but, goldarn it, it makes you sore."

The headwaiter materialized with the pastry cart, but Blackburn resisted his blandishments and settled for some cheese and a pot of tea. "That was the kind of trip on which a pilot earns his pay," he said, referring to the Frankfurt flight. "We don't earn our money on the easy trips. I think all honest pilots will admit that the easy trips—the ones where everything goes right and the weather is fine and all—are almost outings. You have a pleasant trip, nice people to talk to, beautiful sights on the way, and a comfortable layover. That's fine. On the other hand, there's the old saying that flying is long hours of sheer boredom followed by moments of stark terror. Of course, that's an exaggeration, but we do have bad trips. For some reason, we can't get off—weather, mechanical trouble, traffic, or something else that causes creeping delays. They can be the most exasperating. Then you do get cleared and go out on a flight, and you lose an engine. You have to go to an alternate field. Maybe you come down at Gander. You wait for repairs. That means more de-



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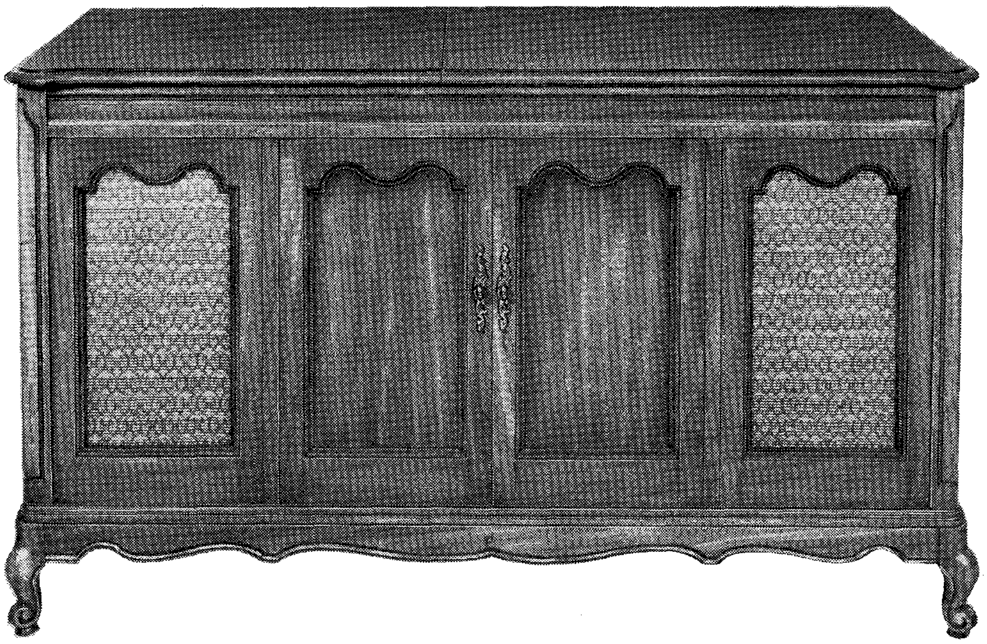

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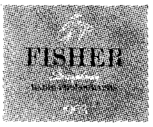

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Blackburn poured himself a cup of tea and smiled. "It isn't hard to sort out the different kinds of travellers on an airplane," he said. "When we walk back through the cabin and see a passenger acting jittery—looking around for a hostess and at the other passengers and out the window—we figure that he's taking his first trip. When we see another one settling down to write his sales report or burying his nose in a magazine, we put him down for an old-timer. When we see somebody else huddled up in his seat and chewing his fingernails to the bone, we know that's a pilot deadheading. Martha says it's quite an experience to ride on an airplane with me. She usually grabs me about every hour on the hour and says, 'Relax. You're not flying this one.' I'd feel so much better if I were. It isn't that I don't trust the other fellows, especially the ones I know. It's just the old deal of sitting in the back seat when somebody else is driving." Though Blackburn can understand the apprehension that many people feel when flying, he, like other airmen, cannot work up much appreciation of the usual public reaction to airline accidents. "It comes pretty close to being morbid," he said. "Four hundred people get killed in cars on a holiday weekend, and other people don't go around bragging about how they almost got killed, too. But after an airline accident, if we could round up all the people who said they almost took that flight, or took it just the day before, or planned to, or cancelled a reservation on it, or tried to associate themselves with it in some other way—why, there wouldn't be room for all of them on the Queen Mary. Crew members have less reaction to these things than most outsiders

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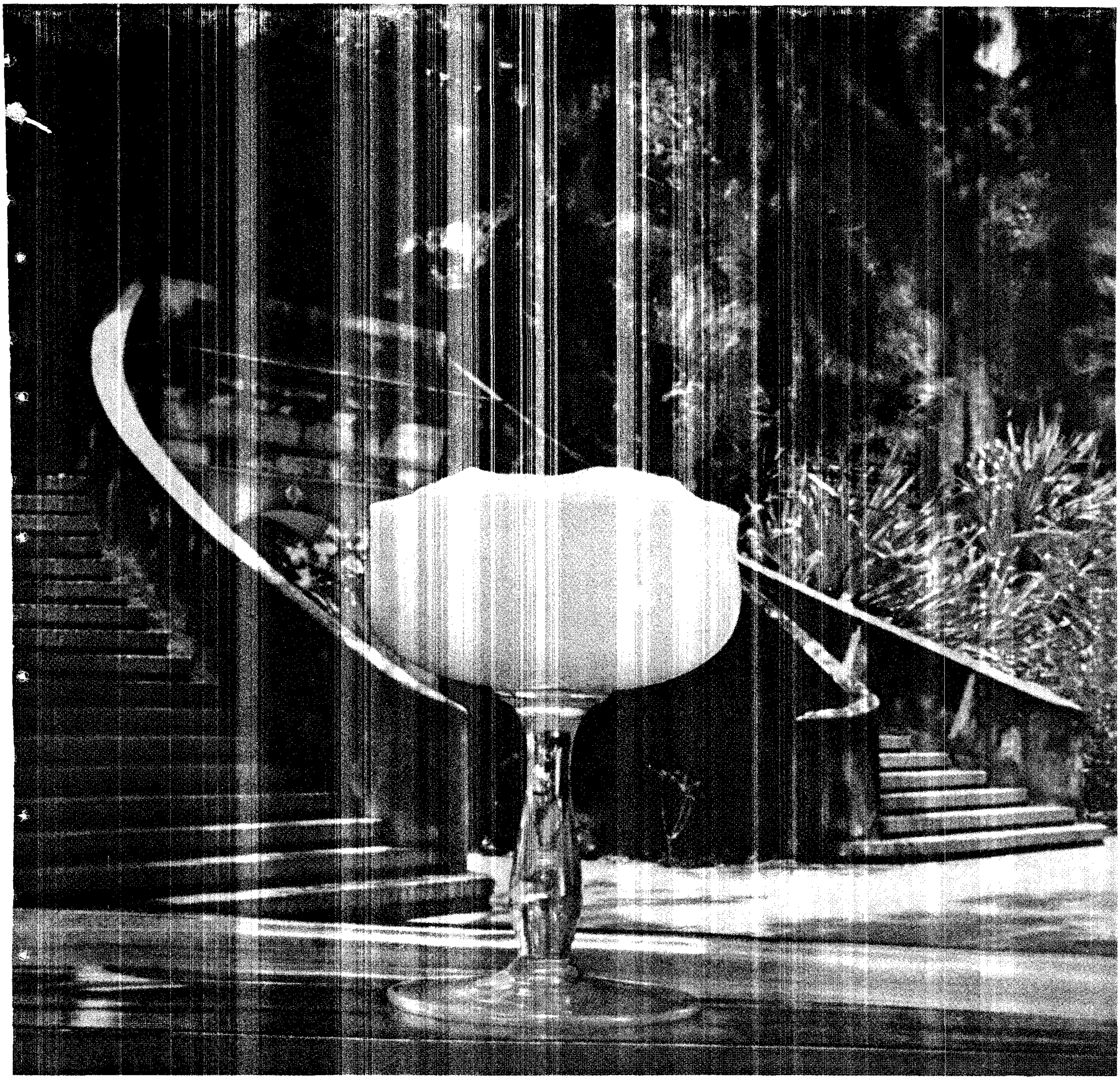

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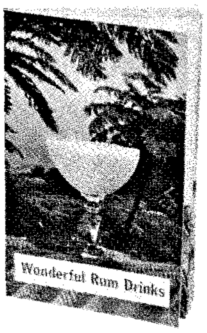

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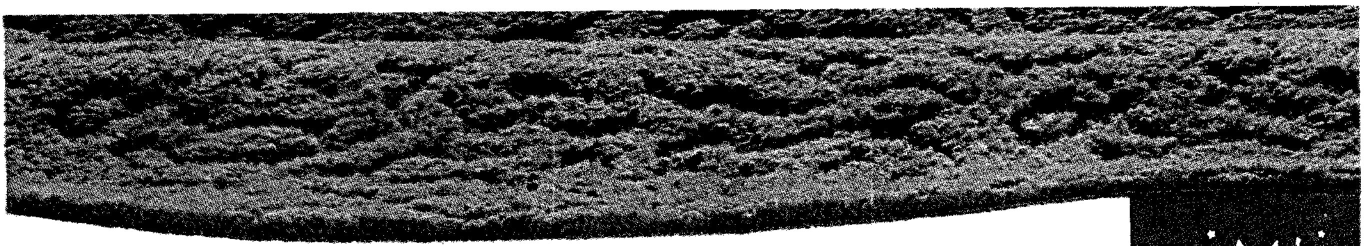

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do. In our business, the really mature fellows don't talk much about them. They talk some. It's always an item of interest. I might be sitting here or at a hotel table in Paris or Frankfurt, and a crew will come in and say, 'Did you hear that such-and-such an airline flopped one this morning?' You say, 'No. What happened?' They may say, 'Well, he took off. The weather was clear, and he was just starting his turn. Maybe eight hundred or a thousand feet. He was making a left-hand turn. The left wing continued to go down. The nose dropped, and he just continued straight in.' Inevitably, you say, 'Who was the crew?' Maybe you also ask, 'Anybody got any idea why?' That's about it. A few months after I came to T.W.A., another co-pilot, who was an old Air Corps classmate of mine and the best man at my wedding, was killed at the field in Kirksville, Missouri. The weather closed in, and they had to come in when it was zero-zero. I was at our Kansas City base right afterward, and the way the older pilots reacted to it kind of shocked me. They listened to what had happened, made some noncommittal remark, and then went on planning their next flight. Over the years, I've become that way myself. Of course, you're affected when a good friend gets killed. Regret it? My goodness, yes! But you don't get maudlin about it. You know that *he* knew the risk he took, and you know you're going out the next day. It rains on the just and it rains on the unjust. I've always said that if anybody has to get killed in an airplane accident, I hope it's the captain. After all, he's the one who gets the most pay, the one who makes the decisions, and the one who can do the most about it. Then, in descending order of rank, the first officer and on down to the fellow who can't get at the controls. This is our business. We accept the money. We accept the working conditions. We accept the fun of it. We should also accept the liabilities—the possibility that something will happen. I think it's poor taste for anybody in this business to take any other attitude." Blackburn had finished his tea. He decided to take a walk before retiring. It was a fine night, and he walked for a mile or so before returning to his room. For about half an hour, he read copies of the *Farm Journal* and *Successful Farming*, which he had brought with him. He turned out his light around ten-thirty and slept for almost twelve hours.

Blackburn devoted the next day to taking his ease. He awakened about a quarter after ten but stayed in bed for an hour, reading *Time*. Then he show-

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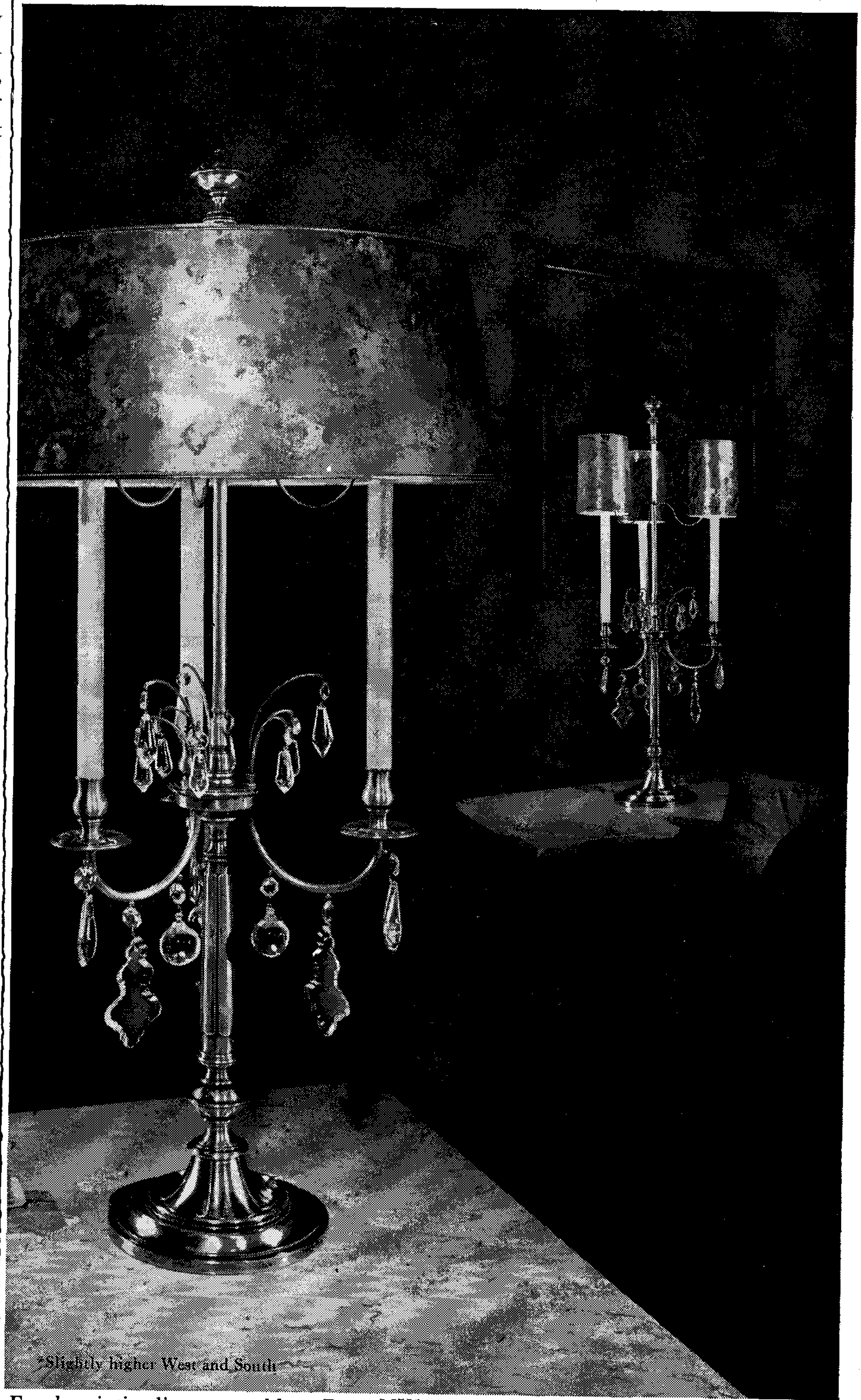

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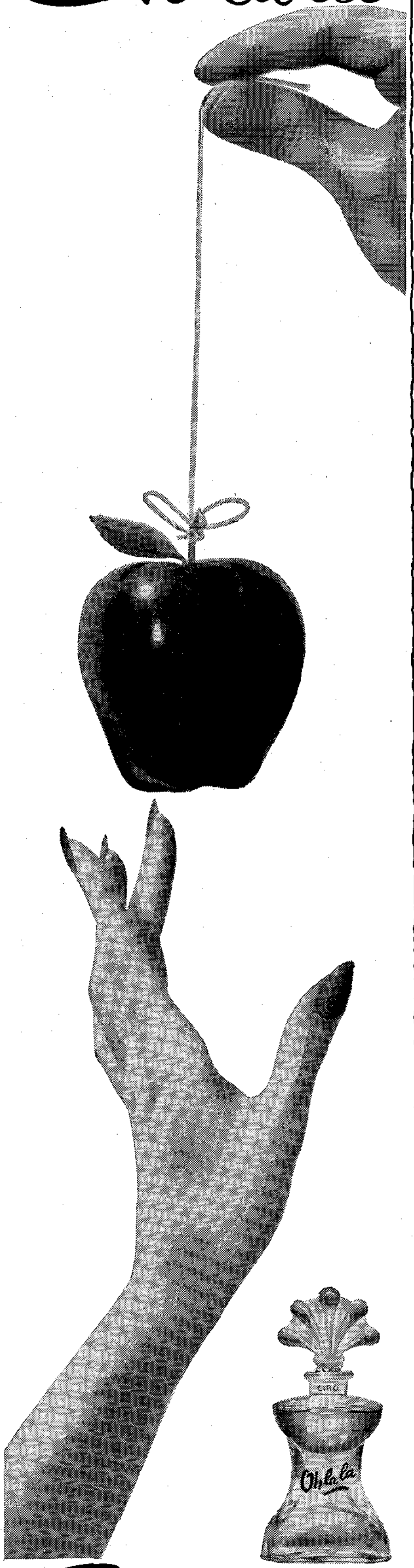
ered (taking time out to remove the shower head and repair it), dressed, and went down to the hotel dining room, where he had a leisurely breakfast of grapefruit, ham and eggs, *croissants*, and a pot of coffee. Afterward, it being a priceless day, he set out on a stroll that lasted, with intermissions, most of the afternoon. Along the way, he talked of a number of things, most of which wound up having some connection with flying. "One thing I know," he said while having an *espresso* in a restaurant at the foot of the Spanish Steps, "is that the great brotherhood of the air is no joke. When I'm over London and ask to be cleared to land, the tower doesn't grant or withhold permission on the basis of whether I'm T.W.A., Air France, B.O.A.C., Lufthansa, El Al, Alitalia, or some other nationality. That doesn't have anything to do with it. There is no race, no rank, no money standard in the air. Priority in the air is on the basis of one thing only—first come, first served. We all find fault with this at times, but that's the way it has to be. There we are over the airport, and we have to keep going. So does the other fellow. We're tearing around one another at these high speeds, and we can't see very far. On the jets, it doesn't do much good to see the other fellow anyway. In something like three seconds, we go a mile toward each other. It was for our own good that we gave limited authority to someone to exercise control over us. What we've set up amounts to a United Nations in the air. It works, because everybody involved was willing to give up enough authority to make it work. Being a part of all that is just one of the things that make flying a great way of life, and I hate to think that I'm soon going to have to leave it. On my next birthday, I'll be sixty—the mandatory retirement age for airline pilots. The F.A.A. will pull my license and stamp it 'Not over twelve thousand five hundred pounds.' Which means that one day I'll be flying a 707 with a gross weight of three hundred thousand pounds, and the next day I won't be able to fly anything bigger than a twin-engine Beechcraft. Some of the fellows who have retired say that the first ninety days are the worst. Well, we'll see. Anyway, it will be different, and that's always good."

AT ten-fifteen the following morning, Blackburn received a routine telephone call from the T.W.A. operations office at Fiumicino, reminding him that his return flight, No. 801, was scheduled to depart at one-thirty that afternoon. After breakfasting in his

Oh la la



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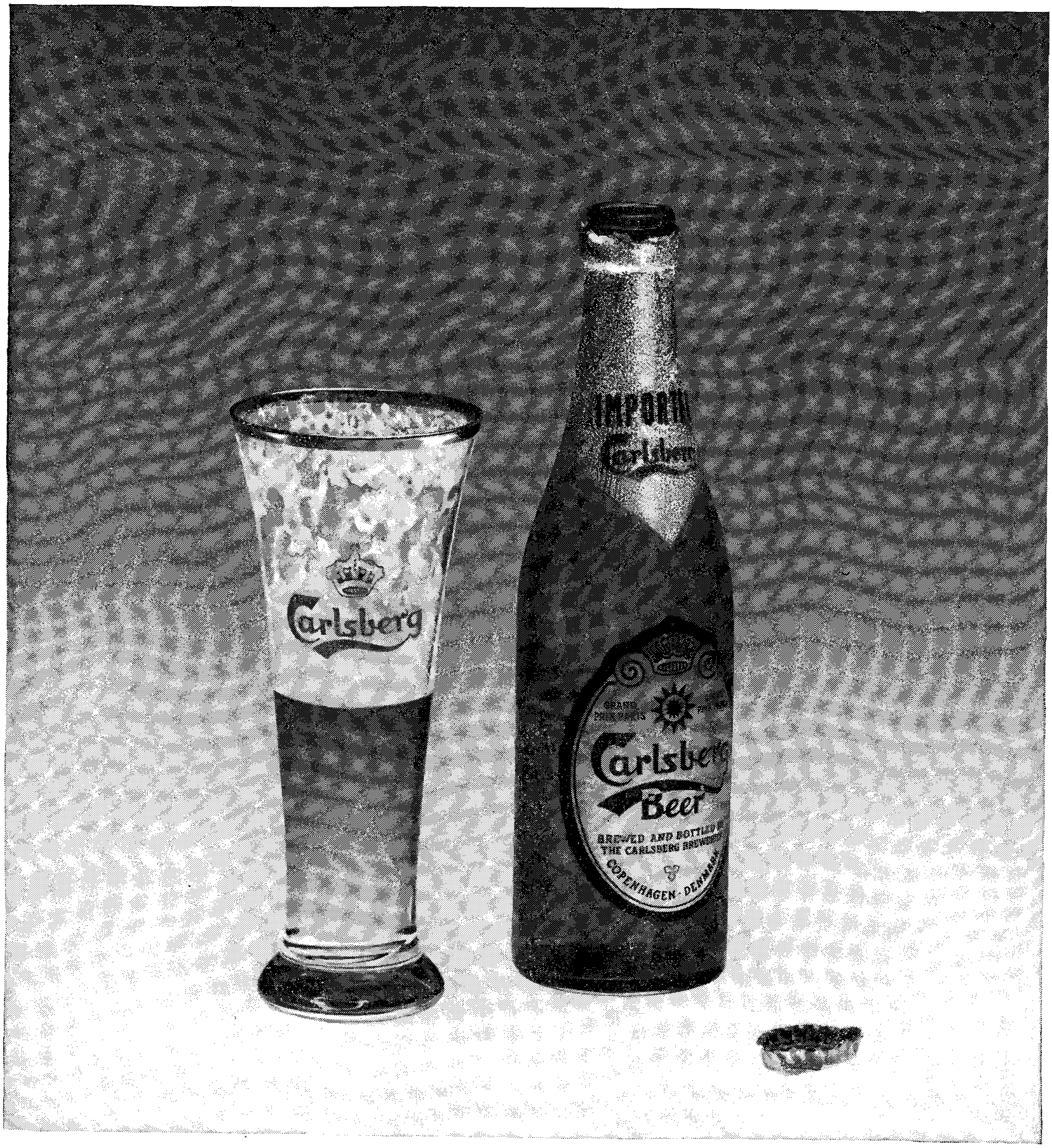
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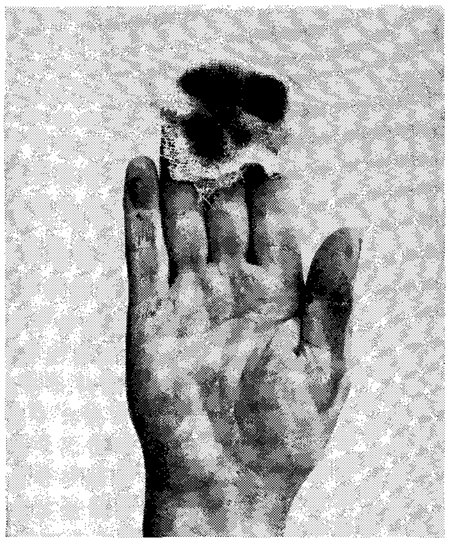

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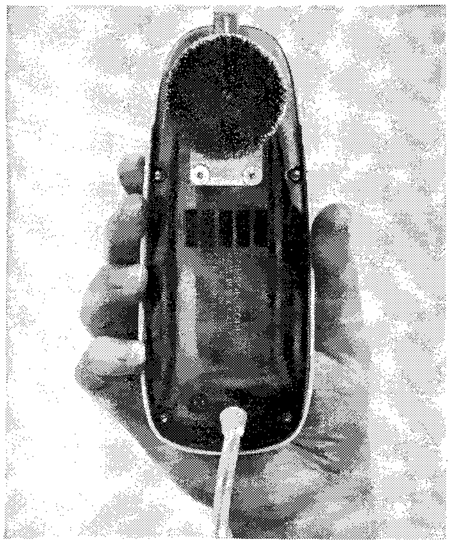

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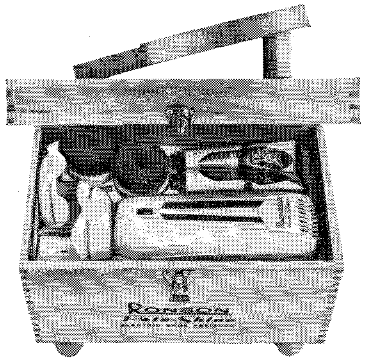

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room, he joined the other members of his crew in the lobby, boarded a company bus with them, and started back to New York. Except that the plane was filled to capacity from Paris to New York (partly as a result of a strike of Air France ground personnel at Orly), the westbound trip was routine for the season. Following the usual pattern of jets inbound for Idlewild, Flight 801 began its descent at Boston. Blackburn pulled back the throttles and allowed the airplane, in effect, to coast the rest of the way to the New York area. "The last half hour of the trip is the worst," he said as the airplane glided through the lowering dusk. "You've been sitting here close to eight hours. To sit anywhere that long makes you chair-weary. You're feeling dirty and raunchy and tired. Acute fatigue is always greatest at the end of a flight, and that's when the demands on a pilot for alertness and precision are highest. It's no wonder that the last ten minutes of a trip are the most hazardous. Statistics show that forty-seven per cent of all airline accidents occur in the landing phase. That's almost half. Only eighteen per cent occur during the takeoff phase. The big factor is traffic. On takeoff, you're cleared to go up and right on out. The sky is yours. Coming in, you have to count on running into a traffic jam. We're all headed for Idlewild, and we all have to land on that same runway, about two hundred feet wide. Idlewild now handles better than six hundred and twenty-five planes a day—all big ones. The three other airports in the metropolitan area—LaGuardia, Newark, and Teterboro—average about five hundred each. When you get that much traffic, you're asking for trouble, because as long as you have human beings you're going to have Murphy's Law, which states that if there is a wrong way to do something, somebody will do it. Our biggest headaches are the military planes and the Sunday-afternoon pilots. It can be quite hair-raising when you see a military plane above you and another one beneath you, and you report in to radar control, and they say, 'What kind of aircraft were they, and where were they sighted?' It makes you wonder who's in charge. The little guys can give us a lot of trouble, too. Some fellow is flying his boss up from Charlotte, North Carolina, in a little Beech. He's never been in to Idlewild before. He gets into the traffic pattern, and then he runs into trouble of some kind, and the tower has to bring him right in. So he lands out of turn—maybe ahead of six big airplanes coming in from Europe. The rest of us have to go on holding,

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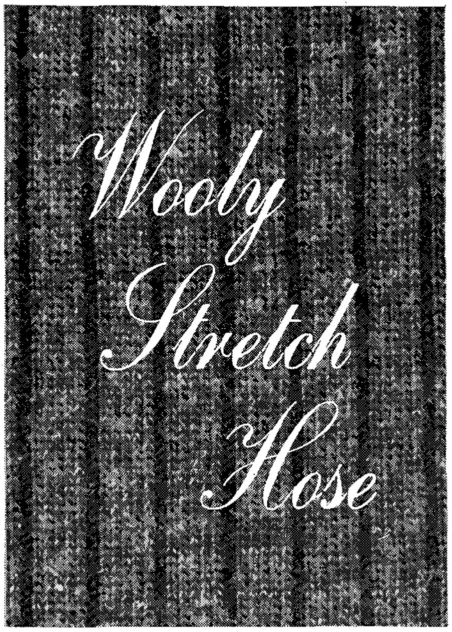

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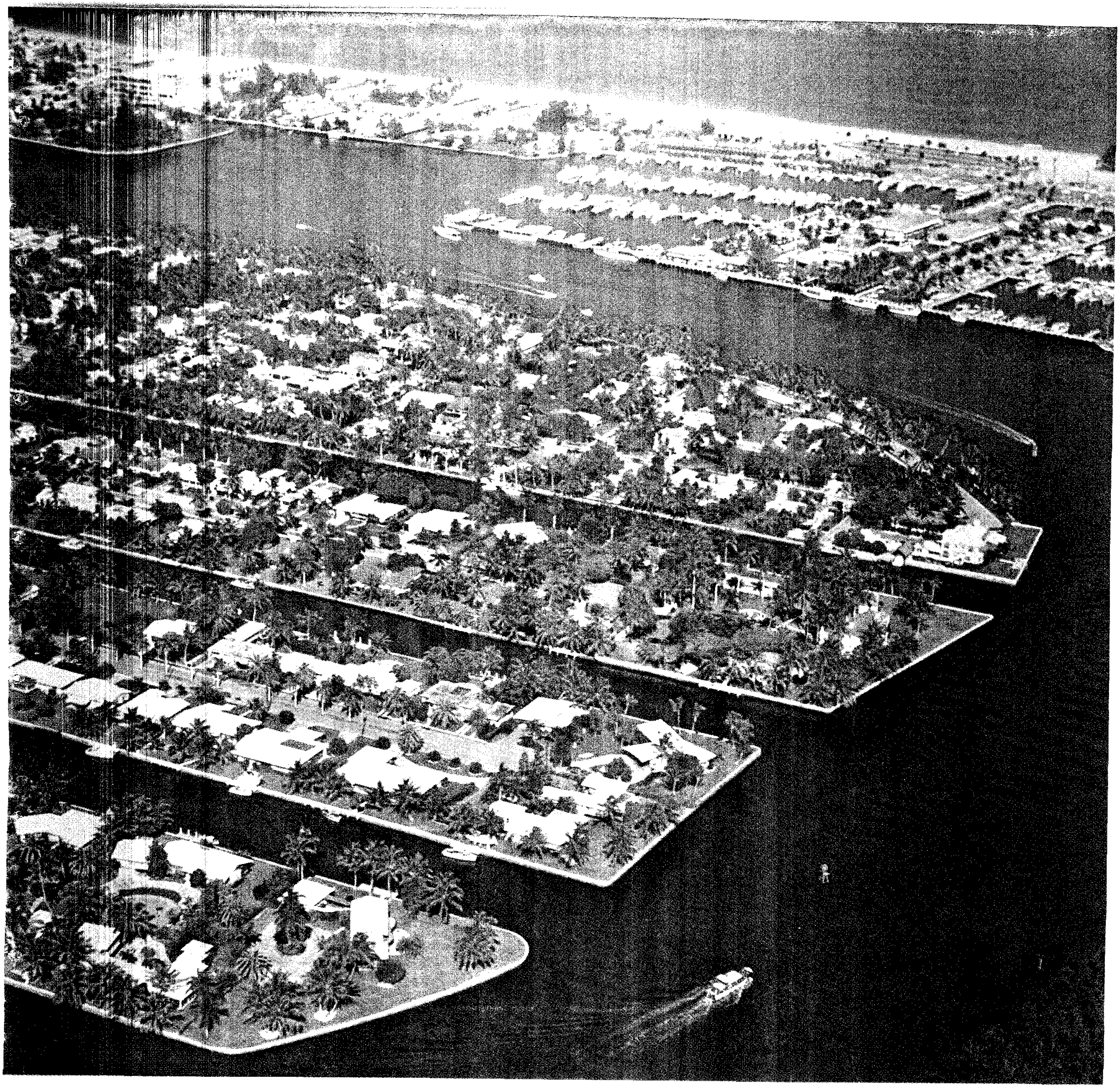

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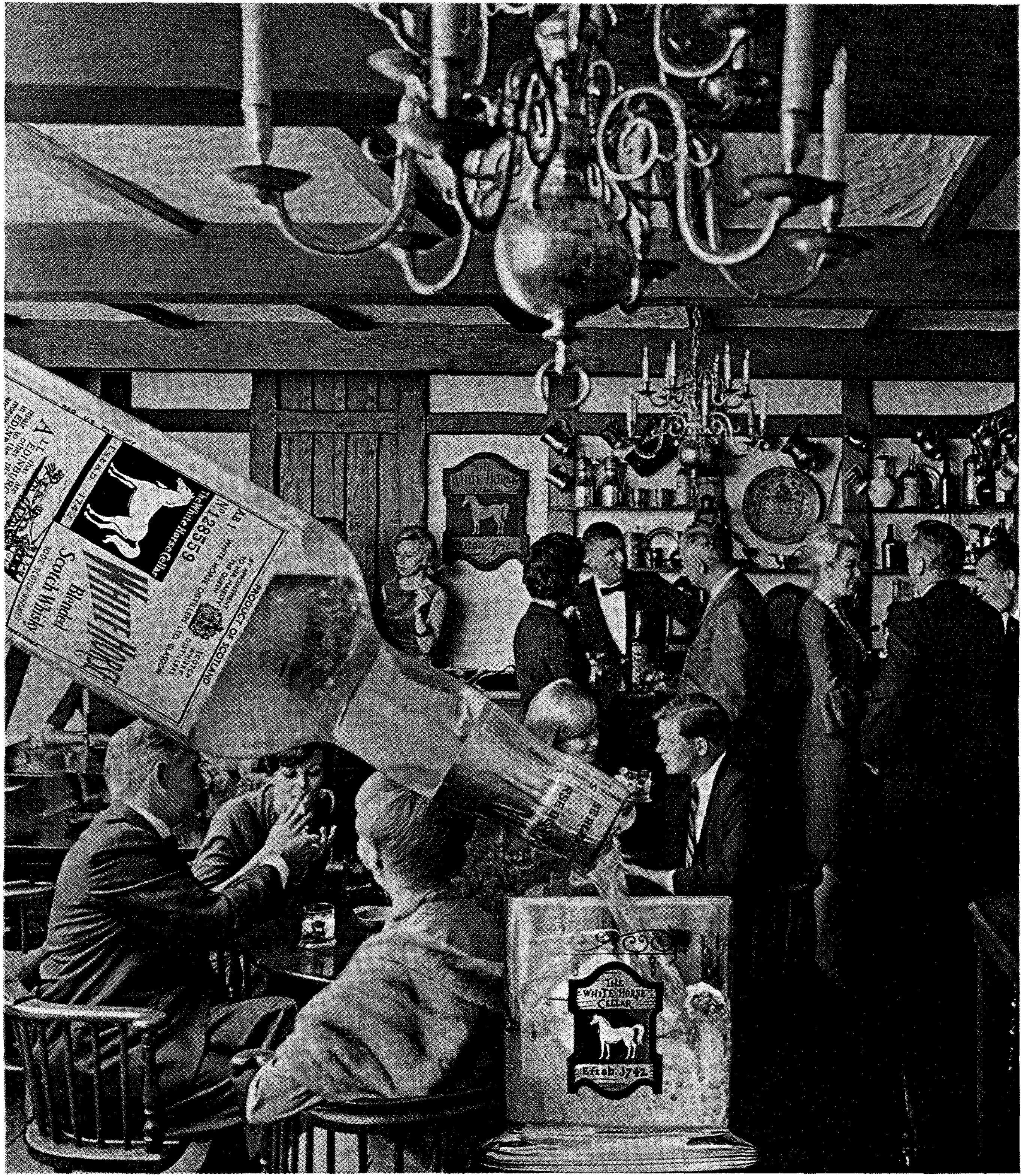
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After being held in the traffic pattern for about fifteen minutes, Blackburn set Flight 801 down at Idlewild right on the money, at eight minutes after seven. The round trip had taken eighteen hours and three minutes, or one thousand seven hundred and fifteen hours and fifty-seven minutes less than it took Columbus to make the crossing one way.

On the crew bus going back to the hangar, Blackburn said that after checking in there he would start driving back to the farm, and would get home about midnight. "There won't be anyone up," he said. "Martha's a farm wife now, and has to get to bed early. There'll be a fluorescent light on over the kitchen sink, and maybe a note saying there's some leftover chicken or something in the icebox. I won't go right to bed. After that drive, I usually have a stiff neck, and anyway I'll be a little wound up, so I'll take a shower and let the water run on my neck and get relaxed. Then I'll look over the mail that Martha has left on the desk, pick out letters from the children and anything else that looks important, get into bed, turn on the small light, and read until I finally go to sleep."

At eight-thirty-five, Blackburn walked into Crew Schedule—Int'l., the room in Hangar 12 where the trip began. After turning in the crew passports, the flight cards, and various other documents, he walked down the hall to Crew Briefing to pick up his mail. On the way back, he stepped into Weather, and waved to the dispatcher on duty.

"Good night, Bernie," he said.

"So long, Blackie," Bernie replied. "Have fun." —JOHN BAINBRIDGE

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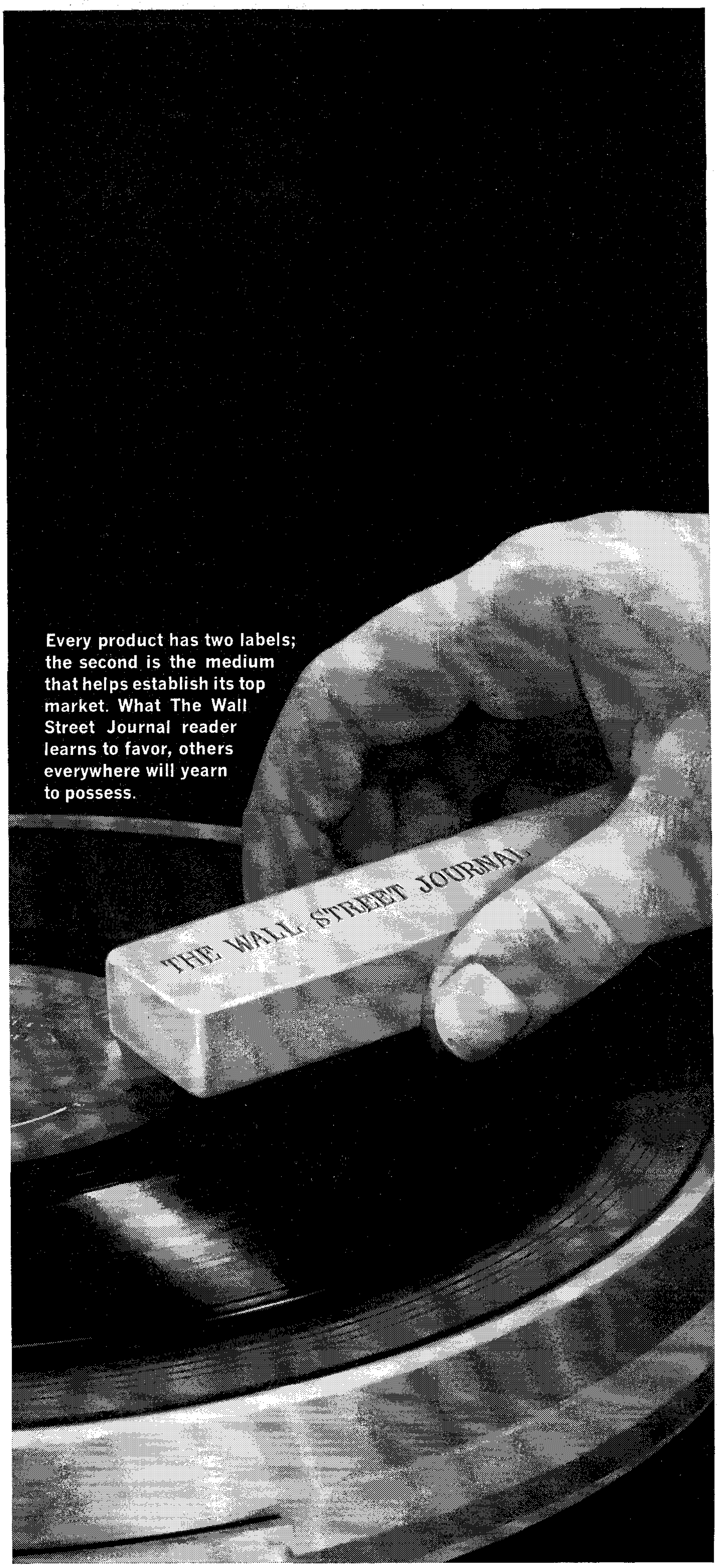
Wait till Reuters gets wind of *that!*



Every product has two labels; the second is the medium that helps establish its top market. What The Wall Street Journal reader learns to favor, others everywhere will yearn to possess.

THE THEATRE

RUN OF THE MILL

IN my day, I have had a fleeting acquaintance with the world of business, once doing some time on a journal dedicated to the proposition that the gross and net earnings of assorted ambitious characters might conceivably interest a civilized man. Now the same notion is advanced in "Calculated Risk," at the Ambassador, and it is just as tiresome as ever. The action of the play takes place in the board room of the Armstone Mills, in a small town in New England. It is established, at great length and to no purpose, that somebody is determined to seize the company, which makes woollens. After an interminable palaver in the board room—at the beginning of which our hero, one of the Armstone group (Joseph Cotten), arrives by plane dressed up like Eddie Rickenbacker when he was barnstorming—all hands decide that somebody is selling Armstone short. Who can it be? Has that skulking fellow William Medlow (Gerald S. O'Loughlin) got to one of the board members? Stay tuned.

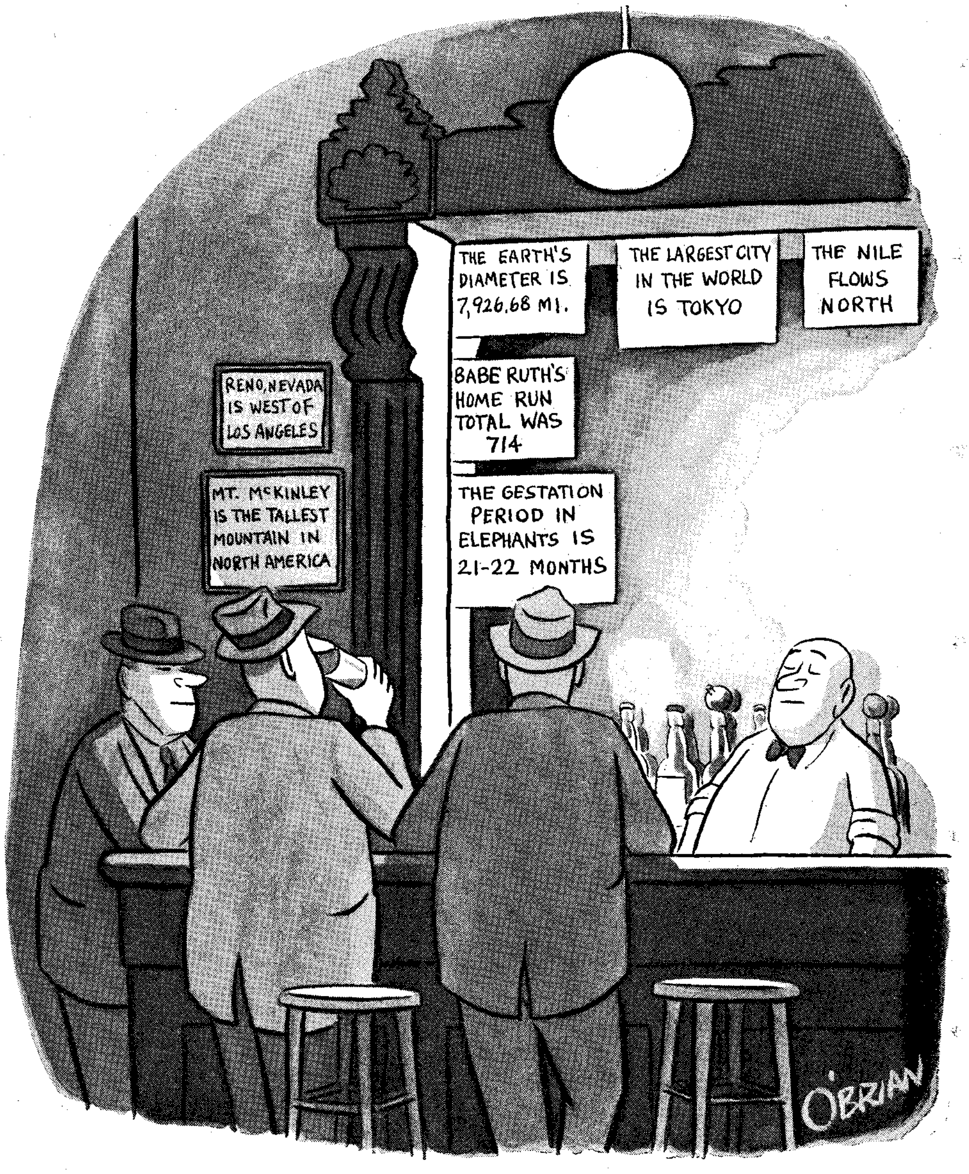
Any number of first-rate actors try their best to make this item substantial, but after an act or so it becomes increasingly clear that they are fighting a losing game. The play was written by Joseph Hayes, who based his effort on a play by George Ross and Campbell Singer. Mr. Hayes, who did so well with "The Desperate Hours," here hasn't come anywhere near that effective melodrama, and Robert Montgomery, who directed the piece, is just as far off stride. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Cum Qualified Laude

DAVID RAYFIEL, the author of "P.S. 193," at the Writers' Stage (formerly the Fourth Street Theatre), is a man who, at his best, can write good lines and scenes and can handle a serious subject with humor. He is also a very lucky man to have Severn Darden, Doris Belack, and James Earl Jones in the leading roles. For all its tension, the play, which is correctly billed as a melodrama, is often funny. It is about a professor of philosophy who is married to an alcoholic and is subjected to a siege of psychological warfare by a vindictive veteran of the Korean War, now enrolled as an undergraduate. For reasons that sound plausible but are actually crazy, the veteran holds him responsible for the death in action of a former student, and attacks him, at home and in the classroom, with all the craftiness and violence of the single-track lunatic. It is not grief, we are told, that has addled the veteran but anger at the loss of his corporal's stripes when the boy was killed, and in a war that the ex-corporal feels should not have taken place. (The play may have wider or deeper implications, but I don't think we'll lose anything by sticking to Fourth Street.)

Mr. Darden, who plays the professor, is one of the most gifted alumni of the Second City improvisers, and he is able to make every line he speaks sound improvised. His early troubled, affectionate scenes with Miss Belack, who plays his wife, work especially well, and his refusal to assume any heroic poses at the end is admirably done. It is fascinating to watch him buckle under pressure, as his inadequacies are brought home to him and his confidence drains away, and as his off-the-cuff jokes and informal fooling with the students misfire—and then slowly to realize that his mind and integrity were never in any peril at all. Mr. Darden doesn't make a false move. Mr. Jones, as the veteran, is alternately harsh and soft, now slowing down and now accelerating, suddenly switching on a friendly grin and just as suddenly switching it off. He is powerful, all right, and, as always, a mysterious actor to me, but he is sporadically believable as a truly dangerous man. Miss Belack gives a charming and touching perform-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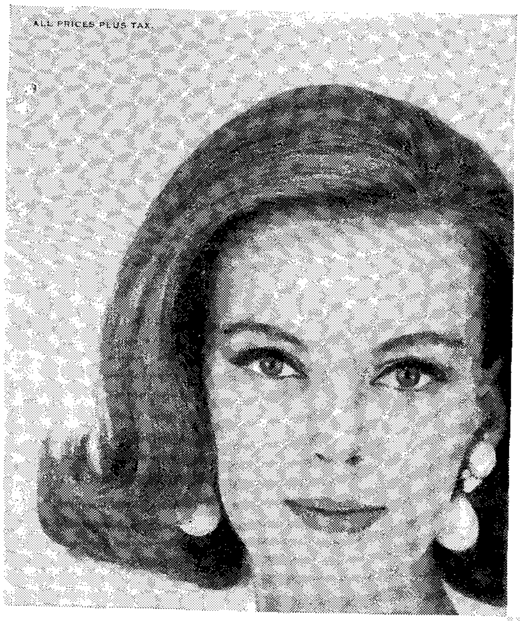

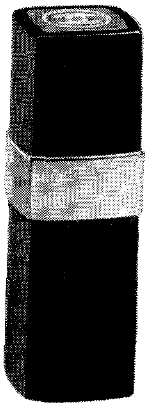

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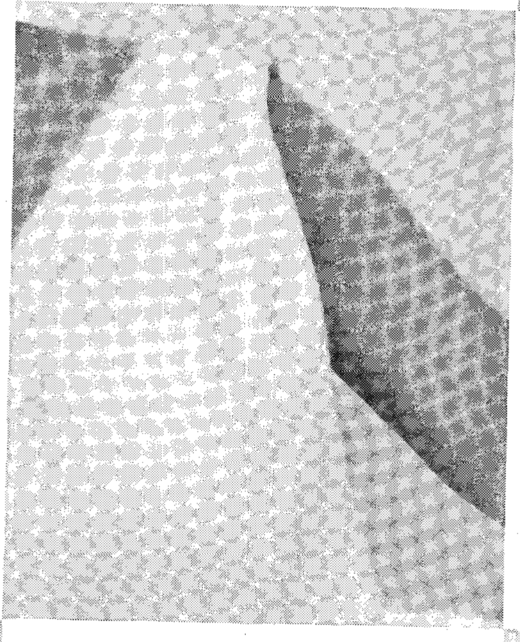

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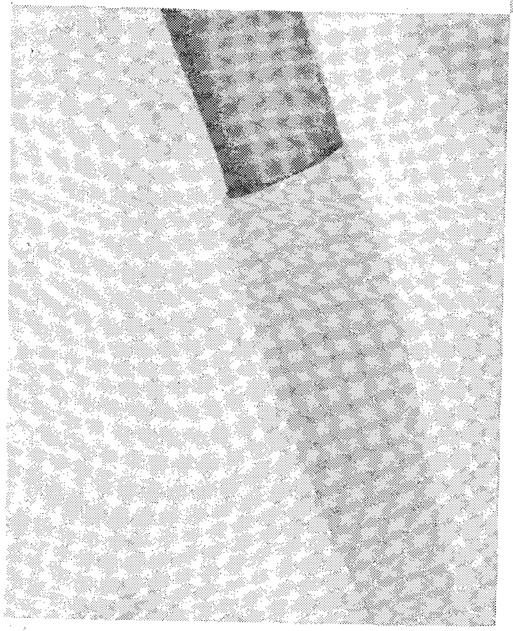

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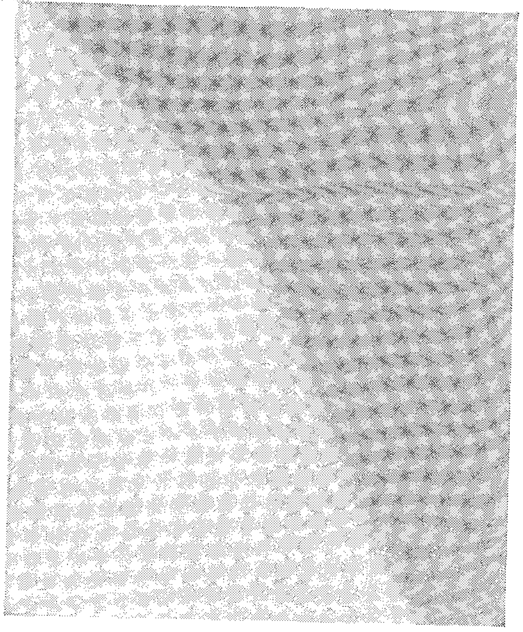

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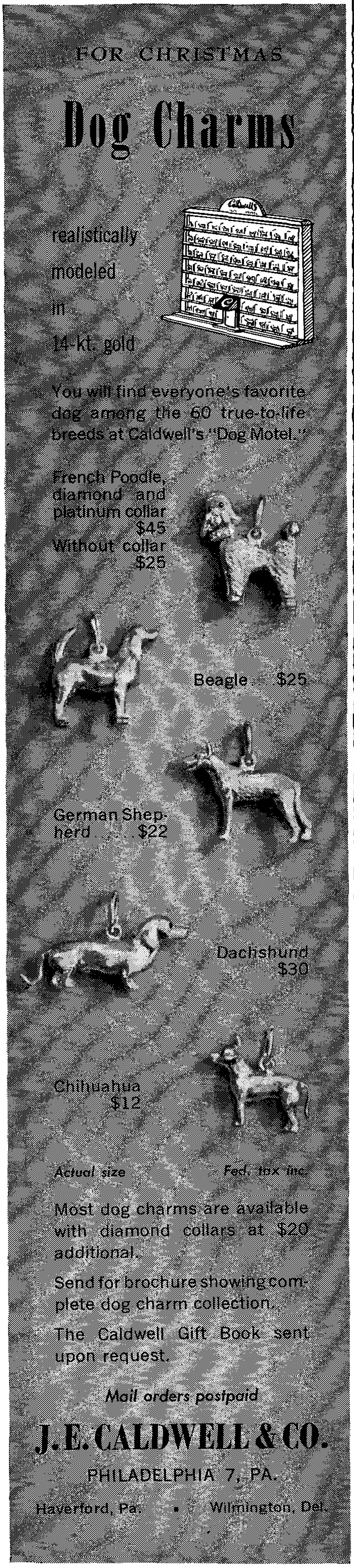

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ance as the wry, scared, loving wife.

A few remarks to wind things up: The title refers to the school that the professor went to as a boy. Inserted in the program is a flyer that tries to tell us, among other things, what the play signifies. A mistake, I think, and an impertinent one; a playwright must take his chances with the audience. I am not sure I accept all the motives that Mr. Rayfiel gives his characters for their behavior. They *are* characters, though, and they *do* behave. The plot is preposterous, but then melodrama always is. The theatre itself, which used to be one of the most uncomfortable in town, has been remodelled to advantage; the stage is no longer in the middle of the auditorium, so the actors no longer have to split their performances to give each side of the house an even break.

THERE is nothing much to be said for "Intimate Relations," an adaptation of Jean Cocteau's "Les Parents Terribles" and the first work of a projected Cocteau repertory at the Mermaid. If the play is meant to be a Surrealist satire on French family life—and I think it is—then nothing could be more misleading than this subrealist production. M. Cocteau has got hold of a situation that would seem to be ideal for a musical-comedy blackout, and has twisted and heightened it to his own phosphorescent design. A young man falls in love with a girl who tells him that they cannot marry until she breaks off her liaison with her elderly protector, a childless widower. The "childless widower" turns out to be the boy's father, who is so nettled at the news that he— Oh, well. Much of the action takes place in the stifling, murky bedroom of the boy's mother, a hysterical diabetic, drifty in mind and slovenly in habits, who has an incestuous passion for her son, which he reciprocates. The father, when at home, shuts himself up in his dusty room and works on the invention of an underwater machine gun. The mother's spinster sister lives with them and spends her time tidying up their apartment and scheming to tidy up their lives. Several members of the company have at one time or another shown competence, and even skill—Jan Miner, who plays the mother, has a flair for nutty comedy—but their style certainly doesn't seem to be Cocteau's. Perhaps he doesn't transplant very well. ("My GAHD!" says the girl when she recognizes the father.) I could see no indication, though, that the company has defaced a work of art, but it may have messed up a frisky trifle.

—EDITH OLIVER

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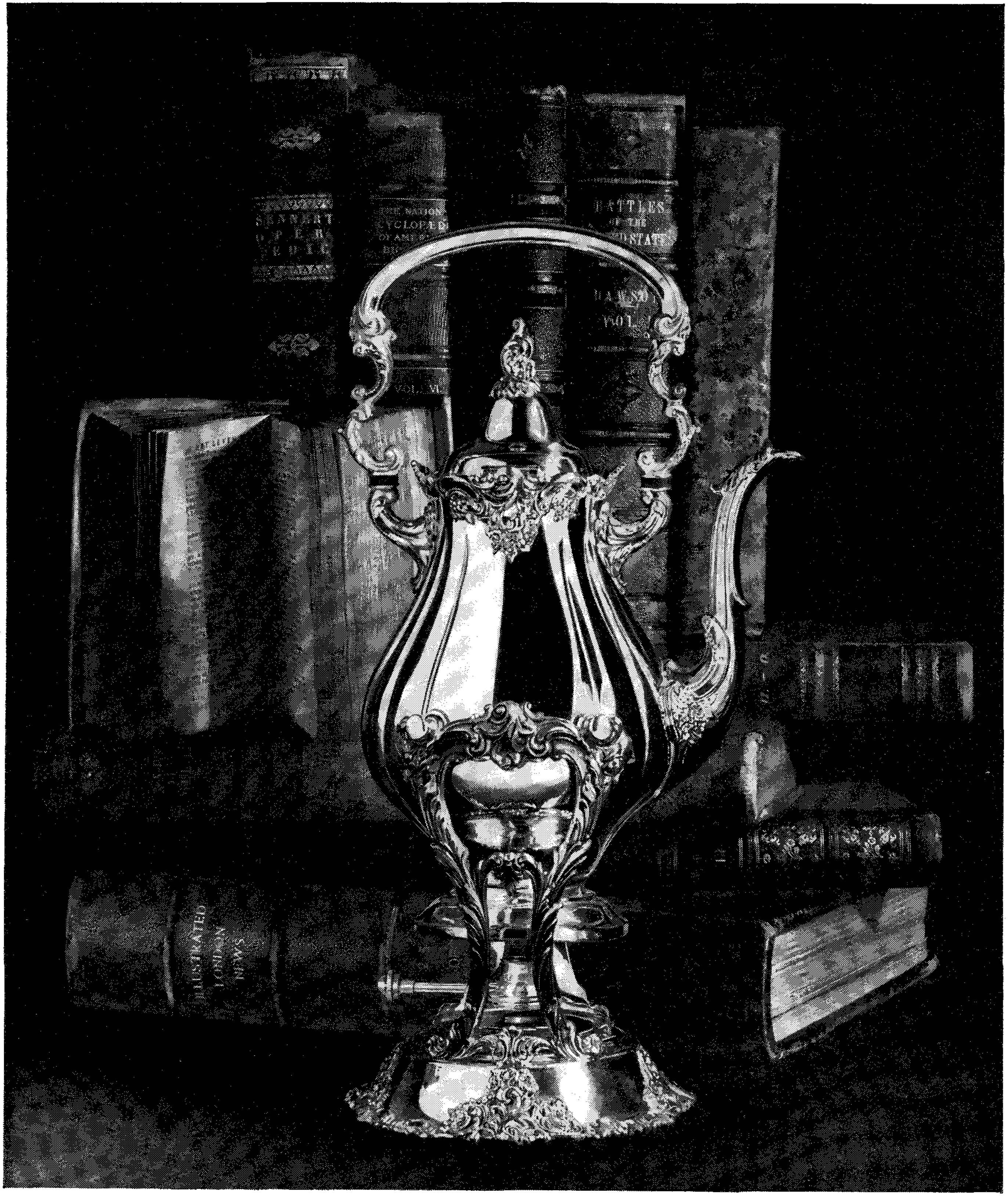

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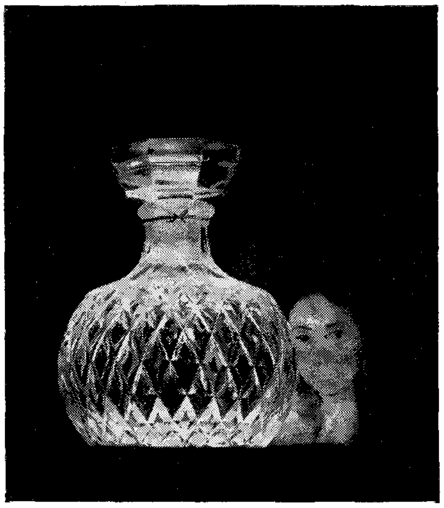

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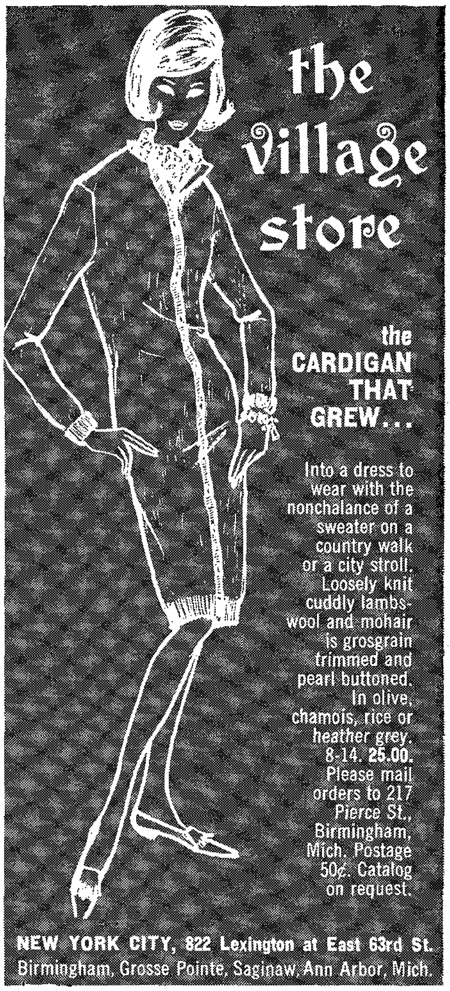
FOOTBALL

All Wet

THE theory that fireside chats are more fun than football on turbulent Saturdays got its annual comeuppance last weekend, when—the wind and the rain in their hair notwithstanding—Columbia beat Cornell, 25–21, Dartmouth beat Yale, 9–0, and Notre Dame beat Navy, 20–12, in matches whose joyful turbulence outdid anything the Weather Bureau could offer. The critics' drama award went to the first of these, and with reason. On the one hand, Wood, the Cornell quarterback, worked his alternation of run, forward pass, and lateral pass so well that, three-quarters of the way home, his side was 21–6 ahead; on the other hand, Roberts, the Columbia quarterback, threw four bad passes in a string before he was removed in favor of the less experienced De Fiore, and then returned to maneuver his side into four touchdowns, the winning one just nineteen seconds before closing time. Columbia was generous to a fault—it let Baker get by everyone to take a pass from Wood for one touchdown, and it was twice offside when Cornell needed but eleven yards for another touchdown. The officiating was generous to the same degree; a Cornell runner galloped thirteen yards after stepping out of bounds, and Roberts' pass into the end zone after Columbia's first touchdown went to waste when a Cornell defender knocked the intended receiver on one ear. Even so, and in spite of the climate, the accident rate in this well-played outing was low; there was one Cornell fumble (its sole act of generosity) and not a single interception of a pass.

INTERCEPTIONS were the order of the afternoon elsewhere. Harvard, beating Pennsylvania, 36–0, in unmentionable weather, snaffled six enemy throws, and Princeton, beating Brown, 28–12, snaffled the same number, which was the surprise of the season—first, because Dunda, who was doing the throwing for Brown, is expert at beanbag, and, second, because Princeton is inexpert at coping with beanbag. Well, perhaps the *real* surprise of the season was that Henrich, playing his twenty-fourth varsity game for Princeton, finally



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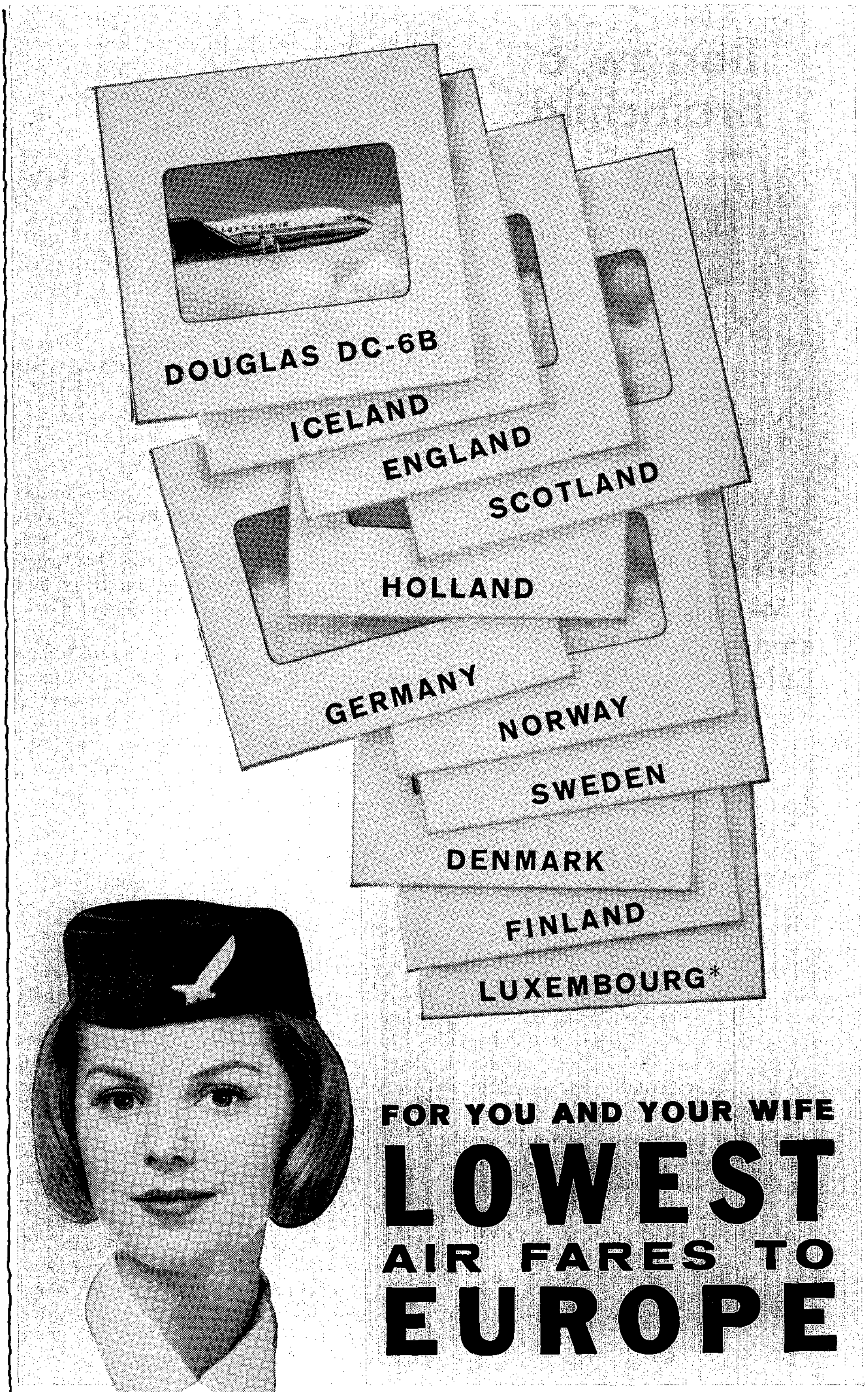
made a touchdown. Henrich is a single-wing (not a T-formation) quarterback, which means that instead of handling the ball on every play, he simply interposes his armed might between whoever is running with the ball and whoever seems most likely to cut him down. This form of aggression is important to the success of the complex single and double reverses that are the mainspring of the single-wing attack—it was Henrich's blocking that set Porietis free on his forty-five-yard run against Brown—and only a dozen times a year does the ball end up in Henrich's possession, generally at the completion of a pass. No more than two of Princeton's sixteen passes on Saturday were valid, and one of these went to Henrich at the start of his historic journey to the Brown goal.

Dartmouth clung to form, against a Yale that was as unexpectedly difficult as Harvard had been the week before. Dartmouth, it is time to suspect, may like to make games that are one-sided (on *its* side) look more of an even go than they are, or else it doesn't believe in extending itself when extension is not needed. At any rate, when all else failed, it called again on Wellstead to kick a field goal and called again on opportunity (Yale fumbles) to allow King, its sterling quarterback, to work out another of his sterling touchdowns. Navy, too, clung to form. Cold-blooded against Army at the end of the season, Navy is usually tremulous against Notre Dame in midseason, and, as has happened so often, nervous exhaustion got the better of it in the fourth quarter. Navy, like Notre Dame, puts to sea week after week, and so the match was played in the Philadelphia Stadium, a grim isolation ward from which the most topless towers of the metropolis can be descried only on a good day, which Saturday was not. The downpour accounted for a scarcity of passes and for the deleterious fumbles, but the tag end of the match, in which Navy caught up with and went ahead of Notre Dame, only to be overtaken in turn, made the afternoon a good one for those onlookers who had brought their survival kits along.

THE play in the game between Columbia and Cornell on which Baker got that Cornell touchdown was one more of those events that astonish no one but the defending team. It is dealer's choice whether, if a now-or-never situation comes up, to stand pat or send in a new end or a new back, and when one does come in (Baker is a back), it is very nearly a certainty that



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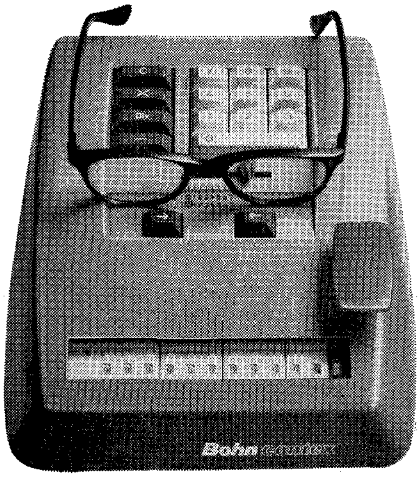

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he will be the man of action on the next play. Very well. In came Baker, and on the next play, sure enough, he sifted through the whole Columbia team without arousing a trifle of curiosity. By the time Wood's pass reached him, it was several yards too late for anybody to do anything about it. Even in its ripe old dotage, this cliché is a brand-new turn of phrase to someone every Saturday of the fall. —J. W. L.

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Times*]

NO BEER WITH
HALF SANDWICH

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT

NOTTINGHAM

The Very Rev. Hugh Heywood, Provost of Southwell, Nottinghamshire, was unable to get a glass of beer with his order for a cheese roll, half an egg sandwich and half a ham sandwich in Richmond Park, Surrey.

The reason given to him, he said today, was that half a sandwich was not a meal under the law. Beer could only be served with a meal. To get his beer he had to buy another half round of egg sandwich to make one whole round of the same filling.

Tomorrow Mr. T. Driberg, Labour M.P. for Barking, will ask Lord John Hope, the Minister of Works, to explain what instructions were given by the Ministry which could have resulted in this interpretation of the law and what steps he proposes taking to avoid a repetition.

SYSTEM "MAD"

Mr. Heywood had been on a sightseeing tour with a friend and stopped at lunchtime at a restaurant in the park.

"I said at the time this incident happened that I thought such catering arrangements were mad," he said today. "Nothing I have since heard in explanation has made me change my mind."

Mr. Heywood wrote a letter of protest to a brewers' monthly bulletin. He added that a lawyer had written in the bulletin: "This unfortunate experience seems at best a misunderstanding of the law. At worst it is a shocking piece of bureaucracy."

In a similar case, the Queen's Bench Divisional Court had decided that a meal could mean sandwiches. It did not define the size or the type of filling. One other explanation of the incident, the lawyer added, was that Richmond Park is Crown land and the catering concessionaire was under some injunction which had been misunderstood.

•

"No, I do not aspire to play on the women's tour. I am only interested in graduating from college and putting my training in languages to work in some way for the U.S. State Department," Miss Page said. . . .

Miss Page began playing golf as a ten-year-old.

"My mother played with us and I guess that got my sister Penny and I interested in the game."—*Bangor Daily News.*

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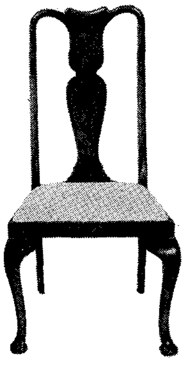

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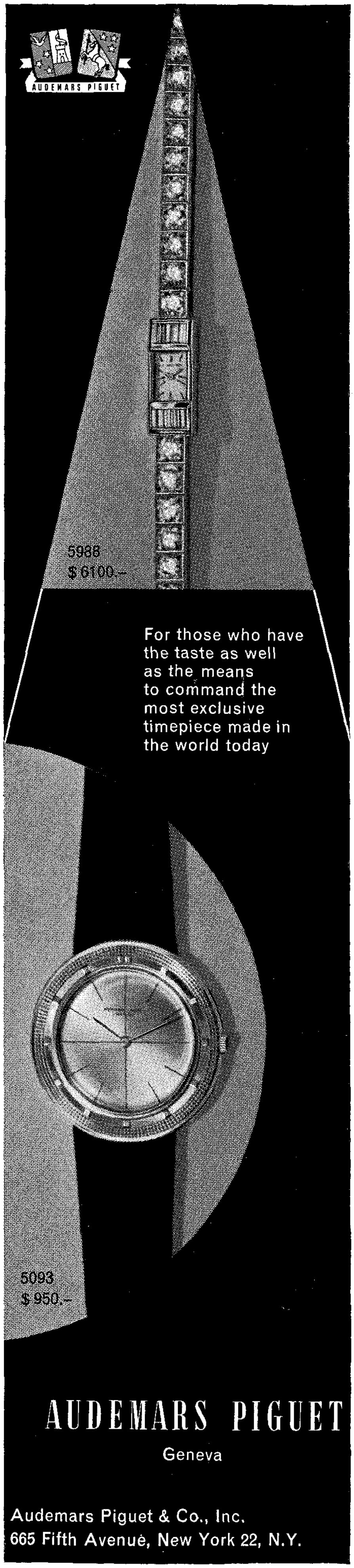
LESSONS AND LESSONS AND THEN MORE LESSONS

ON Eighth Street, in the Village, there is a modest restaurant, humanely lighted, not too bright and not too dark, where I used to spend about two hours every day, sometimes in the afternoon and sometimes in the evening, sitting always at a small table by the large street window. The window was recessed, and half curtained, and it was furnished with an oversized Tiffany lamp and an oversized bronze-colored crock that held artificial flowers or artificial leaves, according to the season of the year. I spent a good deal of time by that window. I remember being there on November nights when it was snowing and all the people hurrying by were brightened by their white crowns and white epaulets, and then there were afternoons in midsummer when I hardly dared look out for fear of seeing some struggling man or woman become finally embedded in the thick heat, to vanish forever as I watched. I was such a faithful customer that a Martini usually appeared on the table while I was still arranging my books in the order in which I would look at them. There was a small service bar halfway down the room, which was very long and very narrow, but there was no place where people could just sit and drink. It was a decorous place, with exactly as much style as a nice, plain tearoom. I used to always carry three or four books with me, and if I had just visited the bookshop across the street, I often had six or more to look through when I was not attending to the outside scene.

One afternoon—it was autumn; there was an armful of flaming, papery leaves in the crock beside me—I glanced up to see two nuns walking by, walking west toward Sixth Avenue. All nuns look alike. Their black draperies, their resolute tread, and their remote air—everything about them was familiar to me. I was surprised to see them, as I am always surprised to see nuns abroad in New York, and I thought, as I had thought at other times, that it is out of the ordinary to see nuns here, and a very ordinary matter to see them in Dublin, where I was born. There was a time, during the years I spent in a convent boarding school and for many years afterward, when the sight of a nun would fill me with apprehensiveness and dislike, and I was glad then, sitting by that restaurant window, to know those years were gone.

That afternoon, I had arrived at the restaurant when the lunch hour was over, and now, except for two waiters, the place was empty. I like empty restaurants, and I had counted on having all the tables and booths to myself. Even the cash register, by the door, was unguarded. I had taken the afternoon off, but why, what excuse I had offered myself, I can't remember. Perhaps I felt free because it was autumn again. Even so, three o'clock in the afternoon is no hour for anybody to be sitting at a window in a public restaurant with a Martini in front of her, or half a Martini, as it was by the time the nuns passed, and it seemed miraculous to be able to be so free and independent that I could be in the restaurant I preferred and drink what I liked and eat what I liked and read the books of my choice and see two nuns pass and feel nothing except a slight surprise—no apprehensiveness, no wild survey of a panicky conscience, nothing like that.

The two nuns who ran that boarding school were violent women. The head nun was short and fat and her assistant was tall and thin, and they both had genteel accents, the fat one speaking low, the thin one high. The Head taught English and her assistant conducted singing classes, but they spent most of their time looking for sin. Their task was easy, because of course we were all filled with sins, but they worked hard at it. They were always on patrol, sometimes together and sometimes separately. They patrolled the silent study hall, and they patrolled the corridors, and they patrolled the classrooms and the washrooms, and they even patrolled the dormitories, often walking between the beds after the lights were out. We knew what they were hunting for, of course, and as soon as one of them appeared in the doorway of a classroom, or anywhere, we all knew that sin had been stalked home and that at least one person in the room was going to have to answer for herself. The only thing was, we did not know which one of us it would be. I always felt I was the sinner, and I suppose the others felt the same. The Devil works in mysterious ways, and there was never any way of knowing which of our faces he had chosen to reveal himself in. We never knew where we were. Those two nuns tracked him down even in the refectory, where we had breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper. They never seemed to notice what was on our plates. Awful food. It was always tea and bread scraped with butter, except at midday dinner, when it was boiled potatoes. And at supper the tea was re-



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placed with vile cocoa. For breakfast on Mondays and Wednesdays and Fridays, the tea and b & b were accompanied by one tablespoonful of dates that had been boiled into a thin soup, or, as the nun who cooked would have said, a jam. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, breakfast was emboldened by a wafer of cold porridge damped with blue milk, on Saturdays by a spot of marmalade, and on Sundays by an ugly morsel of bacon. Teatime and suppertime were all bread and butter, except that at teatime we were allowed to bring out the jam and cake we had received in packages from home. Some girls got parcels from home and some didn't. Those who did had the privilege of going around from table to table (there were five long, narrow tables) carrying pots of jam and big cakes and bestowing their favors on the girls they liked and walking past the girls they didn't like. There were about sixty of us, aged from seven to eighteen, and sometimes the room was quite busy at teatime, especially at the beginning of each term, when everybody had something to walk about with. I can't remember Sunday dinner, but on Mondays and Wednesdays it was boiled potatoes with black pudding that was nearly all gray, and on Tuesdays and Thursdays it was said to be corned beef. On Fridays something fishy, and on Saturdays a stew—an end-of-the-week stew.

I was thinking of that Saturday stew and admiring the huge menu the waiter had left on my table when the entrance door of the restaurant opened and the two nuns walked in. They had been looking for a nice quiet place to eat, and they had found it. They walked quickly, without making a sound, straight down the restaurant, and I watched them all the way, and watched until they had settled themselves in a distant booth. Then I went back to my menu. The menu was still in my left hand, tilted up, as I had been holding it, but my right hand, with the empty Martini glass in it, had somehow gone under the table and was hiding there behind the tablecloth. It was the moment of no comment. It was the moment of no comment.

—MAEVE BRENNAN

•

Miss Sandra King went Sunday to St. Louis, Mo., where she will attend Washington university for the next year. Miss King is a King.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

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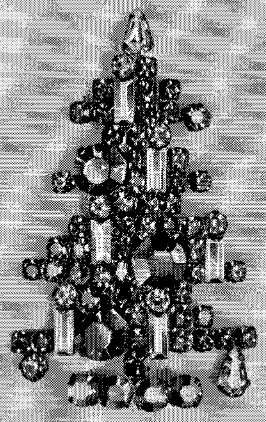

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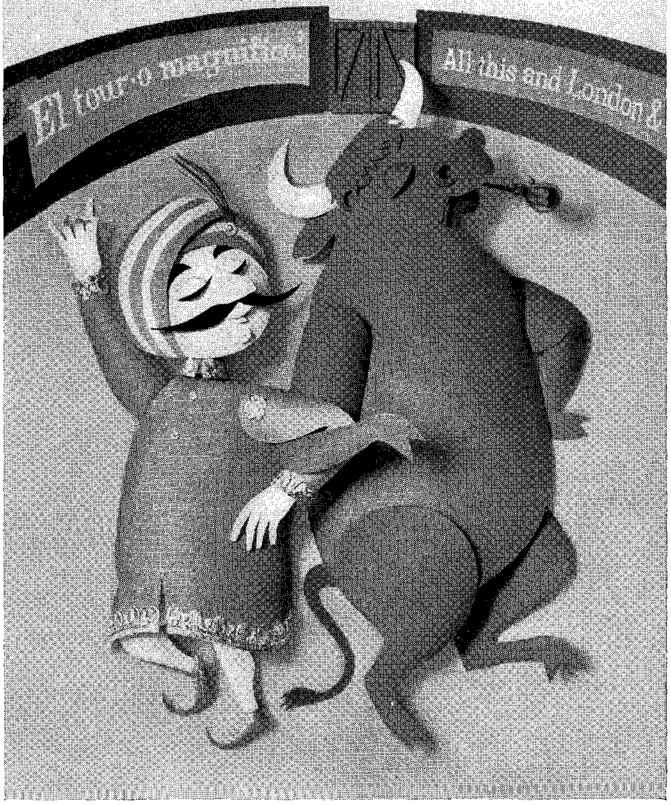

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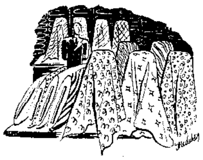
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



HOWEVER walled in life may seem in this city of ours, there is still high adventure to be had in the custom furs, which range from the sumptuous to the hilarious. Maximilian, who finds high favor among what is now known as the Intercontinental Set, continues to produce delicate lingerie detail on the finest black broadtail, using shirred bands of it (like garters) to edge, say, a jacket, and more of this shirring for the wide, standup collar and another band of it to emphasize the side closing and the hemline. Next thing you know, this majestic house solemnly shows you a playful jumper dress of nutria, sleeveless and buttoned down one side, along with a sweeping seven-eighths cape of ocelot. Or you're shown (this must be for drag races) black seal with touches of black leather—a full-length coat with a black leather tie through the shirred neckline and huge patch pockets of the same leather low at the sides, and a coat with two strips of black leather making low belt detail and then ending in string knots. Well, everything looks elegant when Maximilian does it. Georges Kaplan has come up with a new notion—quilted broadtail. This quilting forms the turnover collar, the wide belt, the band cuffs, and the foot-deep band around an incisive coat dress of plain black broadtail with a swirling skirt; allover quilting is the surface of a slender wrapped coat of brown broadtail that can reverse to its quilted lining of white satin. And after all this imperial splendor Kaplan reverts to more familiar antic moods by presenting a hooded floor-length cape of red or white marabou. This weighs less than a pound and costs $595, plus tax, for quite a bit of show. Gunther Jaeckel has captured, all for itself, James Terence Brady, who has firm ideas about how a trim American woman should look in furs. Everything of his is fastened—maybe he doesn't trust us to wrap things properly—and his rationalization of it is that women have enough troubles with handbags and parcels and getting in and out of low-slung cabs without burdening themselves with the necessity of coat-clutching. He's for tapering, set-in sleeves and a slender line that glides down the body. He's no Givenchy disciple, though; his coats tend to be long-waisted, with a gentle flare toward the hem. Some of his coats have a real military look; one of matara seal has four buttons coming well below the waist, and another officer's coat, of black seal, has braid buttons and slanting pocket flaps, with a fold placed low at each side of the back panel to give it an easy flare. And Brady uses unborn calf bearing huge black and white splotches for a suit with an A-line skirt and a waist-length flaring jacket (this is $750, plus tax), and recommends that a sleeveless overblouse and belt of black broadtail go with it. I think black jersey would look great, too. Esther Dorothy, the most feminine of furriers, is a biassed girl, looking sidewise at overly balanced lines. A bias coat of hers, done in black Alaska seal, with a tiny rise around the collarless neckline, gets one big button at the throat and more buttons slanting down to one hip, for fastening, but when it's worn open it hangs evenly. She also works jaguar in bias lines on a coat with a big, circular back and a band collar. A strictly 1914 look is demonstrated in brown American broadtail. A band of matara seal comes around the neck and down the front, then curves away around the hem, which dips in back to cup in just behind the knees. Jean Hermè, who is making much of Jacques Heim's designs from Paris, is another with an oblique approach; a beautiful coat of black Persian lamb is of diagonal five-inch bands of the fur, with half-inch bands of black silk between them to impart a spiral effect to this collarless, slender effort. But all is not dignity at Hermè, either, for there's an elbow-length cape of monkey with a black mink collar.

White or off-white furs, as I was saying last week, are in all the best houses, with a sports approach—the white beaver at Saks Fifth Avenue and Stein & Blaine looks as good as ever, and that slightly curly white Asiatic lamb is around at Gunther Jaeckel and Esther Dorothy, and Maximilian shows bisque-colored sea otter (this hints at mink) in a hooded sports coat. Light-colored furs can also be dressy indeed, and this applies to the India broadtail lamb in near-white or pale beige or taupe, a fur that is everywhere. Stein & Blaine has a rajah coat of this that stands up a bit around the neck and is slit at the sides. And everywhere, too, there are an unusual number of minks in the palest shades, besides white.

But, as always, let us cease this hunt and peck in favor of longer visits, one by one, to the custom salons, so that we can share the delights therein.

MAXIMILIAN, always *magnifico*, shows four floor-length extrava-

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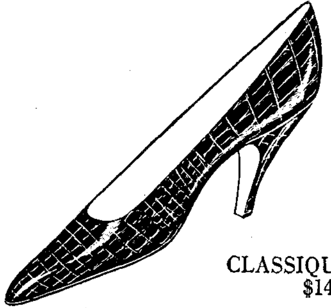

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ganzas—one in ranch mink with a schoolgirl turnover collar and an outward circular flare in back; one in white mink with a square neck (they like square necks here, on the theory that your emerald necklace should always show), a trim fitted top, and a skirt gathered at the highish waistline; one of chinchilla, the skins worked horizontally, with the same high-waisted look, which is made emphatic by a red suède belt; one of black mink, quite tailored, with a square of brass buttons just below the revers. The very best black broadtail has been subjected to the *olé* influence in a redingote with a loose bolero flap in front that is edged by black braid and tassels and that has more tassels in a bouquet below the little collar. And another coat dress of broadtail has a small band collar and fringed tassels down the side. This one looks nice in mink, too. Then we reach semi-formal Persian broadtail. A coat of it in bisque, with a turnover collar, indulges in a brusque outward flare along the front of the high waist. And in the near-white category is a knee-length tourmaline mink with a bouncy fat round collar that suggests Pierrot. Ivory broadtail is the substance of a cocktail-and-theatre suit with a straight skirt, the hip-length jacket has a fly front and a side closing. A scarf of ranch mink and a muff of the same stuff *can* tag along. A square-necked evening jacket of white mink, waist length in front, goes into a deep blouse, ending well below the waist in back. *Le sport* is by no means neglected here, either, but Suburbia would be astonished by a lot of it, particularly by the many coats that are shown over plus fours of plaid wool. I especially craved a coat of dyed-black river otter with big lapels; this is accompanied by an ascot and a muff of Somali leopard. Deep-pile Labrador otter in a dark brown forms a below-hip jacket with big round wooden link buttons toward the top. And lynx in a very light color makes another long jacket, this one with a hood of beige leather. For really tailored daytimes, I call attention to a coat of navy Persian lamb, Edwardian in style and riding jacket in length. And need I tell you that Maximilian teems with crown sable *pour* all kinds of *sport*? One honey, just-above-knee length, yearns to be wrapped in tapering style. It has round buttons at the base of the lapel collar and pockets in the horizontal skins at each side; the sleeves are neatly set in.

THE great new love of my life is Gunther Jaeckel's James Terence Brady, who brings a trim, joyous look to furs that isn't like anyone else's. He

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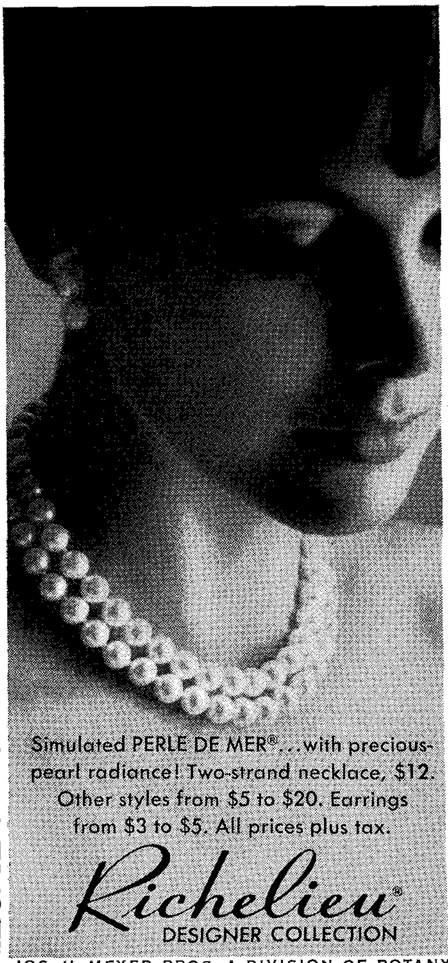

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makes nice gestures toward the small woman, notably in a black broadtail as fine as moire. One coat of it has cape sleeves, a straight, two-inch band neckline, and a fly-front closing down the side. This can really lengthen a petite figure. Another is Empire, with a wide turnover collar sitting away from the neck; two buttons are side by side just under the collar, and two more are three inches above the waist. For taller women, he has evolved a black mink jacket, twenty inches deep, with up-and-down strips of black bugle beads (very Spanish in feeling) between the skins, which are horizontal. The beads also seem, at least, to go all the way around the sleeves. Something truly beguiling is of nutria, which is making a belated and blessed return to high style—very broad vertical stripes, big buttons down the front below a high turnover collar, and gathers south of an extremely high yoke in back, sort of little-girl smock stuff. Gunther Jaeckel has had white Russian ermine skins on ice since before the embargo on such importations, and Mr. Brady has done them full justice. A supreme evening Cardinal's cape works the skins horizontally across the front below a small standup split collar, and tiny jewelled buttons fasten it down the front. (Everything of his *must* fasten, I've already told you.) In back, chevrons of skins bestow a shawl look, with the point going well below the hips. A revival here of soft-brown summer ermine produces a slender coat with a small cape over the shoulders. In the big-and-bold field there's jaguar, to make a mannish double-breasted topcoat with very wide revers; what *isn't* mannish is that the coat slithers to the hipbones before flaring slightly outward. Next is tiger, the stripes going across you and a little band collar flaring at the sides. This is double-breasted from collar to hem, and slender indeed. A youthful suit of white Euphrates Valley lamb has double-breasted buttons up to the round neck; the dress beneath has a gold jersey top and a fur skirt; the pocket flaps on the jacket are repeated below on the skirt to give the whole thing a coat effect. This lamb (it used to be called "krimmer") also makes a coat dress with double-breasted buttons going down to a low waistline; small gathers start at each side from there and continue around the back. It's very, very young, and it's also $800, plus tax.

ESTHER DOROTHY is another who has eschewed big collars in favor of those that give rangy necklaces their chance. A beautiful case in point is a waist-length jacket of black broadtail

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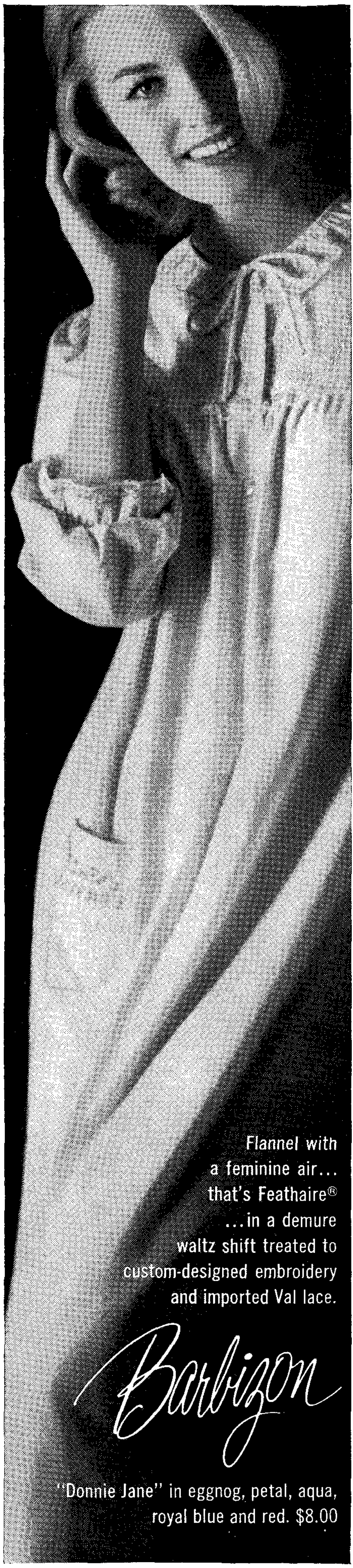

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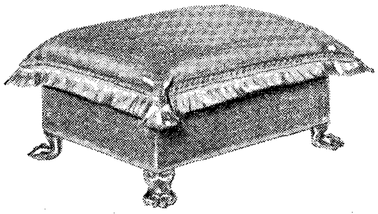
that buttons over to one side; a four-inch band of black mink rises around the neck and surges out to the tips of the shoulders—flattering to swanlike throats. Grandiose moods are catered to by Somali leopard in horizontal stripes, with sable around the neck, down both sides of the front, and around the hem. Esther Dorothy has always specialized in odd furs for every time of day; a new entry is sleek-as-satin sheared seal dyed grape purple. This does a straight mandarin coat with the slash at each side up to the hips, and a brocade lining makes it quite formal. Zebra (*not* formal) is worked in just about the same fashion, with a round neck and trim, set-in sleeves. For the street there's Persian lamb dyed to resemble tweed (bright-green nobs on a black ground). This is used for a long, fitted Edwardian double-breasted jacket with slash pockets at the sides. There are unusual stoles around here. One, of a whitish-gray mink, is to be slung across the throat, and is wide enough to go down to the stomach; in back, there is a V neck, and the stole ends go through a tab at the base to end at the knees. (Miss Dorothy says that people see your face and neck as they approach; going away, the coat always takes over.) Natural Iraqi lamb makes a casual topcoat with notched revers, two pearl buttons, and a real Esther Dorothy half-and-half lining of peau de soie, the top half, in this case, being red and the bottom one Kelly green. De-luxe broadtail creates a suit bound in black satin, with a rippling peplum on the jacket and a white mink ascot; American broadtail creates a perfect redingote with a definitely nipped-in waist and sharp godet fins jutting out in back below the hips.

GEORGES KAPLAN is so noted for being merry with furs that I'll cross him up by beginning with the more regal designs on his premises. What he considers a major silhouette is applied, for one, to ranch mink—huge, and wrapped over to the upper arms with a tremendous cape back (this has a hundred-and-sixty-inch sweep), and lined with brocade, and reversible. Jaguar makes another beamish coat with a swirling cape back, this with high, wide lapels and below-elbow sleeves. Kaplan also admires the meagre rajah silhouette (his has but a sixty-inch sweep at the base) in beige India broadtail lamb (or mink, or seal, or anything) with a band collar folded across at the top. The thing falls perfectly straight save for a slight flare at the hem. But bubbling irreverence will not be denied for long; his hooded evening cape of puffy white swanskin is



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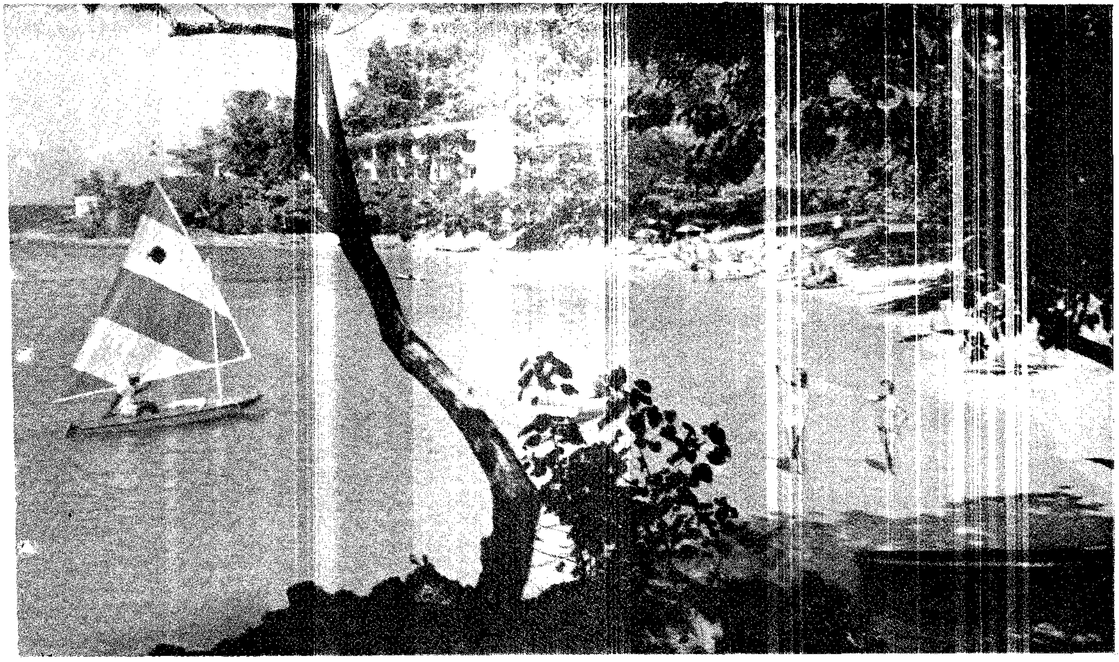

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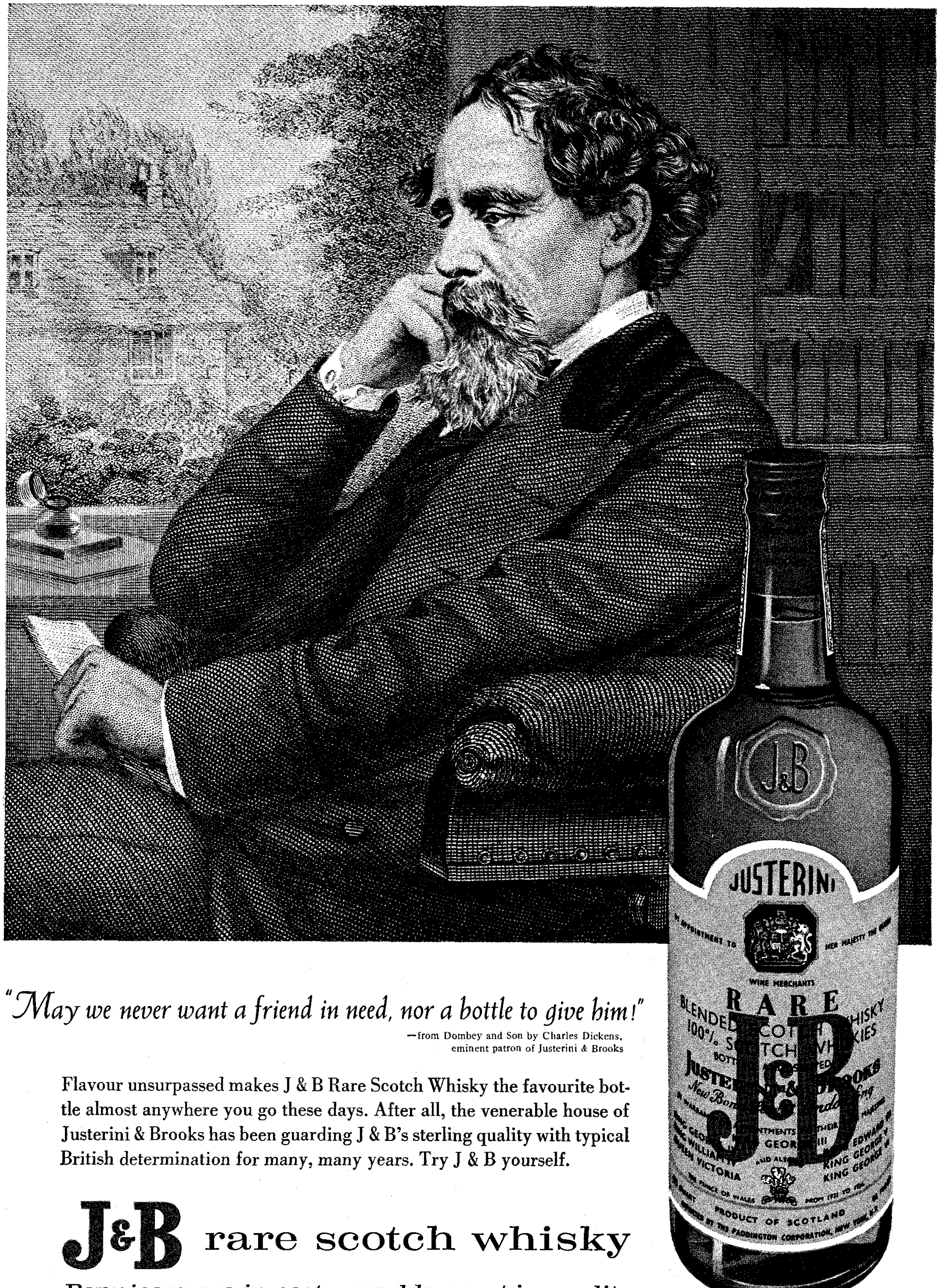

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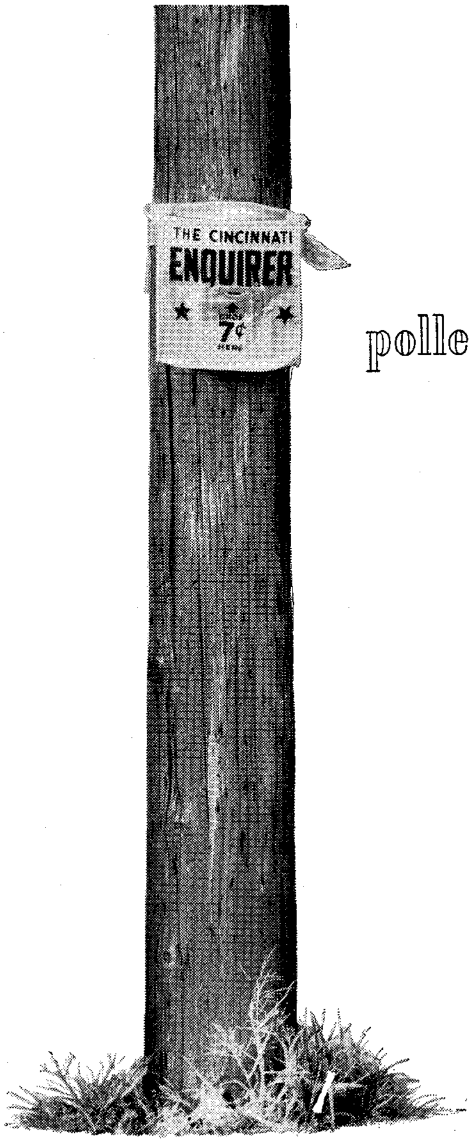
positively guaranteed *not* to wear, for it's made of some unfortunate birds' underfeathers, and it costs $395, plus tax. Zorino, which is South American skunk in a dark blue-brown, makes a down-to-the-floor coat with horizontal skins; a single zebra skin makes a sparse Oriental sort of coat with the stripes horizontal, and a simple hook-and-eye arrangement fastens it at the collarless neckline. For evenings of glory, Kaplan shows a dress of American broadtail in ankle length—turtlenecked and sleeveless—plus a spiral boa of silver fox. And he turns his avid attention to the reptile family, notably water python dyed any number of colors, for princesse coats with suède outlining the gores and forming the belt; black mink is used for the collars and cuffs.

I'VE already remarked that Hermè (despite the downtown address, 150 West 30th Street, all is to order, retail) has an affinity for Heim designs. Hermè can shuttle between Heim extremes, such as (a) a trench coat he shows in Autumn Haze mink with a belt of *matching brown* suède, *not to mention* the brown suède that lines the deep inverted pleats at each side of the skirt, front and back, and (b) the epitome of elegance—a coat of ranch mink with a high shawl collar and a border, seven inches wide, of vertical skins descending the front and then turning into a horizontal band around the slender hem. Balenciaga is represented by a coat of Kitovi seal with a notched collar, one big jet button placed high up, and the Master's peplum placed around the hips. For sports, and often for other occasions, is Hermè's own *trotteur*, of natural Norwegian hair seal (there's no yellow tinge; instead, it's all pale and dark grays), in three-quarter length, with buttons in double-breasted array and a



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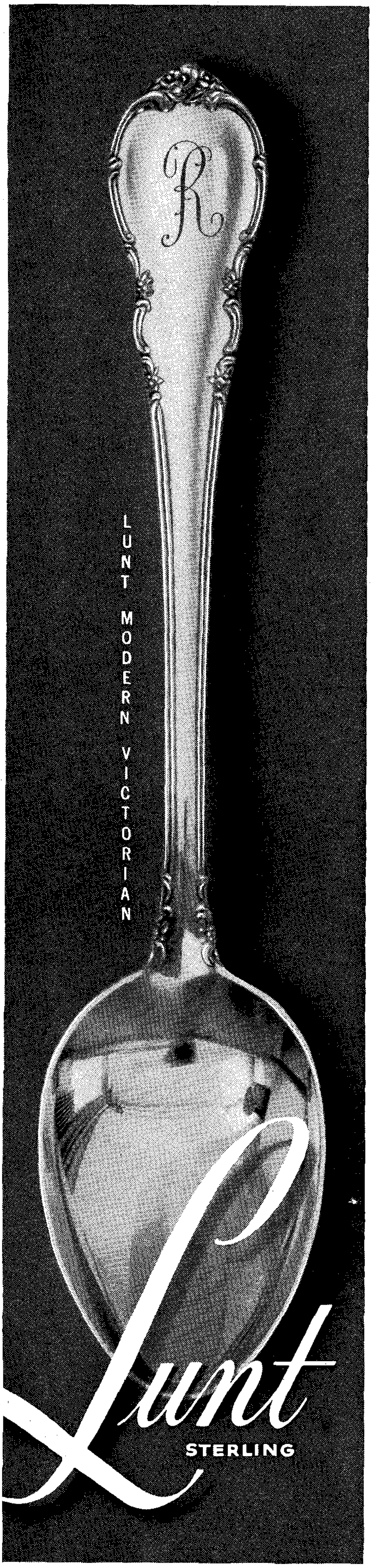

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vent in back. Hermè adores nutria through thick and thin, and he makes of it a greatcoat with patch pockets down to the hem, like saddlebags. These pockets jut slightly at the top to provide a tapering look below. Another triumphant greatcoat is of natural fisher, with notched lapels. This is strictly for wrapping—no buttons. One more Hermè design is an evening cape of white mink. It looks like a hip-length cassock, with its small roll collar, and it covers the arms almost to the elbows. It's most fun buttoned down the back and slung across the throat, but, naturally, it can be reversed.

Stein & Blaine has given up every other activity to concentrate on furs of the most precious type—all assembled near its pearl-gray ground-floor salon. Just at random—beige India lamb makes a wrapped coat that is completely bias lines down the slender body and has an immense shawl collar of sable; near-white India lamb, definitely tailored, appears with three self buttons down the front, two pocket flaps on one side and one on the other, and a slight trumpet flare starting low in back. S. & B., in company with Maximilian, has a talent for shirring the uttermost black broadtail, and this treatment is applied to the wide turtleneck collar of a coat with a concave front and a straight back. The same broadtail makes an exceptional coat dress, very fitted, with lapels and a deep V neck; two side-by-side buttons perch over the sash belt. Dark-brown river otter can double for sports and for evening; sleeves that can turn up and a tapering collar of ranch mink help it toward a formal look when that's needed. The coat is cut straight; the flapped pockets are cut slanting. Solely for evening are three jackets of white or near-white mink that bowled me over. From my recumbent position I was able to observe that one is a collarless, hip-length affair, with four white braid buttons down each side in a hussar effect and bell sleeves extending nearly to the wrists, and that the others are cutaways for regal cutups. One, a cape bolero, has a turnover collar, below which the skins, worked diagonally, part in an inverted V that goes to the waist; the other, which has a shallow, collarless V neck, is neatly fastened for six inches below before another inverted V cuts sharply away and outward. It's a shrug, really, with just a cuff at each elbow to imply a sleeve.

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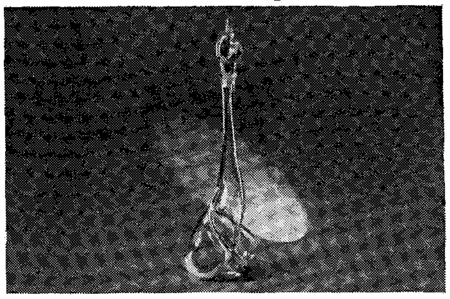

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coat, slit up the sides, has slashed pockets and a double-breasted closing; a chesterfield has three pearl buttons. Black Alaska seal is voluminous almost to a fault (except for a very tall woman) because of its huge, circular cape back. Another seal, but slender, wears two buttons right under the bust and becomes circular below the waist, which is at the hips. For sports there is plenty of cheetah in a creamy beige with small spots. For day or evening there are street-length capes. A raving beauty, of ranch mink, has an arched, tapering shawl collar and little cuffs around the slits where the arms emerge; one of white mink is worked on the bias and descends to a seven-eighths length. More mink does a coat constructed in general on vertical lines, though it goes swerving off sidewise into a bias below the three buttons in front. There is great concentration on petite furs for women under five feet four. Even matara seal looks right in a fitted coat with folds and pleats around the sides and below the trim waist in back. Another idea is Persian broadtail with a slightly high-waisted front and an inverted pleat down each side to the rear. And broadtail that is utter perfection makes a really tubular coat with a deep, all-around collar of sable.

Is anyone *still* thinking of buying a hot fur off the back of an out-of-town truck?

—Lois Long

•

SEE AMERICA FIRST

Measure the miles, contrive
itineraries; none
can make the old connection
west. The way west, begun
on the first wagon drive,
lies deeper than direction—

white dust upon white plain,

snow on the river ice,

immeasurable rain.

But sandblast your complexion,
go shanks' mare, pay their price;
the land you labor over
sleeps in her gown of grain
and men do not discover
the measure of her twice.

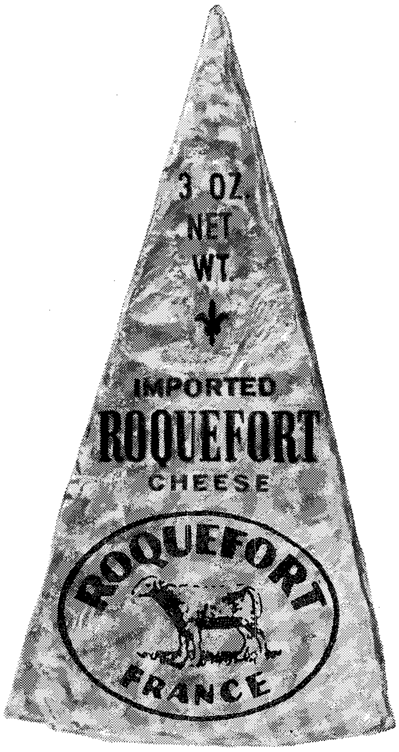
—George Starbuck

•

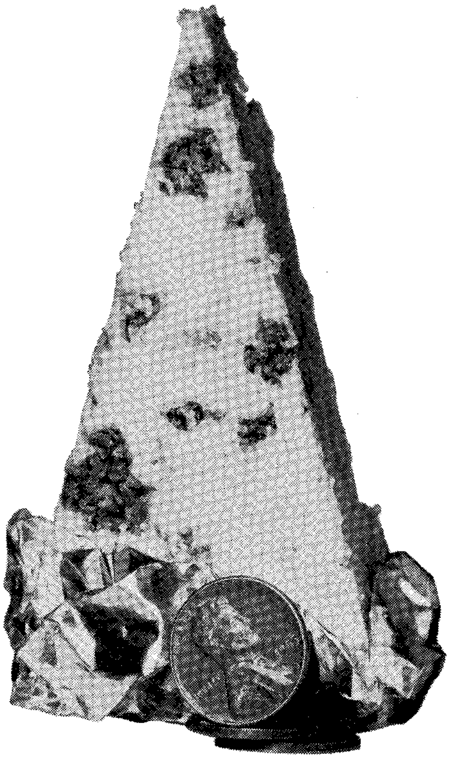
That same summer, Umberto was seen dancing alone with a well known Roman beauty. There were other scandals.—*From "Kings Without Thrones," by Geoffrey Bocca.*

It was that kind of summer—debauchery in the air.

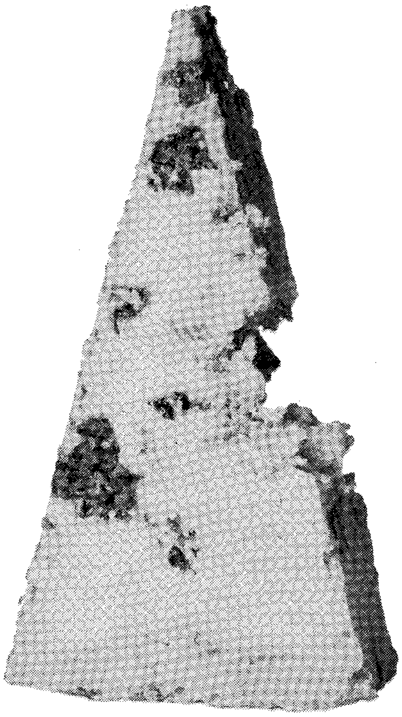
How can you tell it's really Roquefort?



1. Look for the red sheep seal on the label.



2. Check the price. Roquefort cheese is imported from Roquefort, France—so it costs a few cents more. It should. The best always does.



3. Taste it.

Glorify a salad with Roquefort. Or a sauce. Or simply spread it on a biscuit and discover the piquant flavor of France. Only Roquefort is made from the milk of the ewe, aged in the caves of the Combalou, to give it a taste and tingle that's unique, and unmistakable.

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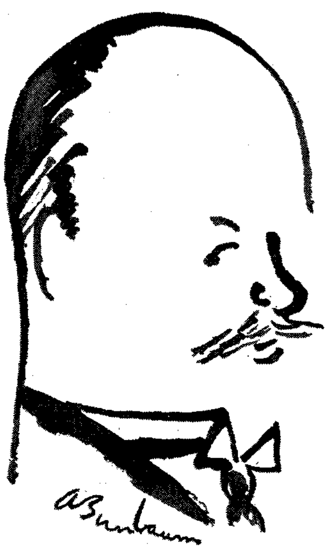
ANNALS OF CRIME

THE FIRST EDITIONS OF T. J. WISE

IN the summer of 1934, the London publishing house of Constable put out a book with the unsensational title "An Enquiry Into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth Century Pamphlets." Written by John Carter and Graham Pollard, two young rare-book dealers, the "Enquiry" was not a best-seller (it sold two thousand copies in ten years), but in the rare-book world the reaction to it was comparable to what the reaction of American bankers of the period might have been to a book asserting—and, in fact, proving—that certain issues of government bonds were counterfeit, and suggesting that the counterfeiter was Andrew Mellon. What the "Enquiry" asserted—and, in fact, proved—was that a number of first editions by such writers as the Brownings, Ruskin, and Swinburne were not first editions at all, and what it suggested was that the counterfeiter was one of the most highly respected bibliographers and book collectors of the time.

The "Enquiry's" title is an echo of a work by the great eighteenth-century scholar Edmond Malone—"An Inquiry Into the Authenticity of Certain Miscellaneous Papers . . . Attributed to Shakspeare, Queen Elizabeth, and Henry, Earl of Southampton." (The forgeries Malone exposed were crude fabrications by a half-literate young man named William Ireland, and they included a whole new Shakespearean play, "Vortigern and Rowena," that was put on at the Drury Lane Theatre.) The eighteenth century was the golden age of literary hanky-panky. There was "Description of Formosa," by George Psalmanazar, a Frenchman, who for years successfully pretended to be a native of that remote island (he had been converted to Christianity, he claimed, and Dr. Johnson was mightily impressed by his piety), and who invented a Formosan language, Formosan costumes (illustrated in charming plates), and a whole structure of Formosan folkways, including an annual religious festival in which the hearts of eighteen thousand Formosan children were burned on an altar. There were the poems of Ossian, which were exposed by Dr. Johnson as the work of a Member of Parliament named James Macpherson, and there were Chatterton's medieval Rowley poems, which were exposed by Horace Walpole, and which may be the only fakes with any literary merit. The nineteenth century was rather a comedown, though there was the French forger, Vrain Lucas, who in the eighteen-sixties established a still unbroken world record for quantity, if not quality; his greatest feat was selling to M. Michel Chasles, an eminent astronomer and geometrician with an appetite for manuscripts, no fewer than 27,320 letters by such figures as Pascal, Louis XIV, Cleopatra, Mary Magdalene, and the resurrected Lazarus, all written in modern French. There was also Mr. John Payne Collier, an English antiquarian who, after a blameless life of scholarship, cut loose at the age of sixty-three with a supposed text of Shakespeare that was dated considerably earlier than anything previously known, and who was dealt with in 1860 by N.E.S.A. Hamilton in another book that the authors of the "Enquiry" may have had in mind—"An Inquiry Into the Genuineness of the Manuscript Corrections in Mr. J. Payne Collier's Annotated Shakspere, Folio, 1632." And, of course, there were those pamphlets that Carter and Pollard decided to investigate.

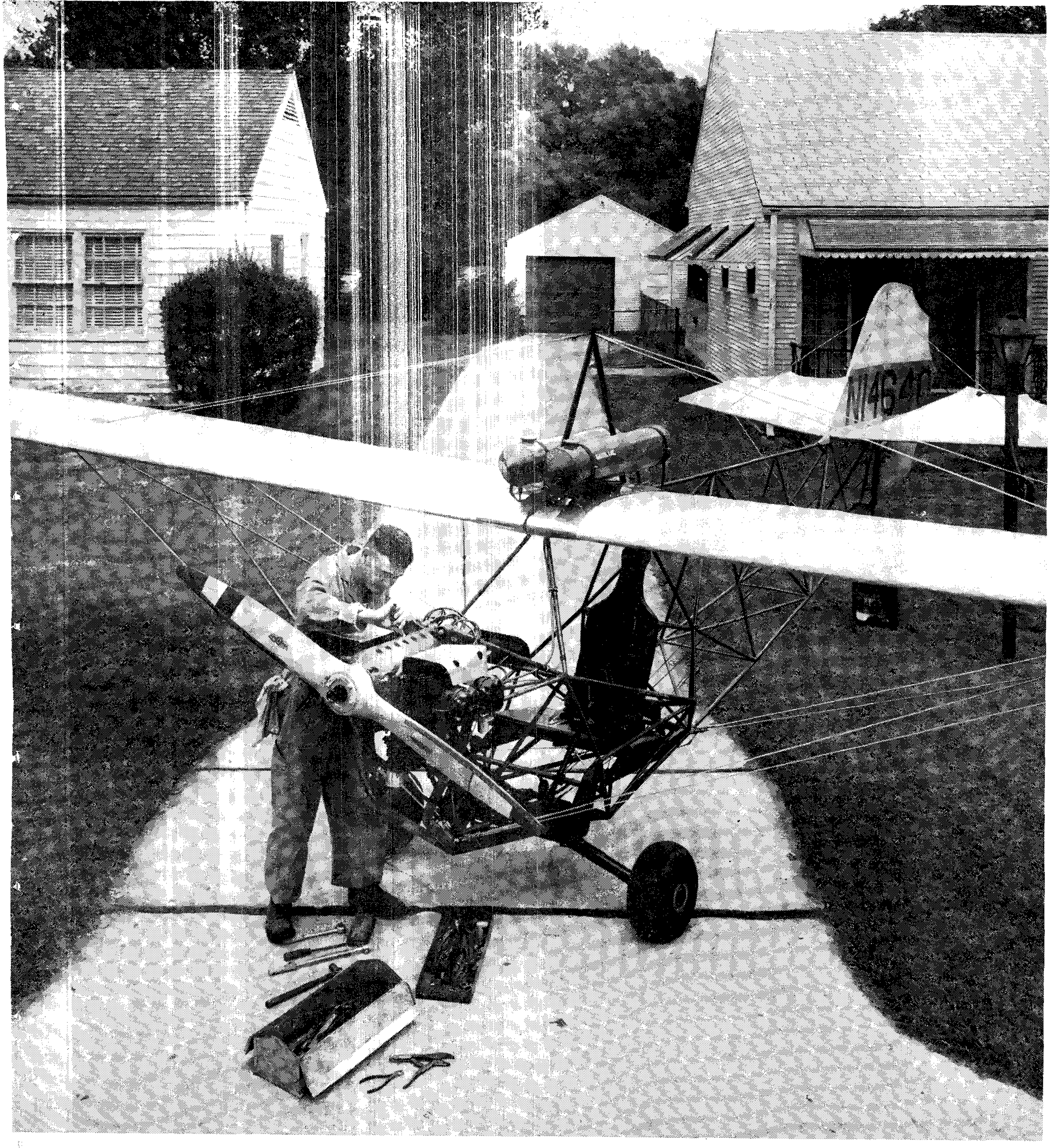


Thomas James Wise

If good prose is the matching of manner to matter, "An Enquiry" is very good prose. Dry and low-keyed, it reads like something from the casebook of Sherlock Holmes. His monograph on tobacco ash is equalled by the authors' analysis of paper, and Carter and Pollard are by no means Holmes' inferior in the dispassionate clarity with which they expounded their approach to a problem:

> During the past few years [they begin] a vague rumour has been circulating, with a gradually increasing frequency and volume, that the privately printed first edition of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" (*Sonnets by E. B. B.*, Reading, 1847) was not all that it pretended to be. . . . Moreover, this book appeared to be connected with certain other pamphlet poems, of similar date, format and bibliographical status, which had a habit of turning up, in well-defined groups, in miscellaneous auction sales and in the catalogues of certain booksellers; always in fine original condition. . . . It seemed to the present authors that this whole business called for investigation. . . .
>
> The position, then, was this. We suspected, on the grounds of their market appearance, about forty books, by the following authors: Matthew Arnold, Mrs. Browning, Robert Browning, Charles Dickens, George Eliot, Rudyard Kipling, William Morris, D. G. Rossetti, John Ruskin, R. L. Stevenson, Swinburne, Tennyson and Thackeray. . . . Of this group, the Reading *Sonnets* was undoubtedly the star piece. It was the most important, both as literature and as a human document of wide sentimental appeal; it was by far the highest priced; and it was the most amply and authoritatively documented.
>
> To establish the authenticity or otherwise of this book was therefore our first task [my dear Watson]. . . . So we began by testing the official story of the origin of the privately printed edition of the *Sonnets from the Portuguese.*

Until 1894, it was generally accepted that the "Sonnets" had first been published in the edition of Elizabeth Barrett's "Poems" put out by the firm of Chapman & Hall in 1850. Then Edmund Gosse, a scholar whose stock once stood higher than it does now, told in print "a very pretty episode of literary history" to the effect that Miss Barrett had allowed her friend Miss Mary Russell Mitford to have printed in Reading in 1847, for private circulation, a few copies of the sonnets in which she had celebrated her love for the man who was soon to be her husband. According to Gosse, Miss Barrett was reluctant to have the poems published, even privately, and was persuaded only by Browning. "I dared not reserve to myself the finest sonnets written in any language since Shakespeare's," he is alleged to have told an unnamed friend years later. This "pretty episode" was retold by two other bibliographers of note, Harry Buxton Forman and Thomas J. Wise. In two published accounts of how he had acquired copies of the 1847 edition, Wise said that in the eighteen-eighties he had come upon a cache of the pamphlets in the library of a certain Dr. W. C. Bennett, a friend of the late Miss Mitford's; he had bought two copies himself, and various friends of his had bought others. The authors



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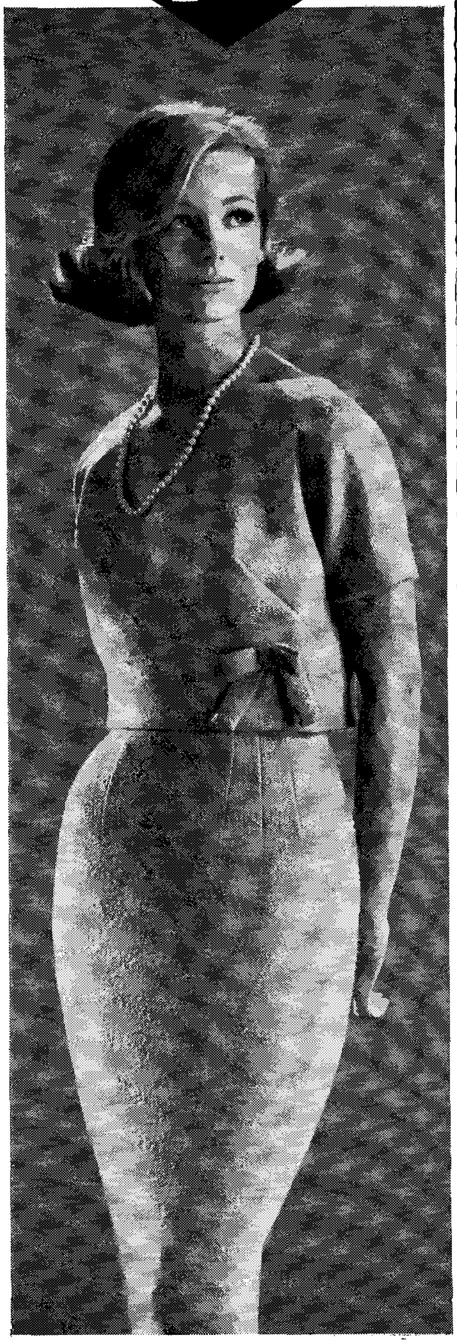
of the "Enquiry," having given the full texts of the Gosse, Forman, and Wise reports, went on:

> Now the story which these combined authorities unfold is at first sight a perfectly likely one. The dates fit, the motives fit, the early obscurity of the book, although not explicitly accounted for, is in keeping with its history. Edmund Gosse knew Browning; Buxton Forman and Wise are highly distinguished names in the world of bibliography. The whole thing, in short, looks perfectly watertight and it has been accepted by scholars, bibliographers and everyone else these forty-five years, and it may seem ridiculous, even impertinent, to question it.

Question it they did, however, and, for various reasons, they found it unconvincing. They propounded some questions "which ought (if all that glisters really is gold) to be readily soluble after a little research in the most obvious places." Among the questions were: Did any presentation copies from either of the Brownings exist? Were there any references to the 1847 edition in the correspondence of either Miss Mitford or the Brownings? Were there any "contemporary or authoritative statements by friends of the Brownings or writers about them"? Were there any copies with a provenance other than Dr. Bennett's library? The answer to each question was no. But all this was, of course, merely negative evidence—matter for suspicion, but not conclusive, since it was *possible* that the 1847 edition might flunk all these questions and still be genuine. What was needed was something positive, and this Carter and Pollard supplied with two novel physical tests for dating books, which might be called "The Case of the Kernless J" and "The Affair of the Esparto Grass."

When Carter and Pollard started their investigation, nearly all the known copies of the Reading "Sonnets" were in America—Americans had for years been the world's most thoroughgoing collectors of first editions—but luckily their eminent friend Stanley Morison was about to make a trip to the United States. Morison, who designed the celebrated Times New Roman type as well as the typographical style that has been used by the London *Times* since 1932, and who has written a score of books on typographical matters, probably knows more about typography than anyone else now living. While he was in the United States, he examined a copy of the Reading "Sonnets" and found one important peculiarity: the type showed no "kern," the overhanging flourish that in the old type faces appears at the top of the "f" and at the bottom of the

Peck & Peck



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"j." These kerns so often broke off in printing that by the eighteen-eighties type designers had eliminated them, but Morison thought that for a book printed in 1847 the kernless "f" and "j" didn't "look right." Acting on this hint, Pollard went through hundreds of type founders' specimen books, and was finally able to put the date of the introduction of the kernless "f" and "j" at somewhere between 1880 and 1883. Therefore, the Reading "Sonnets" must have been printed after 1880, and so must fifteen of the other suspected pamphlets, which also used the kernless letters.

The paper tests were equally conclusive. Chemical analysis showed that many of the suspected pamphlets were printed on paper containing either esparto grass (a coarse, strawlike material imported from Spain or North Africa) or chemical wood (wood pulp processed with sulphate). The question was: When had these materials been introduced into British papermaking. After considerable research, Pollard concluded that esparto grass began being used in 1861. Twenty-eight of the pamphlets were on esparto paper; ten of them were dated earlier than 1861, so these ten were fakes. Chemical-wood paper was introduced in 1874; thirteen pamphlets, including the "Sonnets," all dated earlier than 1874, were printed on that.

Having established that a crime had been committed, the authors went on to examine the criminal's methods of supplying a provenance for the fakes and of marketing them. In the pages dealing with these topics, one name sounded with an ominous frequency—the name of T. J. Wise. The Enquirers observed that the forger "was successful in planting the forgeries on Mr. Wise, in bulk, over a period of at least fourteen years," and that "we have no evidence that [Mr. Wise] carried out any such inquiry into their origins as common sense, let alone bibliographical duty, plainly demanded." Their peroration was sombre:

> Mr. Wise, by his credulity, by his vanity in his own possessions, by his dogmatism, by abuse of his eminence in the bibliographical world, has dealt a blow to the prestige of an honourable science, the repercussions of which will be long and widely felt.
>
> He was deceived where he ought not to have been deceived. . . . Like the thirteenth stroke of a faulty clock, which discredits the accuracy of the hours which have gone before, the spuriousness of these books must inevitably cast aspersions on many similar books which are, in fact, genuine. If these, so plausible, so well-established, are forgeries, what can we trust? If Mr. Wise, one of the most eminent bibli-

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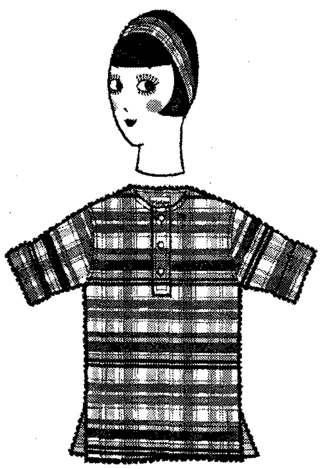

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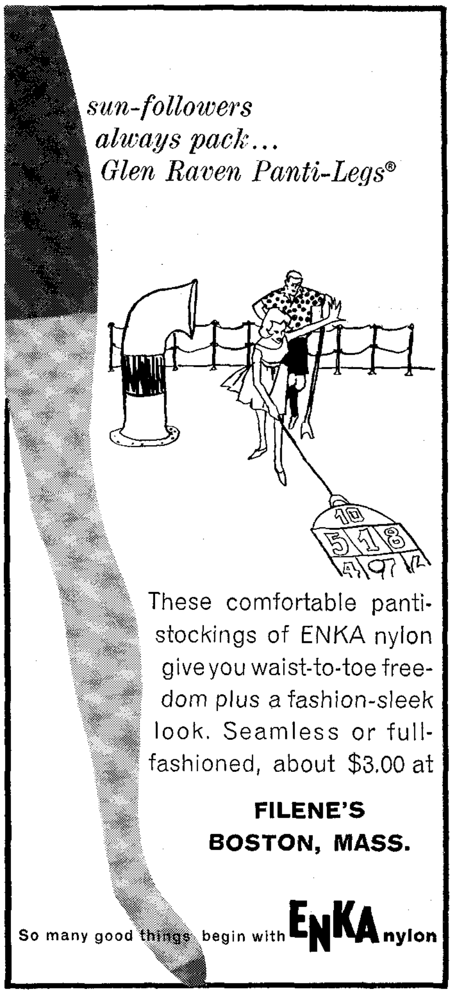
ographers of our time, can be so extensively wrong, who can we be sure is right?

In the whole history of book collecting there has been no such wholesale and successful perpetration of fraud as that which we owe to this anonymous forger.

The one thing that the authors were careful *not* to say about Mr. Wise was that he was the forger; they had no direct evidence that he was, and even those cool young hunters must have been slightly appalled by the lair to which all their trails led. T. J. Wise was then, at seventy-four, the doyen of English bibliographers and collectors. He was a member of the Roxburghe Club, in London, the most exclusive club in the world of book-collecting; he was a past president of the Bibliographical Society and had been for many years a member of its council; he was an Honorary Master of Arts of Oxford University and an Honorary Fellow of its Worcester College. He was the compiler of a dozen pioneering bibliographies, ranging from Wordsworth, through Browning and the Brontës, to Conrad. His own collection of books and manuscripts, the Ashley Library, was generally considered the finest private collection in England, and he had compiled its catalogue in eleven quarto volumes, each the thickness of the Manhattan phone book and each lavishly illustrated and annotated.

Naturally, in preparing the "Enquiry," Carter and Pollard had looked around for other suspects, and they had found that one man had put on the market almost all the fakes that they could trace. This was a London bookseller named Herbert Gorfin. "But Mr. Gorfin was born in 1878," they wrote in their book, "so that he was only ten years old when the earliest independent evidence of their existence is found; and we know that all of them had been produced by the time he was twenty-one. A few minutes' conversation was sufficient to convince us not only that Mr. Gorfin was not the forger, but that he had not the slightest idea that he was selling forgeries. Once he was convinced, he gave us all the information that he could [and] lent us copies of many of the pamphlets that we had not been able to examine before." Gorfin, as it turned out, led directly to Wise. In 1892, Gorfin had gone to work for H. Rubeck & Co., a firm of essential-oil merchants, in which Wise had made his business career, and he had remained in their employ until 1912, when he had set up as an antiquarian bookseller. From 1898 on, he had been Wise's agent in selling books, and when he had gone into the book business full



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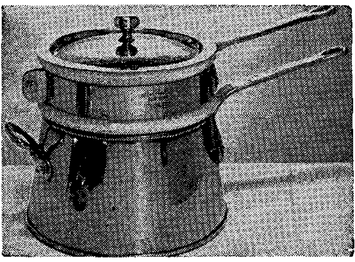

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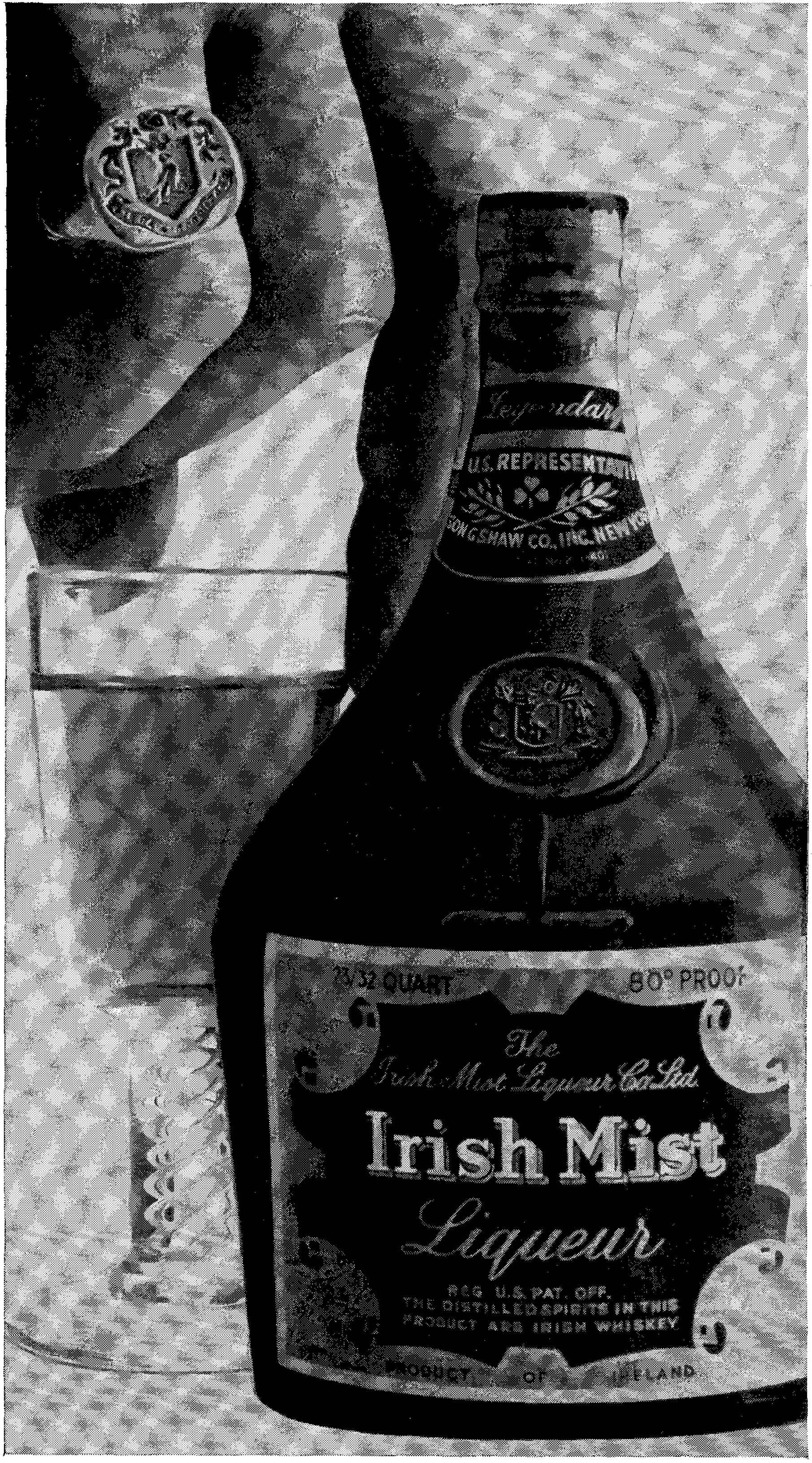
time, he had paid Wise four hundred pounds for what Wise told him were "the remainders of some privately printed 19th century pamphlets." According to Gorfin, the pamphlets, which constituted his chief stock, were "all that remained of a large collection which Mr. Wise had purchased many years before from someone who had bought them as publisher's waste and had not realized their potential value." At the time, this explanation of their provenance had satisfied Gorfin. Anything Wise might have said would have satisfied Gorfin—then.

That, more or less, is where the detective work of the "Enquiry" ends. Recently, in recalling how the project began, John Carter said, " 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' first put us on the trail. There was something fishy about it. Nobody knew just what, but I was struck when, in 1929, Messrs. Quaritch, then the most eminent of London rare-book dealers, replied to my inquiry for a copy with: 'No, we don't have it. It's not a book we care much about.' Yet copies kept turning up in the market. We wondered. Then, in 1931, business was slack and I began to look into it. Pollard had been doing some work on Ruskin and had found four clear forgeries of similar type—that is, 'first' editions whose dating was phony. We looked at each other with a wild surmise, and we began putting two and two together. There were a number of rare nineteenth-century pamphlets, we found, which weren't so rare after all; Gorfin could always supply two or three in mint condition. All the trails stopped at Wise. We kept looking." In an early memorandum called "The Plan of the Book" and dated March, 1932, Carter suggested a chapter to be called "Who Was the Forger?" After rejecting several candidates, he wrote, "Even if Mr. Wise's high character did not render it unlikely, there is absolutely no evidence that he forged them. Nevertheless, he accepted them all; he purchased them in quantity and has been selling them consistently ever since. A statement from him very desirable." At the end of that year, Carter wrote Wise a formal note, which is entitled in his files "The First Gun":

> In making some notes on the history of the privately printed edition of Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese* 1847, we find on page 72 of your bibliography: "The history of the volume has already been so fully told" etc. Would you be kind enough to let us know where the story can be found?

The very next day, Wise, clearly un-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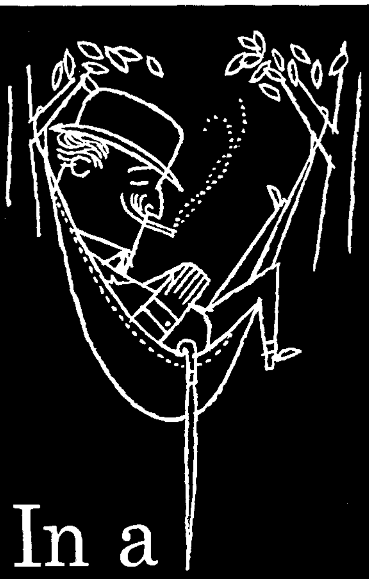

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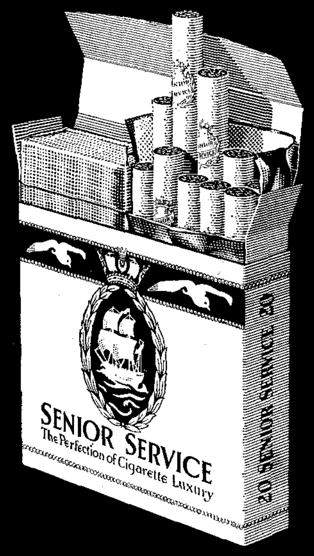

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ruffled, sent them citations of the sources they knew already. For the moment, they let it go at that, but by the summer of 1933 their research had progressed far enough for them to head an outline of the book "Wisecracking." A few months later, they submitted the finished manuscript to a lawyer. "In my view," he wrote, "the whole book . . . provides ample material for Mr. Wise to commence proceedings." However, he added, it was also his view that Mr. Wise would do nothing; this turned out to be one of the better legal prophecies.

In October, 1933, the authors made an attempt to place their findings before Wise. Since by then what was called for was shock tactics rather than diplomacy, Pollard was chosen for the task. It was a typical division of labor. John Carter is tall, handsome, and well tailored, with agreeable Oxbridge manners; his looks are just right for what he is—an associate of Sotheby's, the Bond Street auction house, and a bibliographical consultant to the *Times Literary Supplement*. Graham Pollard is short, stoutish, and rumpled, more in the style of Dr. Johnson than of Lord Chesterfield, and *his* looks are just right for what *he* is—a strong-minded, versatile intellectual who gave up book dealing during the war for a position on the Board of Trade and who was recently president of the Bibliographical Society, over which Wise once presided. Nothing came of Pollard's interview with Wise. As he went into Wise's study to confer with the great collector, surrounded by his famous library, Mrs. Wise warned him, "You must not excite him." But everything Pollard said was of a nature to excite him, and Wise's color got higher and higher. Mrs. Wise, behind his back, made desperate signals to Pollard to go easy, but Pollard was not the man to go easy, and he remorselessly continued. When Pollard reached the crucial subject of type faces, Wise began to shout incoherently. The interview was over.

WORD of Carter's and Pollard's findings got around before the "Enquiry" was published, and the bibliophilic world was sharply divided. The young booksellers had their powerful supporters—Harold Nicolson, Logan Pearsall Smith, Michael Sadleir, and the redoubtable Stanley Morison. But the opposition was strong, too. In America, A. Edward Newton, the author of "The Amenities of Book-Collecting," was indignant at the attack on his old friend Tom Wise, and Gabriel Wells, a prominent New York rare-book dealer, published a defense of Wise. In Eng-

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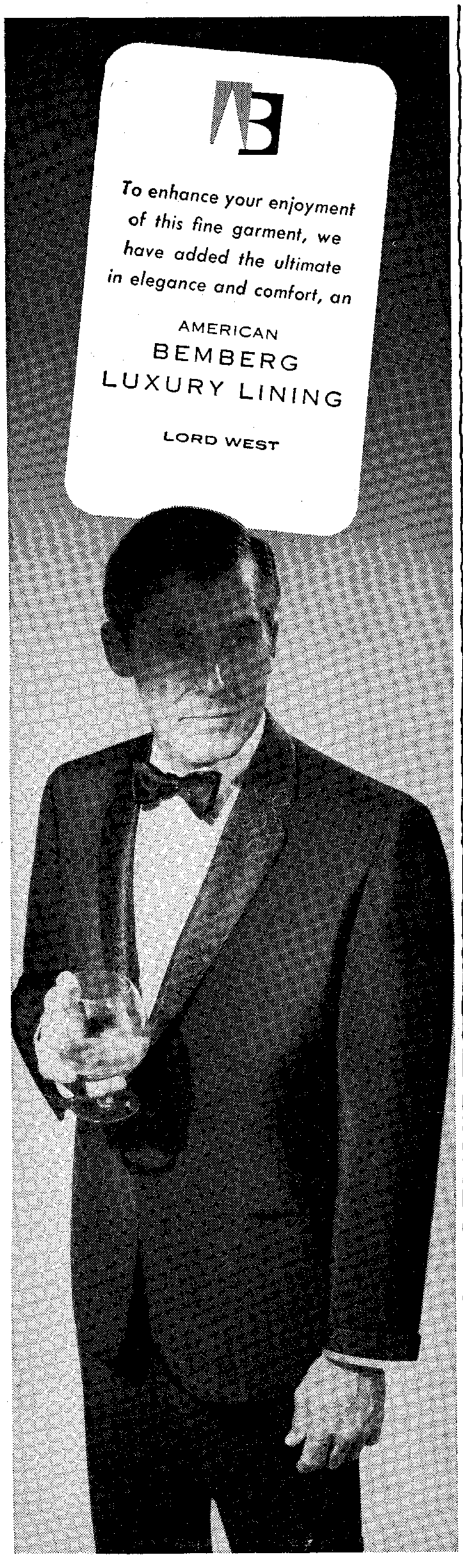
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land, Wise's most ardent backers came from Oxford, with its instinct for lost causes; the top officials of the Oxford University Press—headed by Mr. (afterward Sir) Humphrey Milford—constituted an informal committee for the defense.

The tactical problem now confronting Wise was probably insoluble. Silence would have been the prudent course, but this would have convicted him—at the very least—of carelessness, credulity, and something close to simple-mindedness; furthermore, his supporters were looking to him for some explanation. He decided he must forestall the attack. On May 24, 1934, some weeks before the "Enquiry" appeared, the *Times Literary Supplement* carried a letter from Wise. "The suggestion has been pressed upon me," he began, "that [the Reading edition] is an impostor." After some halfhearted attempts to refute the technical findings of Carter and Pollard as to paper and type (they were easily disposed of in the following issue by Pollard), Wise continued, with an air of large candor, "I may be driven to the conclusion that the 1847 book is not authentic." But the bulk of his letter was addressed to the main problem, which was to dissociate himself from the Reading edition. With a touch of his old boldness, Wise asserted that what he had brought away from his famous visit to Dr. Bennett was indeed a volume of sonnets, but one composed not by Mrs. Browning but by Dr. Bennett himself—"privately printed at Greenwich in 1843," Wise meticulously noted. "The confusion of two such books may seem incredible, even after thirty-six years," he went on, though it was actually forty-six. "It is to be explained by the subjects of our conversation"—that is, by the fact that the two men had talked about Mrs. Browning. This might have been plausible except for the realistic detail with which Wise had embellished his earlier accounts, in the manner of a sailor validating the discovery of a mermaid by giving exact latitude and longitude. He had written that Dr. Bennett had received the copies direct from Miss Mitford; that he had bought two of them from Dr. Bennett, one being Miss Mitford's personal copy ("It is one of my most valued possessions"); and that he had "hurried the good news" to Forman, Gosse, and four other friends, who had also bought copies from the obliging Dr. Bennett. Even Wise's partisans must have wondered why these collectors had been so eager to buy the good Dr. Bennett's Greenwich "Sonnets."

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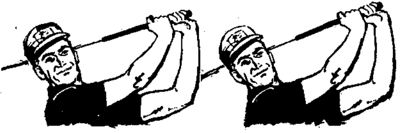

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The vital point of Wise's letter, however, was not defensive but a daring offensive maneuver: "My two copies came to me not from W. C. Bennett but from Harry Buxton Forman," he wrote. "From whom did he obtain them? Neither I nor his son, Mr. Maurice Buxton Forman, can tell with any certainty, but how he may have obtained them I hope his son will be able to ascertain from an examination of his father's correspondence." In the next issue of the *Times Literary Supplement*, the son did confirm Wise's story, but without citing any letters. (The intervention of Forman *fils*—himself a bibliographer—was both curiously persistent and curiously inconclusive; it is thought that Wise may have blackmailed him, exacting his support in return for Wise's not charging his father with manufacturing, rather than innocently passing along, the fabrications, for there is evidence that Forman *père* actually was involved in at least one of them.) Harry Buxton Forman had been one of those British civil servants who manage to combine a professional career with scholarship; for almost fifty years he had held progressively higher positions in the Post Office while pursuing his chief interests—book collecting, bibliography, and the editing of Keats and Shelley. Forman and Wise had met in the eighties in the Shelley Society, and after that they had swapped books, collaborated as editors, and hunted together in the Charing Cross Road bookshops. Forman had died in 1917.

In an interview that was reported in the *Daily Herald* on June 30th, a few days before the "Enquiry" appeared, Wise insisted, without presenting any evidence—he had never been in the habit of defending his pronouncements—that many of the condemned pamphlets were genuine, and said that Forman was the source not only of the Reading "Sonnets" but of all the other pamphlets. "Buxton Forman had a habit of buying and 'salting down' . . . small remainders of books, pamphlets, and autographs of authors whose works he believed in," Wise said. "In later life, he disposed of them, largely by way of exchange. . . . He also used to give me these pamphlets, together with others, in payment of his subscription to the Shelley Society—of which I was secretary—for debts and so on. They were disposed of through the medium of Mr. Gorfin."

On July 2nd, the "Enquiry" appeared, and on July 12th the *Times Literary Supplement* carried another letter from Wise, again giving Forman as

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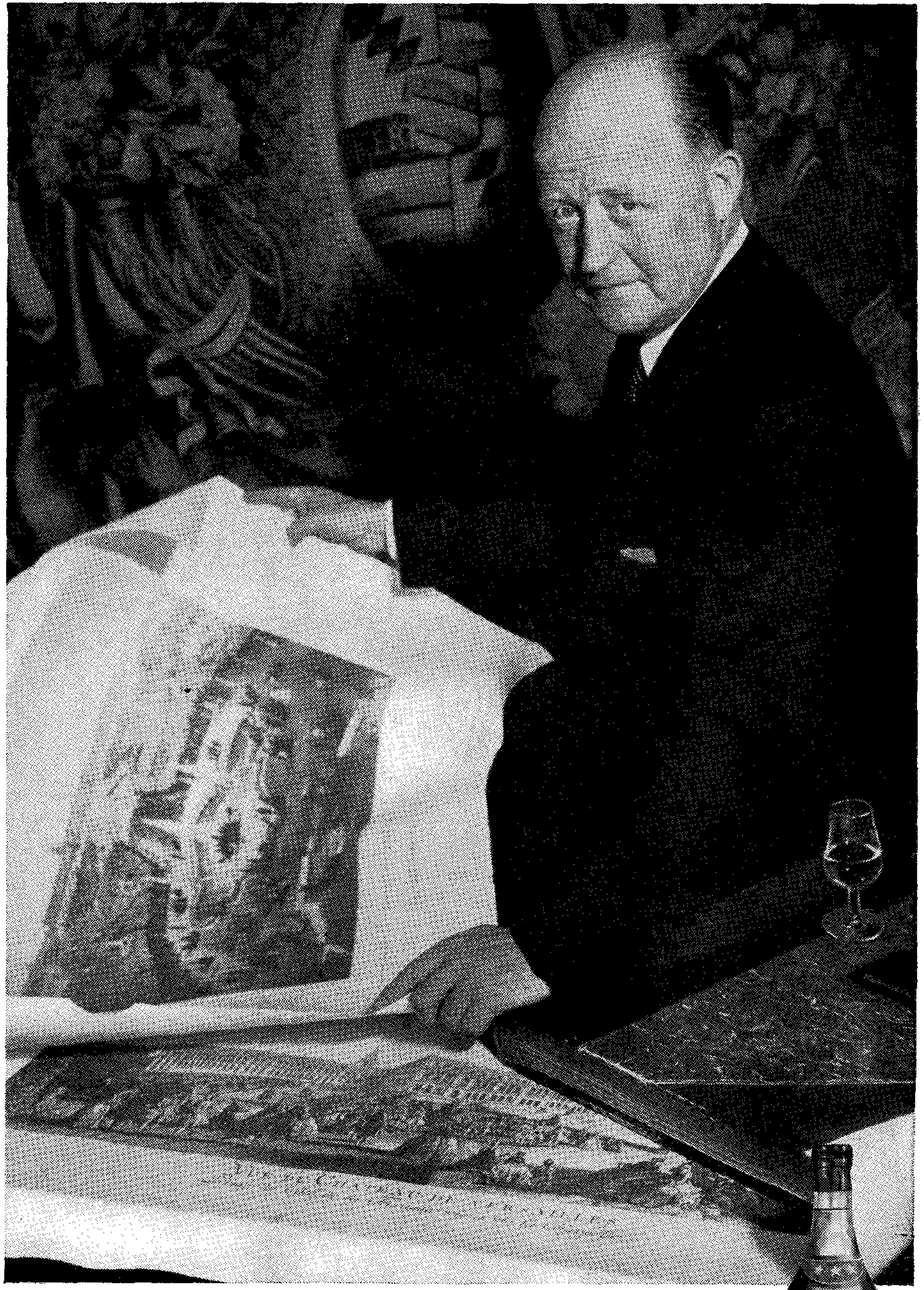

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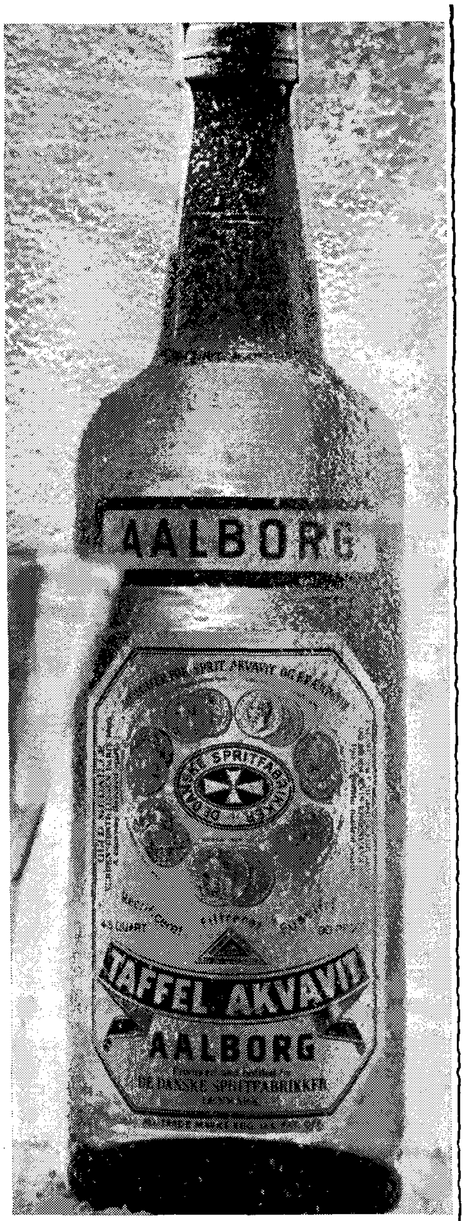

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the source of the impugned pamphlets, and making a promise he was not to fulfill: "When I have read the book with the care and attention it deserves, I shall doubtless have something to say regarding its contents." He was careful to preserve everybody's reputation: "Needless to say, every item handled by Forman had been dealt with by him in perfect good faith; in equal good faith were they accepted by me; and in equal good faith they were purchased by Gorfin."

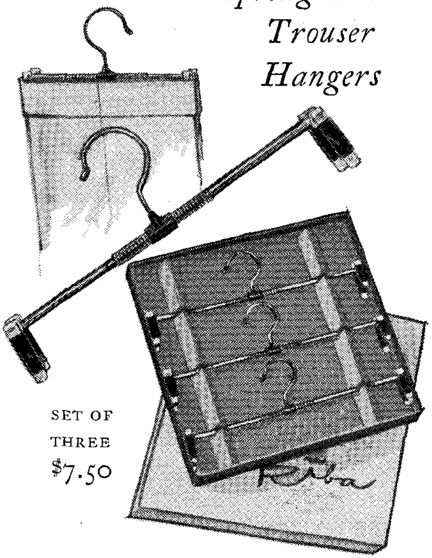
Up to this point, Wise had not done badly, but this last letter was too much for Herbert Gorfin, who, having long since failed as a bookseller, was now making his living running a tearoom in the suburbs. The next issue of the *T.L.S.* contained a note from Mr. Gorfin:

> SIR,—Mr. Wise states . . . that he got his copies of those pamphlets which are shown in Messrs. Carter and Pollard's book to be forged, from H. Buxton Forman. . . . I was selling these regularly on commission for Mr. Wise from 1898 onwards, and I purchased from him what I understood to be the entire remainder in 1909-1911. In all our many transactions, this connexion of the pamphlets with H. Buxton Forman was never mentioned, even by implication, and the suggestion that he was the source from which they came was only made to me, by Mr. Wise himself, on October 14, 1933—two days after Mr. Pollard had visited him and explained they were forgeries. Mr. Wise *had previously given me a totally different* account of their origin.

A few weeks before writing this letter, Gorfin had, at the request of Carter and Pollard, prepared another document—a so-called Declaration. It went back to the events of the previous fall. Just after Pollard had called on Wise and shown him how serious the evidence was, Wise had had Gorfin to lunch. Gorfin wrote:

> He . . . proposed that I should agree to the destruction of all the copies [of the fake pamphlets] still retained by me, and that, "as they are now mere wastepaper," he should compensate me for their loss to the extent of £25 or £30, and that I should make the statement that I had them from Mr. H. Buxton Forman (not from Mr. Wise, as was in fact the case), and that he and Mr. Forman's son would substantiate the statement in question. This I at once declined to do.

After that session, Carter and Pollard had stiffened Gorfin's backbone. "He came straight to my office," Carter later wrote, "and he was still sweating slightly. Wise was an extremely formidable character, and although Gorfin was free, white, and fifty-five, in that choleric presence he was again the subservient office boy. We advised him to write the



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truth to Wise if he did not, as he insisted, dare to tell him to his face."

The Declaration went on:

> On the morning of the 19th I wired as follows: "IMPOSSIBLE AGREE HBF PROPOSAL. HERBERT." To this wire I received one in reply: "WIRE RECEIVED ANYHOW WE EXPECT YOU TO TEA." To this I again wired: "POSITION IMPOSSIBLE SEEKING INDEPENDENT ADVICE DO NOT EXPECT ME TEA." On Friday I received the following wire: "MR. WISE CANNOT TRAVEL PLEASE COME TODAY YOUR REPUTATION AND POCKET PERFECTLY SAFE."... To this I wired "ARRIVING FOUR O'CLOCK."
>
> At this interview, Mr. Wise at first adopted an extremely spacious attitude. It was so unfortunate that we had seen so little of one another these late years. Why was it, etc. If we can once get over the present little difficulty, there was no reason whatever why we should not again do good business together. He would be quite willing to pay me back whatever sum I had originally paid him for the pamphlets, £400 wasn't it, and as I seemed not to like the idea that I should say I purchased them from H. B. Forman, that little difficulty could be surmounted by our agreeing that . . . it was fully understood all the time that he was acting as the agent of Mr. Forman in the matter. . . . This again I objected to. I informed Mr. Wise that I had purchased all the pamphlets from him direct . . . that I had always regarded them as perfectly genuine and that . . . the potential value of the property was something like £2,000, had they been genuine—as I had every reason to believe when I bought them from him—and that I was now fully convinced that the author of their existence was none other than himself and that I considered I had been disgracefully treated in the matter. . . .
>
> To this Mr. Wise replied he had not £2,000 nor even £200 and then made a remark to the effect "he could of course get young Forman to sell some of these"—waving his hand toward the cases—"but it did not seem any good paying me anything at all, seeing that the pamphlets were now just so much wastepaper," to which opinion Mrs. Wise agreed [and] left the room.
>
> Mr. Wise then made a remark about blackmail, whereupon I indignantly rose to leave. . . . Mr. Wise then asked me whether I was going to "stir up further mud." I protested that "the mud was all of his making and had been stirred up by him," and I left.

Later, Wise cooled down and repeated his offer to Gorfin to buy back the remaining stock of the spurious pamphlets for the four hundred pounds Gorfin had originally paid for them. Gorfin agreed—though he steadfastly refused to support Wise's attempt to make Forman the original source—and the pamphlets were destroyed in the presence of Wise's lawyers.

The Gorfin Mutiny was speedily followed by the Oxford Defection. Soon after the "Enquiry" appeared, Frederick Page, an editor of the Oxford Uni-

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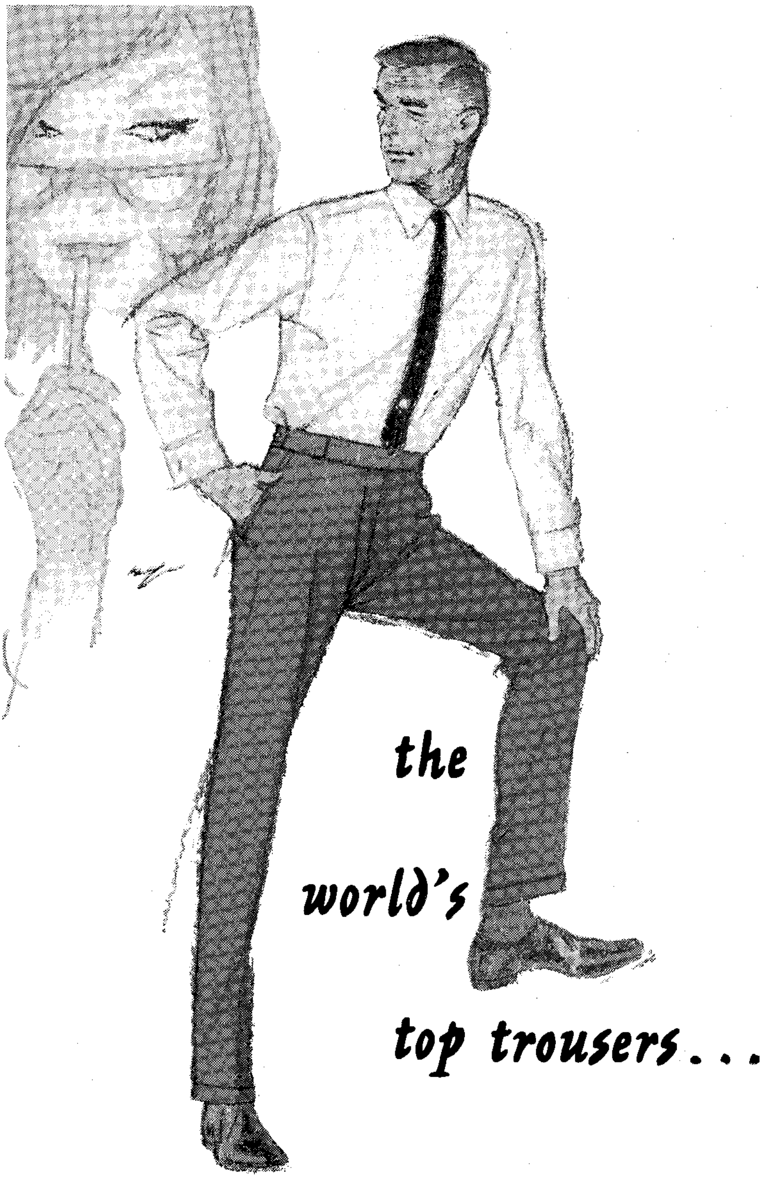

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versity Press, called on Carter and Pollard, revealed that it was he who had written the two letters to the *T.L.S.* that Wise had signed—he had written them, he said, with the "advice" of Humphrey Milford—and demanded to see some affidavits that Gorfin had signed. The affidavits were shown, and Page soon found that the shoe fitted onto his foot, too.

Since Mr. Page seemed genuinely to believe in Wise's innocence [Carter wrote later], we told him enough, in addition to what we had printed, to convince him that he and his advisers were making themselves practically accessories after the fact by their assistance to Wise; and we warned him that if the defence persisted in their behind-the-scenes attempts to discredit Gorfin or continued to throw the whole responsibility for the forgeries on Forman *without offering any evidence to support the alibi,* we should be compelled to publish a few such damaging facts as Wise's attempt to suborn Gorfin's testimony.

The result was that, on July 20th, Mr. Page wrote an agitated letter to Wise of which the gravamen was: "You must *now* realize that Carter and Pollard have you in a cleft stick and that I can give you no other advice in the matter than this: unless you know yourself to be innocent, you have only two alternatives (1) silence (2) a confession. Any lie on your part now means 'mate in two moves.'... You will believe how it grieves me to have to write this."

At last, Wise chose silence, though privately he continued to sneer at "that book," dismissing its authors as "egotistical young idiots" who had "stumbled into a mare's nest." On August 30th the following note from Mrs. Wise appeared in the *T.L.S.:*

> SIR,—I regret to inform you that my husband, Mr. T. J. Wise, as the result of a nervous breakdown more than two years ago, arising from overwork, and the long and painful illness which followed, is utterly unfit to carry on any public correspondence or controversy, and his doctor has strictly forbidden him to do so.

This was an indirect response to a letter from Viscount Esher, a very big gun in collecting circles, that had appeared in the *T.L.S.* the preceding week: "Book collectors throughout the world are still waiting to hear from Mr. Wise an explanation.... Those of us who have bought the forged pamphlets for large sums of money cannot consent to leave the matter where it is." But silence was not enough. A few months later, Lord Aldenham, the president of the Roxburghe Club, asked for an explanation. Wise replied that he would have been suspicious of the fakes if they had all appeared simultaneously; he had been deceived because they had been slipped into

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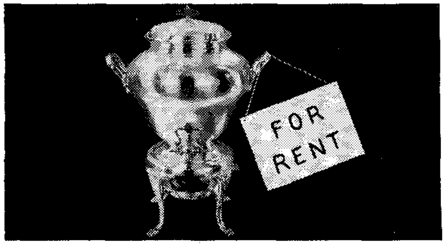

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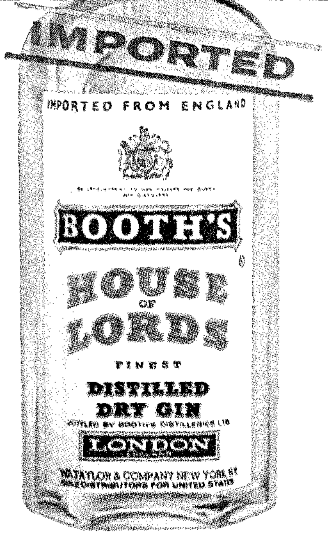
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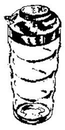

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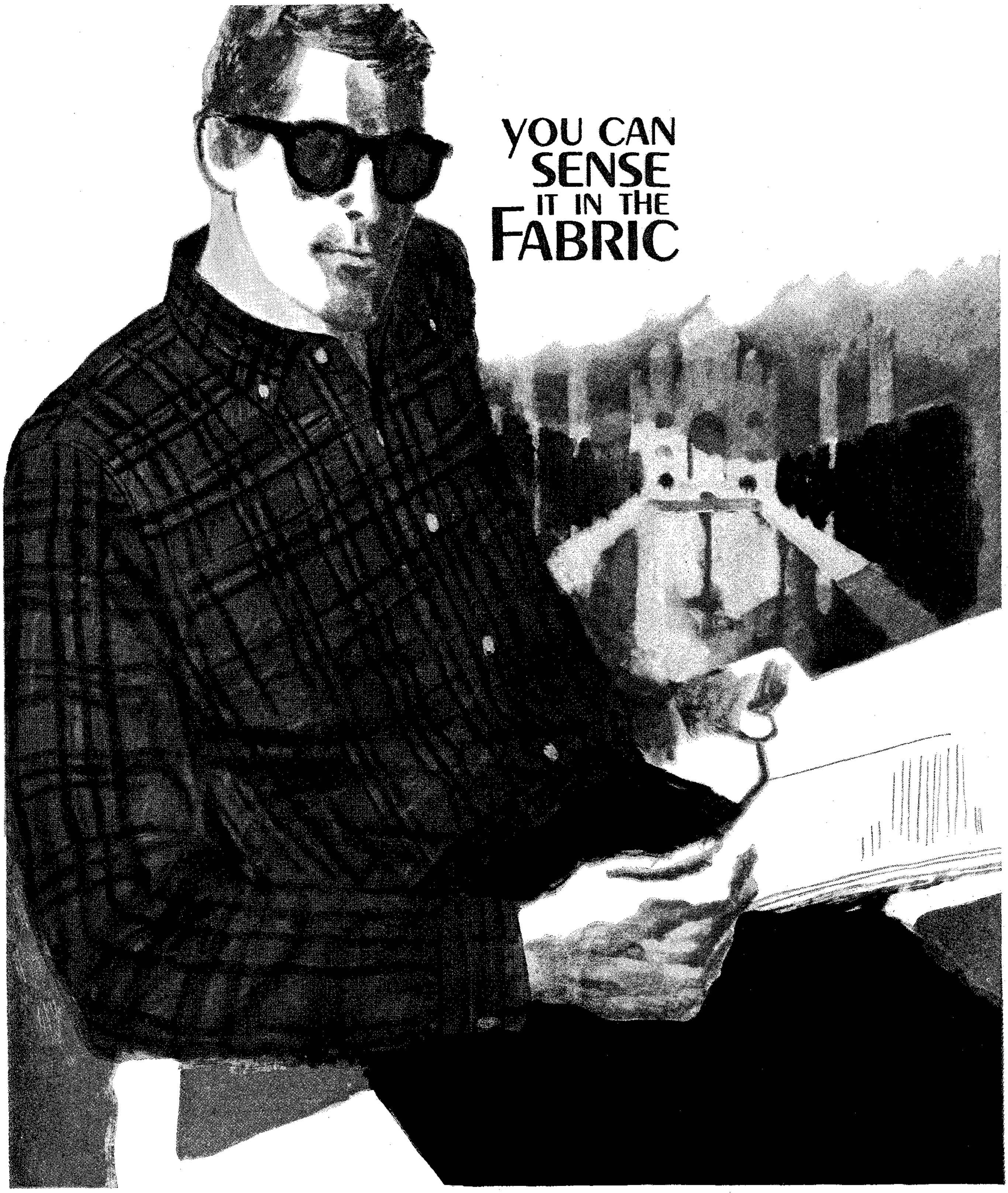

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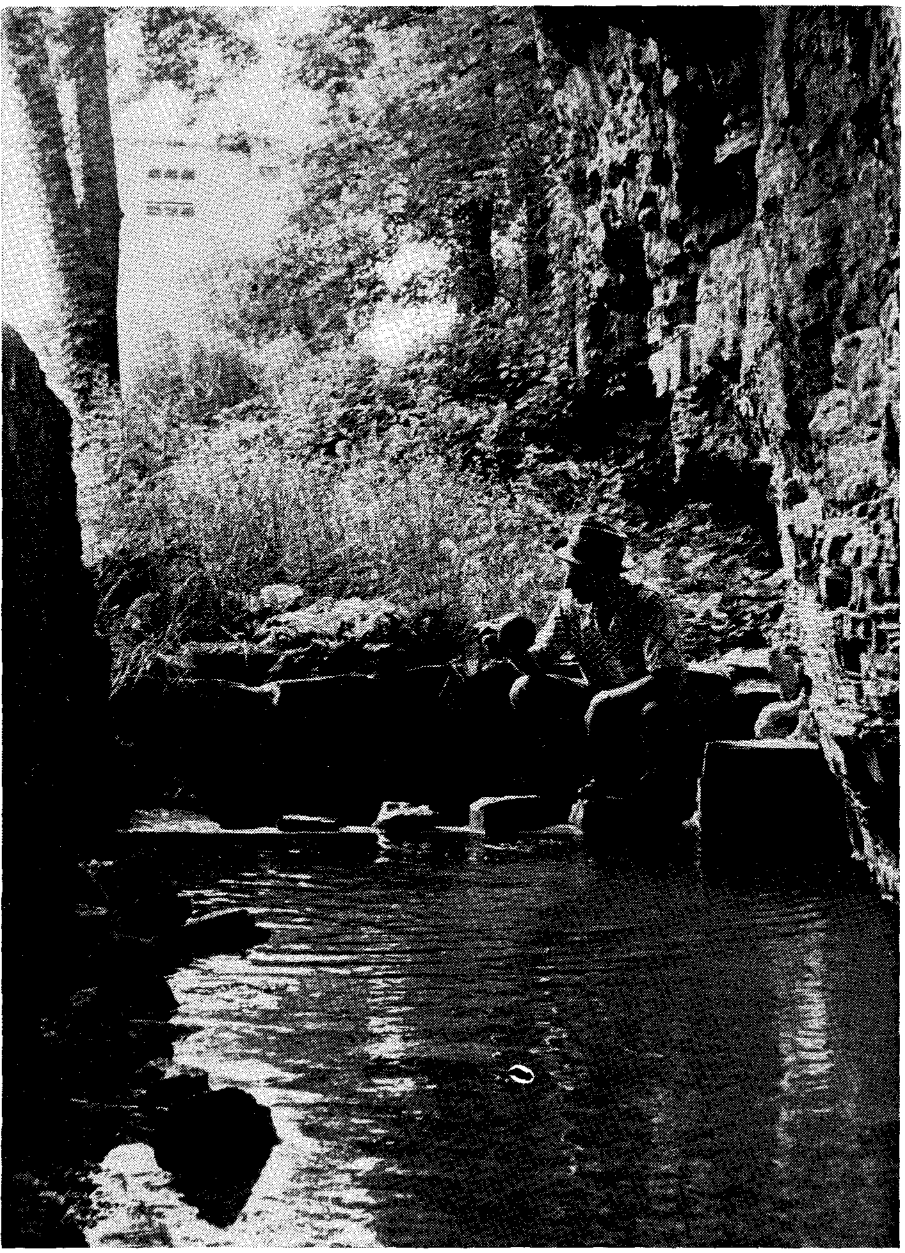
the market over a number of years. It was a good defense, as no one knew better than he, since he had devised the strategy. However, the Roxburghe Club felt that it was, on the whole, desirable that he should resign, and on December 10, 1934, he did so. He explained to Sir Frederick Kenyon and Sir Sidney Cockerell, who had originally proposed him for membership and who now came to him as the President's emissaries, that he was not in good health.

Thomas James Wise was born in Gravesend, near London, in 1859. This is one of the few hard facts about his early life—a subject on which he was not expansive. He claimed relationship, probably wrongly, with a noble Irish family named Wyse. His father was at different times a builder, a tobacconist, and a merchant—Wise always described him simply as "Gentleman"—and died in 1902, leaving his widow an estate of about twenty-five hundred pounds. Wise said sometimes that he had been educated privately and sometimes that he had attended the City of London School, on Milk Street, off Cheapside. (There is no record of his having gone there.) At about sixteen, he got a job as an office boy with H. Rubeck & Co., and at thirty he was Rubeck's chief clerk and cashier, and had become known as one of the shrewdest buyers on the London essential-oil market. In 1906, in partnership with Hermann Rubeck's son, he founded another essential-oil business, which became extremely profitable during the First World War. By the twenties, he was rich and retired.

Wise's success as a "bookman"—as bibliophiles were then called—was even more spectacular. His passion for collecting began early. In 1877, at eighteen, he founded the Ashley Library by buying, for twenty shillings, first editions of Shelley's "The Cenci" and Thomas Moore's "The Epicurean." In 1884, when he was twenty-five, he made his first big plunge, paying forty-five pounds for the Pisa edition of Shelley's "Adonais"—the record price up to then—and a total of forty pounds for two other Shelley items. Wise was always a brilliant operator on the book market, combining audacity and caution in just the right proportions. "I was laughed at," he later reminisced, "by Forman, Furnivall, W. M. Rossetti, and others for giving as much as fifty pounds apiece [the inflation was typical of Wise's way with a fact] for what they called Shelley 'impossibles.' But I backed my own judgment and was sat-



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isfied to wait. For these I could get five hundred pounds and more each today." The three scoffers he mentions indicate that young Tom Wise was accepted, or at least tolerated, in the highest circles of bookmanship. William Michael Rossetti, the brother of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was himself a poet, and also a bookman of note; Frederick James Furnivall was a distinguished scholar, an editor of Chaucer and other early English texts, and an indefatigable founder of bookish societies; Harry Buxton Forman, whom we have already met, was shortly to begin publishing his editions of Keats and Shelley. In 1881, in London, Dr. Furnivall had founded the Browning Society, one of the great prototypes in literary history; soon there were twenty Browning clubs in the British Isles and many more in the United States, all busy discussing the Meaning and the Message of the poet's difficult verses. The young Wise became an extremely active member of the Browning Society as well as of the Shelley Society, which Dr. Furnivall founded in 1886. Wise was devoted, useful, and humble; he never gave a paper at either society.

How a four-pound-a-week clerk was able to lay out forty-five pounds for one book is, like so much else in the life of Thomas James Wise, still a mystery. It is true that he lived at his parents' home and that he was extremely thrifty. (The story is told of how young Wise would return to Rubeck's, after a frugal lunch in an A.B.C. teashop, with a pocketful of lump sugar, which he would deposit in a canister on his desk; the distinction between *meum* and *tuum* was never vivid to him.) It is also likely that he was already making money by dealing in books. Although Wise sold books profitably all his life—even long after he was well-to-do—he never owned up to being a bookseller; it was always a gentlemanly business of a duplicate copy or two he happened to have on hand. The Victorian snobbishness about trade was deep in his nature. The documentation in the "Enquiry" of his extensive dealing probably hurt him almost as much as its exposé of his fakes. And that its authors were booksellers was the final turn of the screw.

"In 1886," writes Wilfred Partington, Wise's biographer, "the Browning Society—apparently at the instigation of their energetic young member, Thomas J. Wise—produced, in an edition of four hundred copies, a 'type-facsimile' reprint of [the first edition of Browning's] *Pauline*." Other Browning facsimiles followed, under the editorship of Wise,

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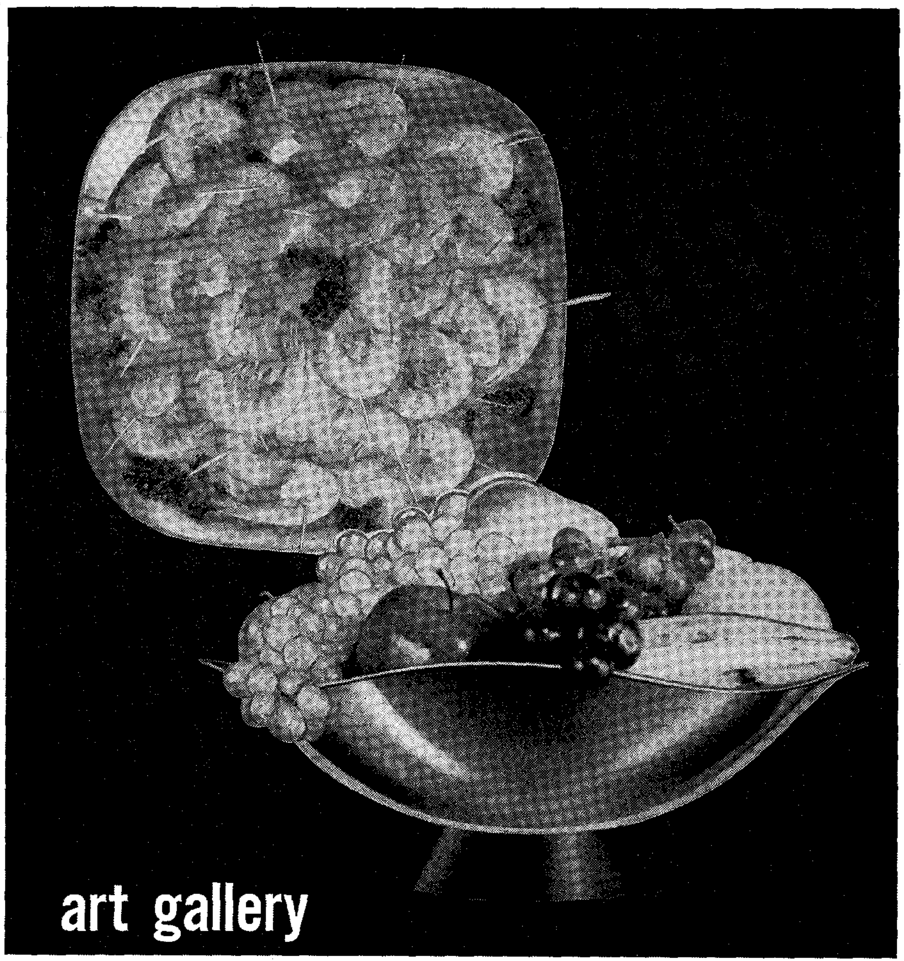
who also produced similar items for the Shelley Society. The facsimiles achieved such a high standard of verisimilitude that unscrupulous dealers began palming them off as genuine. Years later, Wise felt obliged to issue a public warning against "two impudent forgeries" of Shelley firsts: "[They] have been prepared by taking copies of the very close reprints issued by the Shelley Society to its members in 1886, removing my own introductions and then rubbing them in dust to impart an appearance of age. That the result is sufficiently misleading is testified by the fact that among the persons who have fallen victims to the fraud are two of the foremost and most widely experienced antiquarian booksellers in London."

What Wise did not mention was that these faked-up reprints almost surely gave him the idea for his own bogus firsts, which were to the crudities he denounced as a Ph.D. thesis is to a schoolboy composition. The first of these came on the market in 1888, only two years after his facsimile of "Pauline" for the Browning Society, copies of which, as he later complained, were "faked up" and "offered as originals." The last—a Kipling item—was produced in 1899. It was a crucial decade in Wise's life; he was fairly launched as a collector, and the passion was strong on him, but despite the general belief that he was well-to-do, he was not, and he now had a wife to support. John Carter estimates his takings from the forgeries at five hundred pounds a year; he was probably not drawing half that in salary when he began the forgeries. The pamphlets cost him a few shillings each; they sold for as many pounds, and sometimes, as in the case of the "Sonnets," for five or ten times as many pounds. He may also have had less material motives. For one, there was the pleasure of deceiving the bibliophilic Establishment. (Bernard Shaw, who came to know Wise as a fellow-member of the Shelley Society, always insisted that it was all a practical joke, and, in any case, harmless: "Wise humbugged his customers, who richly deserved it; but far from hurting them, he added greatly to their pet pleasure.") For another, there was the prestige that accrued to him as the bibliographer who so often knew about firsts that his rivals had somehow overlooked. To motive may be added opportunity. Wise had learned how to give a period look to typography, and he had established his credit with the London firm of Richard Clay & Sons, which had printed the Browning and Shelley facsimiles, and which was, and is, one of Britain's leading printers. He had also



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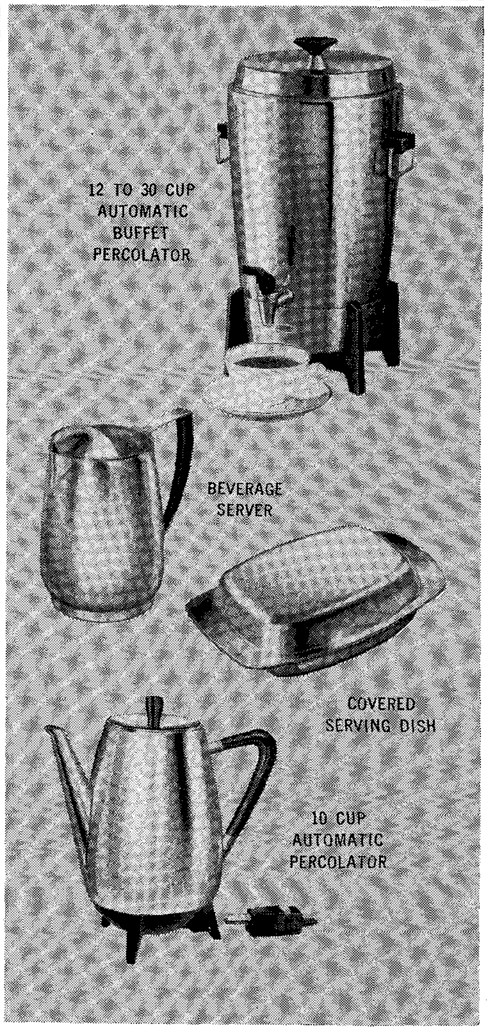
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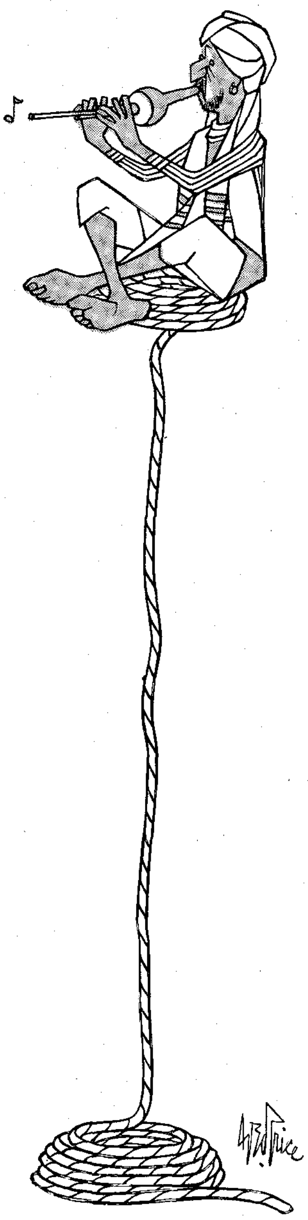

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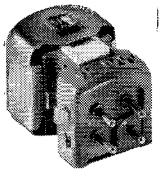

accustomed Clay to printing pre-dated imitations, though it seems likely that someone along the line, perhaps the foreman of the printshop, knew the difference between the facsimiles and the forgeries. Carter and Pollard, forty years later, were unable to learn anything at Clay's; the people who had printed the fakes were all dead, and the firm had no records going back beyond 1911.

Wise was not a forger in the usual sense of the term. Strictly speaking, a forgery is an imitation of something that already exists, and its weakness is that it can be compared with the original. (The authors of the "Enquiry" were not wrong, however, in using the word "forgery." Among its meanings, the Oxford English Dictionary gives "a fraudulent artifice, a deceit.") It is almost impossible to produce an imitation of a literary work of any length that cannot be detected by a strict examination; in the rare-book field forgery is now confined to items a page or two long. It is one more indication of his peculiar genius that Wise avoided this trap. What he did was to take an essay or a long poem from a genuine first edition and print it as a separate, pre-dated pamphlet, which then became the "first." Since nineteenth-century authors often did print such advance pamphlets for their friends, Wise's fakes were not implausible. And since there was no original, detection was extremely difficult until Carter and Pollard came along with their type and paper tests.

The raison d'être of Wise's fabrications was the fact that, beginning in the seventies, book collectors began to be interested in first editions of modern authors. Up to then, they had gone in for "standard" authors like Chaucer or Milton, and they had bothered hardly at all about priority of editions. But the historical sense had finally made itself felt, and collectors had begun to see the present as part of history; they had started collecting Dickens, Tennyson, and Browning, and they had come to demand first editions. To the non-collector, it seems odd that first editions, which lack the author's revisions, would be particularly valuable, but it is just this pristine quality that is fascinating to the historical-minded collector. Whatever the reason, the fact is that a "first" of Swinburne's "Laus Veneris" brought twenty-three pounds ten shillings at Sotheby's in 1897, that the pamphlet's literary value was slight, and that actually it had been manufactured by Wise two or three decades after its alleged date. In his sixty-odd fabrications, and in the some two hundred and fifty gen-

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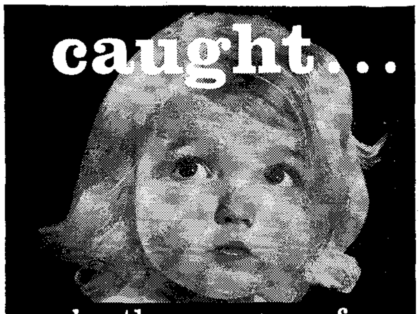

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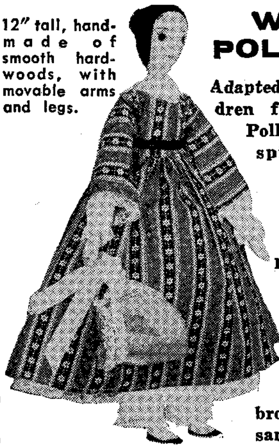

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uine firsts that he ran up from whatever scraps of unpublished material by well-known authors he could lay hands on, Wise exploited the first-edition mania, and did it all the more successfully because he himself was as violently infected with it as any American millionaire.

In 1894, J. H. Slater, an eminent bookman, published the first comprehensive handbook for the new school of book collectors—"Early Editions: A Bibliographical Survey of the Works of Some Popular Modern Authors." It provoked strong reactions from the old school. A review in the *Athenæum* accused Mr. Slater of catering to "the bric-a-brac collector," of having included "no fewer than ten living authors," and of putting his emphasis on writers whose works had small chance of "taking a permanent place in literature." The *Athenæum* had a point: Of Mr. Slater's thirty-two authors, only fourteen have proved "permanent," even including doubtful cases like Morris and Rossetti; the eighteen others are such small deer as Jefferies, Yates, Egan, Lever, Hunt, Lang, and Dobson. The most damaging counterattack, though, was William Roberts' "The First Edition Mania," an article published in Frank Harris's *Fortnightly Review:*

> The craze for first editions . . . may be said by now to have reached its extremest form of childishness. Time was when the . . . first editions in demand were books of importance and books with both histories and reputations, whilst their collectors were scholars and men of judgment. Now, every little volume of drivelling verse becomes an object of more or less hazardous speculation and the book market itself a stock exchange in miniature.

Mr. Roberts went on to comment on "flatulent little *biblia abiblia,*" "rubbishy tracts," and those "too-zealous persons who feed their own vanity by hanging on to the coat-tails of eminent men and claim the title of public benefactors by 'resurrecting' from a well-merited obscurity some worthless tract or obsolete and ephemeral magazine article, and trumpeting it about as a masterpiece."

Wise's response was immediate and effective. Mr. Roberts had been unwise enough to assert not only that the tracts were rubbishy but that their prices were beginning to fall. Prudently ignoring the charge of worthlessness—he was never much interested in the literary value of a rarity—Wise quoted current auction prices to prove that the market was strong. He was even confident enough to cite the satisfactory auction records of several of his own productions. One hardly knows which was

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more remarkable, his boldness or his finesse. For printing his fabrications was the least difficult part of the operation. They had to be discreetly fed into the market, they had to be given some sort of provenance, and their rarity had to be suggested. By the nineties, Wise had achieved a reputation in the bookish world that enabled him to provide his little specialties with the social background they lacked, planting them on booksellers with whom he had dealings, trading them with fellow-bookmen, presenting them to the British Museum or the Bodleian Library, puffing them in a rare-book column he conducted in the *Bookman*, and including them, with appreciative comments, in his bibliographies and in the catalogue of his Ashley Library.

At about the time Wise started producing his bogus first editions, he formed two important and enduring associations—with Edmund Gosse and with John Henry Wrenn. One might call them friendships, and, in fact, they appeared to all three parties concerned to be friendships, though friendship implies candor and disinterestedness.

Edmund Gosse collected books, taught books, wrote books about books, and chronicled in fascinated detail his encounters with writers of books. Bookmanship was in the air, and Gosse, like his American opposite number, William Lyon Phelps, went on from triumph to triumph, which in his case included becoming a knight and the Librarian of the House of Lords. During the last ten years of his life (1918-28), he wrote a weekly article on books for the London *Sunday Times*. "The light which he shed was diffused rather than penetrating," comments the Dictionary of National Biography. His one lasting achievement is his poignant reminiscences of his strange boyhood, "Father and Son."

Wise got to know Gosse in the late eighties. For the next forty years, they worked together, Wise depending on Gosse for literary background and for introductions to scores of his privately printed little "firsts"—the genuine ones, that is—and Gosse depending on his energetic friend for bibliographical *expertise*. It was a fruitful but uneasy relationship. "Wise despised Gosse as soft-headed, lazy, and easily deceived, while Gosse despised Wise as vulgar and uneducated," Graham Pollard has said. "He used to come and see Father *after* dinner," Miss Sylvia Gosse later recalled. The "*after* dinner" is significant. Gosse held a kind of salon, his Sunday Nights, but Wise was never present; his

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name is not in the Book of Gosse, in which Gosse, a great snob, recorded the names of the celebrities who came to his Sunday Nights. Wise's only recognition in any such record came after his death, when A. J. A. Symons, whose book "The Quest for Corvo" had teased out the truth about another mysterious personality of the Gosse-Wise period, wrote in the guestbook of Edmund Gosse's son, Philip:

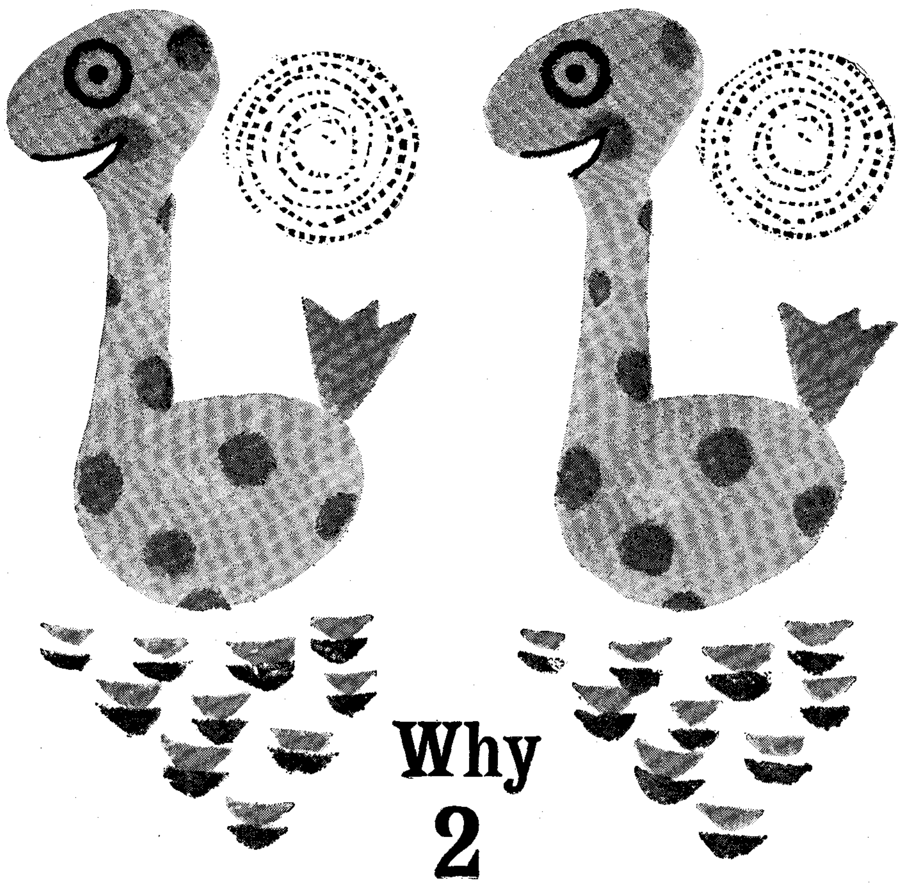
It's nice to give your friends a slight
 surprise,
A Swinburne-Ruskin rarity or so:
And if you fake them, who will ever know?
It's very easy—yes, but is it—wise?

The uneasy relationship continued throughout the lives of Gosse and Wise. In 1924, Gosse was moved to write to his old friend:

> MY DEAR WISE: Let me at once express my horror at finding the author of the *Faerie Queen* called
>
> Spencer
>
> in your proofs, as if he were a cunning bookseller or an effete philosopher. My first idea was that the c was a printer's error, but no! it is repeated. . . .
>
> Now do, I entreat, restore Spenser to his proper spelling. You might as well write
>
> Biron
> Coalridge
> Driden
> Po
> Chawcer
>
> as (oh ye Gods)
>
> SpenCer.

Gosse was seventy-four, Wise sixty-four; there was still a gap. Gosse knew how to spell "Spenser."

Still, the gap was not as significant as the common interests that cemented it over. When Swinburne died, in 1909, he left everything to Theodore Watts-Dunton, who had preserved him for many years in a kind of literary rest-house at No. 2 The Pines, Putney. It was a rich haul; Swinburne had kept everything—all his manuscripts, all his correspondence, even his bills. Wise, who for many years had cultivated a close relationship with Swinburne and Watts-Dunton, at once descended on The Pines, and bought the bulk of the material from Watts-Dunton for about three thousand pounds. Although he complained of Watts-Dunton's commercialism, he didn't do badly. He soon resold fifty of the manuscripts for more than he had paid for the lot. He extracted nine hundred pounds from Heinemann's for publication rights to unpublished material. He also printed privately, in advance of Heinemann, no fewer than seventy-six limited-first-edition Swinburne pamphlets, for which he asked, and got, as much as three to six pounds each. And he still had many



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Swinburne manuscripts and first editions from the poet's extensive collection to adorn his own Ashley Library. It was a great coup, and Gosse was an enthusiastic partner in it, enriching his own library with rarities Wise gave him and writing many a charming introduction to Wise's Swinburne firsts.

It was in 1892 that Wise met his other important associate—John H. Wrenn, of Chicago, a wealthy collector. Wrenn admired Wise's *expertise* and liked him personally; the Wises and the Wrenns soon formed the habit of taking regular holidays together on the Continent. Wise became Wrenn's agent, building up the Chicagoan's library at the same time he was creating his own; it was all done in the most casual, gentlemanly fashion, and Wise doubtless had a real liking for this modest, pleasant, sensible millionaire, whose photograph looks like one's idea of another American millionaire—Mr. Touchett, in James's "Portrait of a Lady." But the main chance was never absent from Wise's thoughts: "Wrenn is worth a thousand pounds a year to me," he confided to Gorfin. Wrenn got good value for his money; the Wrenn Library—six thousand volumes that cover the whole range of English literature and are valued at many times the price at which Wise's shrewd buying got them—is now a chief glory of the library of the University of Texas. Among the books that Wise bought for his friend was a complete set of his fakes, one by one. This, too, is now a glory of the university's library (even the British Museum doesn't have a complete run), which in 1959 celebrated the centenary of Wise's birth with appropriate ceremonies: an address (on April 1st) by John Carter; a comprehensive exhibition of Wiseiana; and a 128-page Wise supplement to the winter issue of the *Texas Quarterly*. After the "Enquiry" appeared, many collectors junked their copies of the forgeries, but the more imaginative held on to them. In recent years, the prices of Wise forgeries have often run to five or ten times as much as they fetched when everybody thought them genuine. Few collectors, for instance, are now interested in Robert Louis Stevenson, but Wise's fake Stevenson "firsts" command a high price as *curiosa*. Maurice Pariser, a Manchester lawyer and city councillor who has been buying everything he can connected with Wise ever since the "Enquiry" was published, seldom feels able to afford a forgery, so great is the competition from other collectors—Columbia University, among them. No graduate course in the Wise Forgeries has yet been an-

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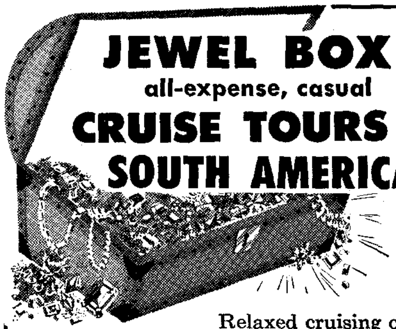

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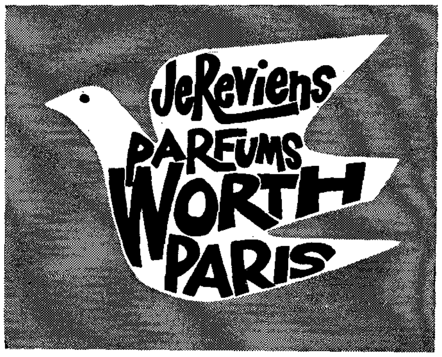

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nounced, but questions on them have been set in examinations at the London School of Librarianship.

WHEN Wise first began to issue his bibliographies, at the end of the last century, they were novel and exciting, because of the abundance of information they contained. As an omnivorous collector of minutiae and a garrulous retailer of anecdotes, Wise has had no rivals, before or since, and the range of his curiosity was extraordinary. But by the twenties bibliography, like other fields, was being invaded by experts—hardheaded young specialists, whose reaction to Wise's plentiful facts was not "How interesting!" but, rather, "How interesting if true!" This was a question that Wise was not prepared for, and, indeed, could scarcely conceive of; he took the line that if T. J. Wise said something, it was true, and he felt no obligation to give his source or to listen to later arguments.

This was an attitude that could—and did—lead to trouble. In 1920, Mrs. Flora Livingston, of the Widener Library, at Harvard, printed a pamphlet in which she took issue with some points in Wise's newly published Swinburne bibliography and—even worse—added some material he had overlooked. Wise reacted characteristically: "A thoughtless suggestion was made by Mrs. Livingston in her hopelessly ill-informed and misleading pamphlet." Nor was he pleased when, in her 1927 Kipling bibliography, she proved that two firsts that had theretofore been accepted largely on Wise's authority (they were his own fabrications) were piracies. "An ignorant, ill-informed person," he grumbled. But he later revised his Ashley catalogue. A few years later, Mrs. Livingston made a small but important contribution to the "Enquiry." The authors knew that the Widener Library had a copy of the Reading "Sonnets," and when they decided to analyze the paper, they wrote Mrs. Livingston: "We need a piece of paper from that book—it can be merely the size of a pinhead." She sent it to them: "I have had the courage to trim off a little slip of paper from the bottom of a badly folded leaf of the 'Sonnets.' It will never show, and if it does, no one will know the who or why." Such are the perils of snubbing even a librarian.

To Wise, bibliography was a means, not an end, which explains why he often sacrificed the interests of scholarship to ends of his own. For instance, instead of putting the unpublished Swinburne material that he brought away from The Pines into a single volume, which

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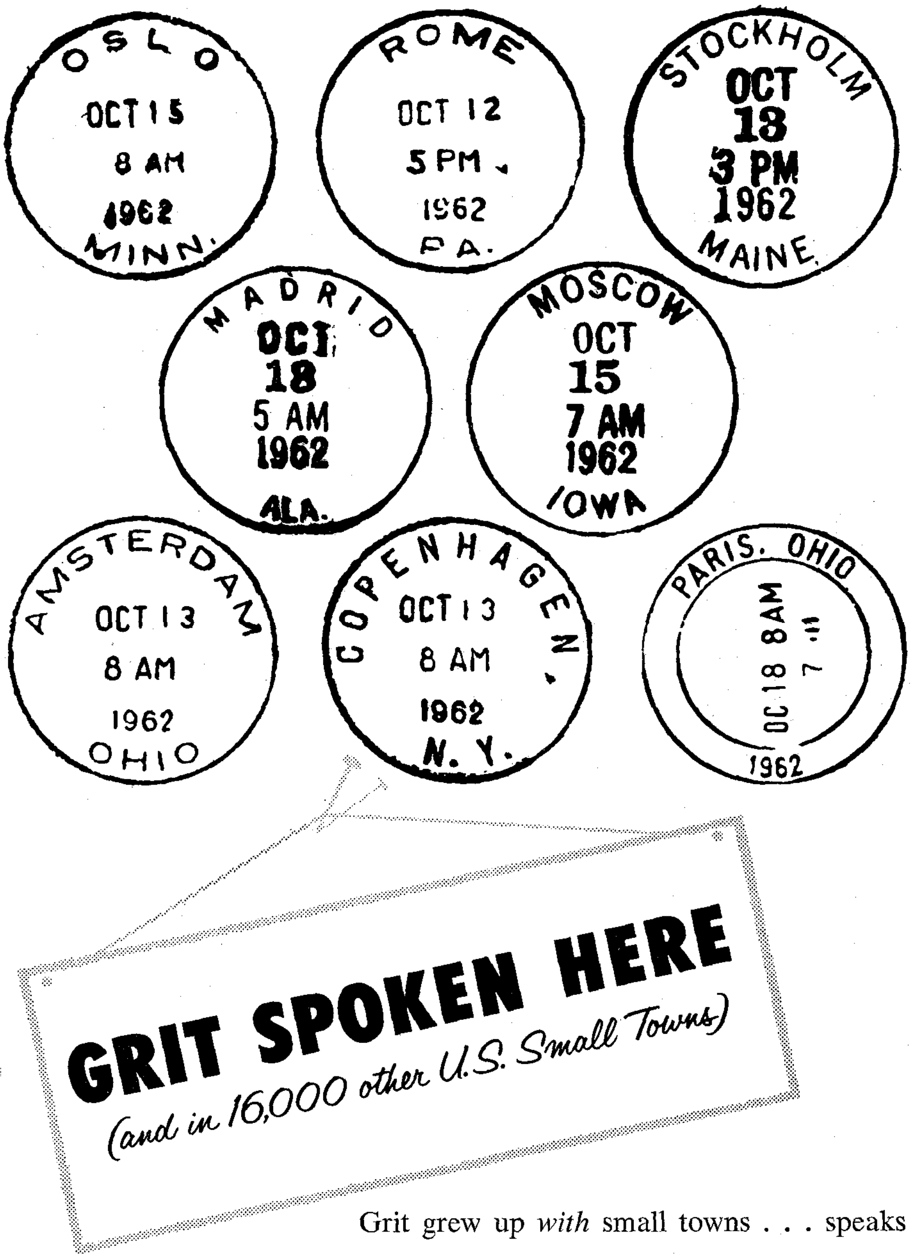

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would have spared scholars a considerable amount of trouble, he published all those first-edition pamphlets—more interesting (and profitable) from a bookman's point of view. Also frustrating to scholars was his habit of dismembering manuscripts and inserting a leaf in each copy of a printed pamphlet, so as to make it an "association item." The manuscript of Swinburne's important "Essay on Blake" (1868) was thus broken up and scattered among twenty-five of the Swinburne pamphlets—"to add a bit to their value," Wise explained. Similarly, when Wise and Clement K. Shorter, another bookman with an eye for the market, bought a brown paper parcel full of early Brontë manuscripts and letters from Charlotte's husband, they split up the manuscript of "The History of Angria"—a fantasy that Charlotte and her brother, Branwell, had written as children—and gave away, sold, or traded the *membra disjecta.* The result was that when Wise came to edit, with John Alexander Symington, the twenty-one-volume Shakespeare Head edition of the Brontës, they were unable to give the complete text of "The History of Angria." Wise the dealer had outsmarted Wise the scholar.

It wasn't all commercialism. There was a large admixture of simple ignorance. One of the posthumous Swinburne firsts that Wise and Gosse published was "Border Ballads" (1909, edition limited to twenty copies), which included a ballad entitled "Duriesdyke." In 1915, Wise published another Swinburne first, "Lady Maisie's Bairn and Other Poems," also limited to twenty copies. In 1922, Constance Rummons, in *Poet Lore*, hypothesized on purely internal evidence that the title poem of the latter was actually the conclusion of "Duriesdyke." In 1958, Anne Henry, who was then a research assistant at the Houghton Library at Harvard, proved by comparing the two manuscripts that Miss Rummons had been correct. Between them, Wise and Gosse had somehow got the manuscripts mixed up and had made two poems out of one. "This is too clumsy to be a hoax," Miss Henry wrote in the *Harvard Library Bulletin.* "It is more likely, given their egregiously shoddy and cavalier procedure in editing, that they did not notice the resemblance between the two." It was the present speaking to the past, the scrupulous, carefully trained bibliographer of today addressing the old-style bookmen who made up in charm (Gosse) or dogmatism (Wise) what they lacked in scholarship. Nowadays there is always someone around, like

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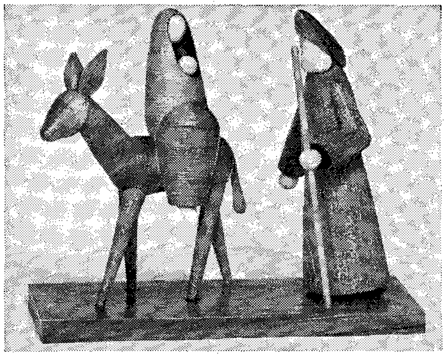

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THE last decades of Wise's long life were, except for the very end, happy and peaceful ones. He had pretty much stopped buying books after 1910, because American competition began to drive prices to what he considered fantastic heights. The last of his genuine firsts appeared in 1921. He had run out of material, he was rich, and he was now ready to devote himself to his *magnum opus*—the catalogue of the Ashley Library. Its eleven volumes appeared between 1922 and 1936. The preface to the last was written by Arundell Esdaile, of the British Museum. Two sentences, undoubtedly innocent, are noteworthy: "Bibliography is the new tool which the last two generations have forged for the better understanding of books. It is not a small credit that Mr. Wise has played some part in forging the tool and exemplifying in one of the richest fields what use it can be put to."

In 1937, three years after the "Enquiry" was published, Wise died. According to one account, it was a true bookman's death—the result of a stroke brought on by a fall from a ladder in his library. Someone asked him on his deathbed about the forgeries, and he is said to have replied, "It's all too complicated to go into now." Like Conrad's Nigger of the Narcissus, he kept his secret to the end. His estate came to a hundred and thirty-eight thousand pounds, not including the Ashley Library, which was the main asset. Its only rivals among private collections were those of American millionaires, like Morgan and Huntington, who could buy anything they fancied, including advice. Wise provided that the Library was to be sold by the executors "in whatever manner they think fit except that I forbid them to consign it to the United States for sale at auction there." A codicil directed them to offer it first to the British Museum. One may guess that Wise wanted the Museum to have it—as much for his as for the Museum's glory—but that he simply couldn't bring himself to give something for nothing. The prize did finally go to the British Museum; Mrs. Wise and the executors, who were quite properly and naturally concerned to whiten his somewhat begrimed sepulchre, accepted its bid of some sixty thousand pounds—about half of what had been offered by several rare-book dealers—and the Ashley Library is now installed in a handsome room of its own.

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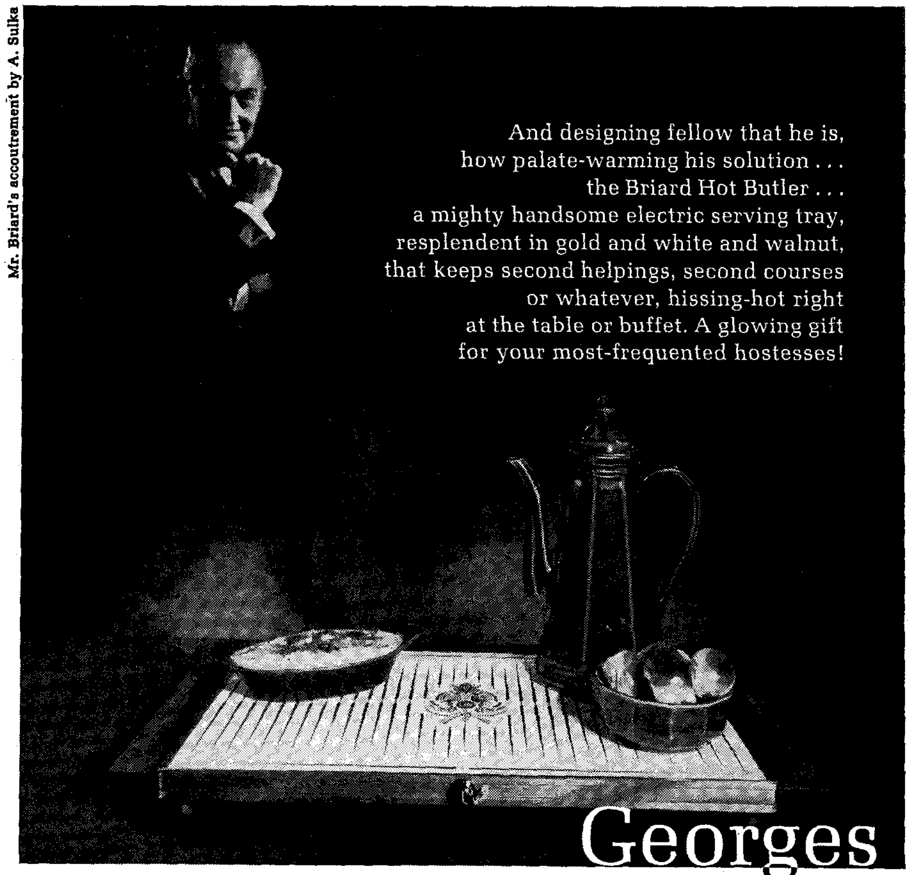

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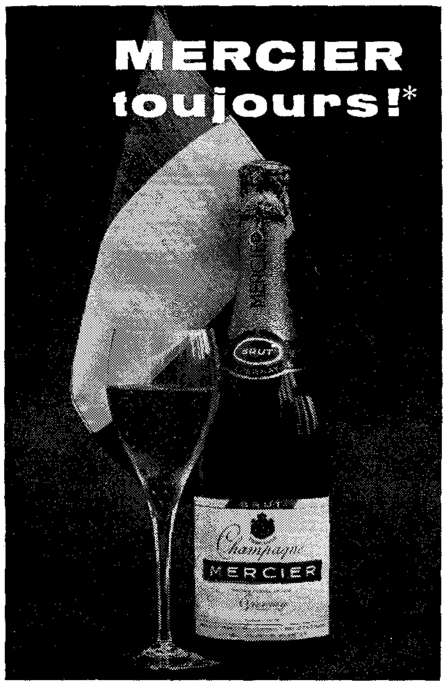
two hundred of the items listed in the catalogue were missing; even in the last years of his life Wise had been selling his books when the price was right. The British Museum was lucky; the missing items did not amount to much considering the value of the collection. Had Wise been around at the final delivery of his books, it might have been otherwise. The late Mr. Mudie of Quaritch's—no one seems to remember his first name; he was simply, and formidably, "Mr. Mudie"—had an unsettling experience when he and Wise were called in after Forman's death to appraise his library. Mr. Mudie was short and stocky, like Wise, and as they were fumbling for their overcoats he put on Wise's by mistake. He was puzzled to find a little book in the pocket; he pulled it out and was still more bewildered to see that it was a manuscript Shelley notebook. "Were you taking that home?" he asked Wise as they exchanged coats. "Thought I'd look it over," Wise explained, flustered for only a moment. "Quite forgot I had it." He replaced it, chuckling genially. Later, when Forman's books were auctioned, Jerome Kern paid eight thousand dollars for it.

There was, however, one great shock in store for the British Museum—a delayed-action mine that was not touched off for twenty years. In his biography of Wise, published in 1946, Wilfred Partington had written in all innocence: "Many of the Museum's rare Elizabethan first editions, copies of which Wise possessed in superb condition, were very much the worse for wear—hence the desire of the authorities to secure the Ashley Library's specimens." It was ten years later that the reason for the poor condition of the Museum's copies—and for the superb condition of Wise's—was discovered. In the October 19, 1956, issue of the *Times Literary Supplement*, D. F. Foxon, a young member of the Museum's staff, published an article entitled "Another Skeleton in Thomas J. Wise's Cupboard." What with the war, and one thing and another, the Museum had only just got around to a systematic examination of the Ashley Library. It had been known from the start that many of Wise's copies of seventeenth-century plays were "made-up," or "sophisticated"—i.e., copies that had originally had pages missing had been made complete by the addition of pages from other copies. This is a common practice among rare-book dealers, and there is nothing wrong with it if the "sophistication" is not concealed; the missing leaves are normally taken from another incomplete copy—as in the "cannibalizing" of automo-



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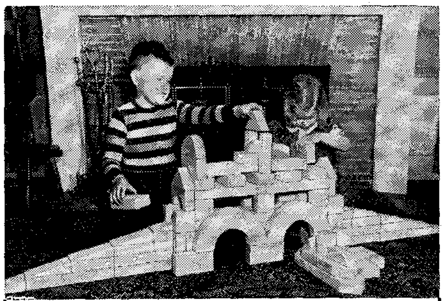

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biles—and the collector can harmlessly rejoice in a complete text. In collating one of the Ashley plays—appropriately, it was Ben Jonson's "The Case Is Altered"—Mr. Foxon noticed that on five pages "the head and tail of each leaf [had been] restored in pen-and-ink facsimile." Still nothing out of the way. The art of sophistication includes adding new paper to cropped margins, and even, if some of the type has been cut away, drawing in missing letters; this can be done so skillfully that only an expert eye can detect the work—to such lengths is craftsmanship prepared to go to gratify the vanity of bookmanship. But Foxon remembered that one of the Museum's two copies of "The Case Is Altered" was also severely cropped. He looked it up and found that five leaves were missing; these were the same ones that had been so skillfully restored in the Ashley copy. He then looked up the Museum's other copy and found that it had been robbed of its last two leaves; rust marks on the last two leaves of the Ashley copy corresponded to rust marks on the last remaining leaf of the Museum copy. "This discovery," Foxon wrote, "started a search that revealed forty-seven thefts from the Museum's seventeenth-century plays of which thirty could be associated with the Ashley copies, while some at least of the others can be tentatively linked with copies handled by Thomas J. Wise in the course of his fairly extensive trade in rare books." Three years later, a more nearly complete census of the Museum's defective copies of Elizabethan and Jacobean plays had raised the total of Wise's depredations. "Wise is directly associated with some 90 per cent of the thefts," Mr. Foxon noted in "Thomas J. Wise and the Pre-Restoration Drama," a monograph published by the Bibliographical Society in 1959.

Once again, the two detective-story questions—opportunity and motive—arose. The first was easily disposed of by Foxon. The plays that Wise pillaged were not then, as they are now, locked up and issued only to readers whose names are recorded. It was probable, Foxon wrote, that Wise "was treated with a certain amount of fear and respect by junior members of the staff and this would have helped him to secure a good deal of privacy." The question of motive was not so simple. Foxon estimated that if Wise had bought perfect copies of the plays he cannibalized from the Museum, he would have had to spend about two hundred and fifty pounds, which was not a great sum for Wise during the period when the thefts were committed—from the late nineties

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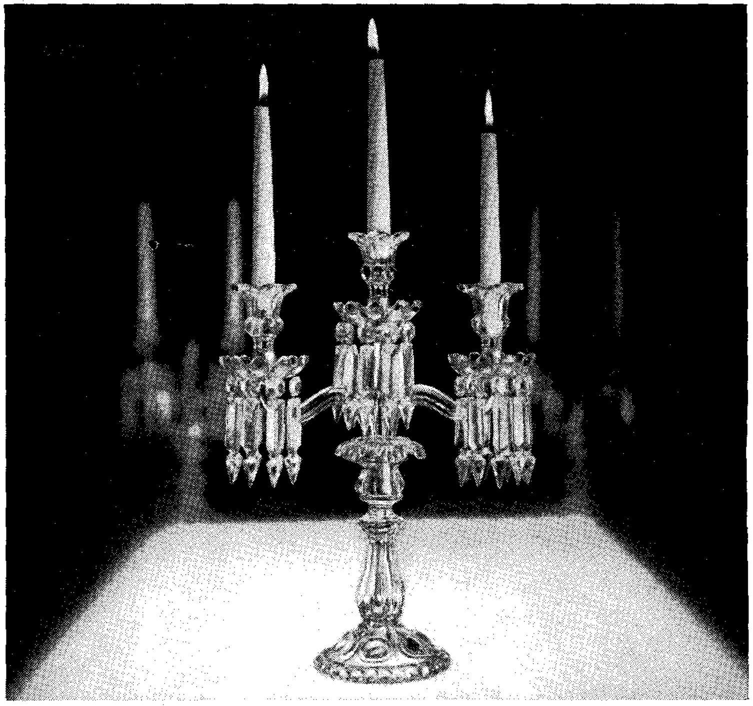

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until about 1903. "To the outsider," Mr. Foxon concludes, "it would seem that the risks involved bear no relation to the profit and that financial gain is not a rational motive. . . . Clearly there are irrational motives at work which are beyond the scope of this inquiry."

ONE of the most interesting mysteries of the many that Thomas J. Wise left behind him is how he was able to get away with his extremely practical jokes for so long. It is odd that the publication date of the "Enquiry" should be 1934. One might have expected 1914, or even 1904. For some of Wise's forgeries were exposed—though without involving him—even before he finished producing the series. In 1898, for instance, the well-known Edinburgh publishing house of T. & A. Constable wrote to the *Athenæum* about "a pamphlet, at present being offered for sale at extraordinary prices, entitled 'Some College Memories,' by Robert Louis Stevenson." Constable, which had printed what had previously been considered the first edition, gave some cogent reasons for considering the pamphlet "merely a pirated reprint, of which the sale is illegal." "Messrs. Constable are, we fancy, in error," replied the editors loftily. "We are informed by a bibliographer of note that he has seen one copy of the grey pamphlet bearing an inscription of some length in Stevenson's handwriting, which he is persuaded is quite genuine." After further discussion, Wise—who was almost certainly the "bibliographer of note"—finally weighed in with a long letter that concluded, "Fortunately, the position of that book is unassailable, and its validity is beyond dispute." But doubts continued to arise in the correspondence columns of the *Athenæum*, and "Some College Memories," which had fetched twelve pounds at auction in 1897, never rose above six pounds in the succeeding twenty years. No one has ever found that "inscription of some length in Stevenson's handwriting."

A much more serious attack on Wise's specialties—so serious, indeed, that Wise prudently didn't answer it—was launched in the same year by a leading American dealer named George D. Smith. In the eighth number of his *Price Current of Books*, he published an unsigned note:

> There is an uneasy feeling among collectors on this side regarding the numerous little privately printed pamphlets by celebrated modern authors which are being offered from England. Grave suspicions are entertained that some of these are being manufactured—but that these suspicions are well grounded cannot be said.

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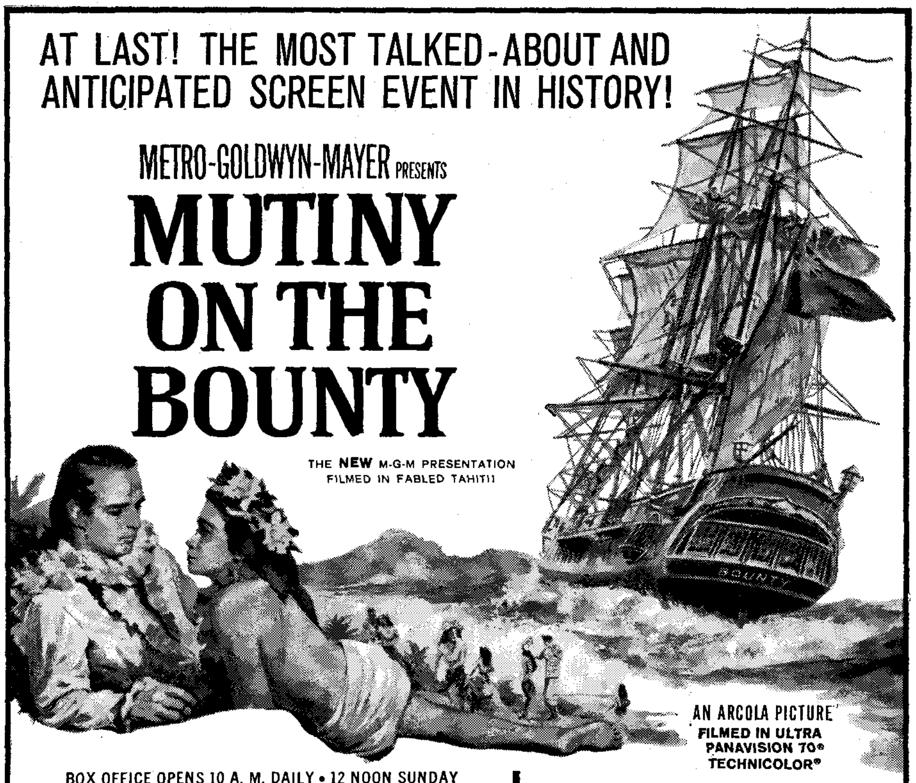
One thing is certain, however, the rarity of these ephemera has been much exaggerated. Maybe "The Last Tournament" by Tennyson *is* worth $300, but it is curious that every Tennyson collector of note has been supplied with one lately!

"The Last Tournament" was a Wise forgery; that every notable Tennyson collector had been provided with a copy is typical of his efficient business methods. Three years later, a surer note appeared in another of Smith's publications, the *Literary Collector*. The pamphlets, it said, "are easy of fabrication and we believe them to have been fabricated." The secret was leaking out, men in the trade had begun to have suspicions, which they were expressing in the auction room. While suspicions were not proof—Wise's little specialties continued to circulate for another thirty-odd years—Mr. Smith's 1898 paragraph seems to have convinced Wise that the risks were becoming too great; at any rate, his last production was a Kipling item in the following year. The ground swell of doubt continued to heave uneasily. In 1903, Cook and Wedderburn, in their edition of Ruskin, demonstrated by textual analysis that two Ruskin firsts were in fact bogus and two more were highly suspicious. (All four were products of the Wise atelier.) In 1910, in the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, A. W. Pollard, writing on "Bibliography," concluded a paragraph warning collectors about fakes: "The type-facsimile forgeries are mostly of short pieces by Tennyson, George Eliot and A. C. Swinburne, printed (or supposed to have been printed—for it is doubtful if some of these 'forgeries' ever had any originals) for circulation among friends. These trifles should never be purchased without a written guarantee."

One can only speculate as to how much Wise was bothered by these shots in the dark. His nerves were admirably steady, at least in the beginning. In 1888, he had written the aged Robert Browning that he had just discovered a previously unknown first edition, dated 1849, of Mrs. Browning's "The Runaway Slave." "I never heard of a separate publication, and am pretty certain such a circumstance never happened," the poet replied. "I fear this must be 'a fabricated affair.' " This was discouraging, since the pamphlet was one of Wise's first essays in forgery, but he had confidence in his product, and he sent Browning a copy for inspection. The poet, who was something of a bookman himself, wrote back, "The respectability of the Publisher and Printer is a guarantee that nothing surreptitious has been done." That the respectable pub-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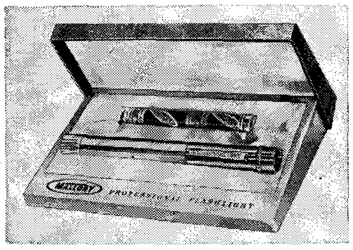

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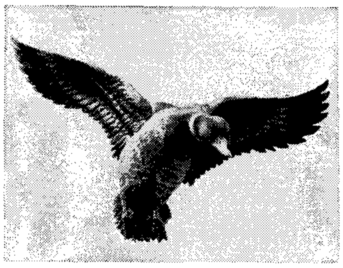

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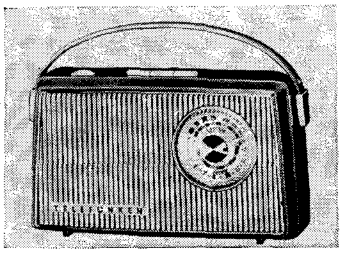

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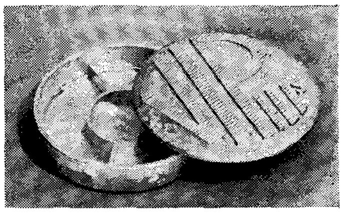

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lisher's name that Wise had been at pains to put in could be printed as easily as the name of a disreputable one doesn't seem to have occurred to Browning. Wise boldly included both letters in his Ashley catalogue, as he included, in the edition of Swinburne's letters that he and Gosse edited, two notes written to him by Swinburne, also in that same year, 1888, in which he began his fabrications. The young Wise had "found" another hitherto unknown first—"Cleopatra," 1866—and had presented a copy to the author, with a note suggesting that it was of great value. Swinburne was grateful: "I am almost equally distressed and gratified by the extravagance of your kindness in sending me the little *Cleopatra*. . . . Seven guineas! Heaven and Earth! It would have been dear at as many shillings and not cheap at as many pence." Swinburne was also a sophisticated bookman, and he was suspicious about his young friend's find: "I am quite certain, quite positive, that I never set eyes on the booklet before, nor heard of its existence." Of sterner stuff than Browning, he later repeated this denial rather desperately—his young friend had been persistent. Nevertheless, in his "Bibliography of Swinburne," published nine years after the subject was dead, Wise wrote, "Clearly Swinburne did authorise the issue of the pamphlet," adding paternally, "Swinburne's memory was not always to be relied upon where the history of his own writings was concerned." Poets will be poets.

PROVIDENCE, which had watched over Wise for most of his life, continued to watch over him, though with a blink or two, after his death. He was a voluminous writer of letters and memoranda, and although he culled out and destroyed a great deal, a great deal survives. The Wise manuscripts are often written, thriftily, on the backs of bills, circulars, and even samples of wallpaper. There are quantities of Wise letters in the libraries of Texas and Rutgers, in the Brotherton Collection at the University of Leeds, and in the library of Mr. Pariser of Manchester. These have yielded many interesting sidelights but no positive evidence of his guilt. The disappearance of Clay's pre-1911 business records blocked one obvious line of inquiry. Another was stopped when Wise's widow burned all the letters and manuscripts in her possession. A third loss was that of the papers left by Herbert Gorfin. When Gorfin died, in 1941, Carter wrote to his sisters offering to buy those of his papers that related to Wise; he added—imprudent-

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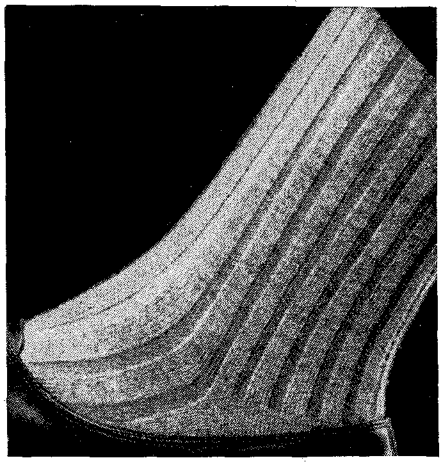

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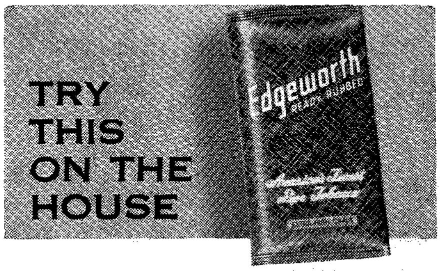

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ly, as it turned out—that "such papers of course have no commercial value" but were perhaps of scholarly interest. Miss L. M. Gorfin replied that she had decided to keep Wise's correspondence with her brother's private papers. Carter wrote back that he was glad to hear it and that he trusted she intended to preserve the papers permanently. In 1947, he wrote Miss Gorfin again, saying, "I am anxious not to lose touch with this material." She answered that she still had the papers, though several people had been "after them," and went on to complain that she and her sister were poor and that it was all Wise's fault (and "yours," she might have added). This stimulated Carter—who was more and more getting into the position of the hero of "The Aspern Papers"—to write a long letter offering to buy the material and reminding Miss Gorfin that he and Pollard had always maintained that her brother was innocent. No reply. Another letter the following year. Again no reply. A last try in 1950, and this time an immediate response, to the effect that she had burned the papers "as advised they had no monetary value to anyone as you told me." The correspondence ends with a stern valedictory from Carter: ". . . greatest possible disservice to your brother's memory." What the papers might have done to Wise's memory is problematical. Since Gorfin was a dupe rather than an accomplice, Wise would not have written him anything overtly incriminating. But he may have inadvertently let a cat or two out of his capacious bag. We shall never know.

There does exist one scrap of direct evidence, which was preserved by chance and discovered by chance. Gabriel Wells, the New York bookseller, in his pamphlet defending Wise, was able to charge Carter and Pollard with only one specific error, or at least did charge only one; they had attributed an article on Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" to Wise, and Wells said that it had actually been written by Forman. Wells was right, but it was a super-Pyrrhic victory. In 1935, William A. Jackson, who was then librarian for a New York stockbroker and collector named Carl Pforzheimer and is now head of the Houghton Library at Harvard, read the Wells pamphlet, and it reminded him that Wells had bought the corrected proofs of the Forman article for Pforzheimer. Jackson looked for the proofs and found them. He also found in the same packet a letter to Wise from Forman objecting to Wise's habit of stating in his pamphlet firsts—the genuine ones, that is—that "a few" copies had been

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"...or co-uld it be-ee his Louis Roth Suit?"

printed, instead of giving the exact number. "There is *more than an appearance* of dishonesty," wrote Forman. "Printing 30 (more or less) you want someone to think you only print 10 or 12." It was a mild enough complaint, but it irritated Wise. "Quite so," he had written on the margin of Forman's letter, which he had returned to him with comments, as was his lordly and economical custom. "Quite so. And we print 'Last Tournament' in 1896 and want 'someone to think' it was printed in 1871! *The moral position is exactly the same!*"

The publishing history of this find illustrates an aspect of the rare-book world to which Wise was no stranger: the delights and privileges of ownership. Mr. Pforzheimer showed—in strict confidence—his vicarious discovery to John Carter and to Fannie Ratchford, librarian of the Wrenn Collection at the University of Texas, who was preparing a massive volume of Wise's letters to Wrenn. They besought him to make the letter public, and Mr. Jackson (who had, after all, found it) added his voice, but for the next ten years the proud possessor kept it locked up in his library as a pasha might immure a beauty in his seraglio. Not until he had thoroughly exhausted the pleasures of private possession did Mr. Pforzheimer decide to enjoy the pleasures of publication. He issued the letter in a slender and elegant volume entitled "Between the Lines," which he allowed the University of Texas Press to publish in 1945. Exhibiting a nice, if peculiar, sense of humor, he asked Miss Ratchford to edit the pamphlet and Mr. Carter to write a postscript. Miss Ratchford had just published her volume of Wise letters, to which the one to Forman would have been a splendid capstone, but, with whatever feelings, she agreed. Mr. Carter also agreed to write the postscript, and did so, on November 23, 1944, as follows:

> By the courtesy of Mr. Pforzheimer the papers here reproduced were shown to the writer in March, 1935, with the stipulation that the contents remained unpublishable pending their owner's decision. That decision has now been made, and no one will greet it with warmer applause than one who has been constantly advocating it for ten years.
>
> It may perhaps be suggested, by some who read these papers for the first time, that the withholding of evidence in so grave a matter as the responsibility for a fraud has not only obscured the face of truth and handicapped the progress of scholarship, but has even denied to innocent purchasers of the forgeries the grounds for legal action against their perpetrator, who lived for more than two years after the discovery of this decisive

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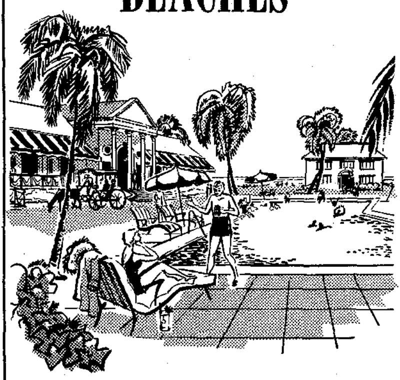

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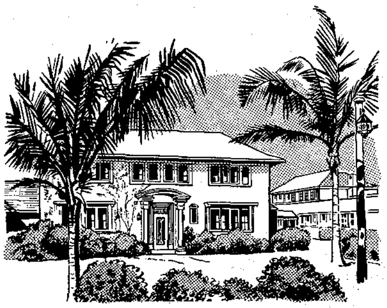

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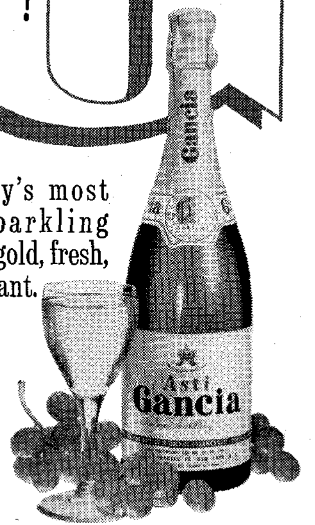

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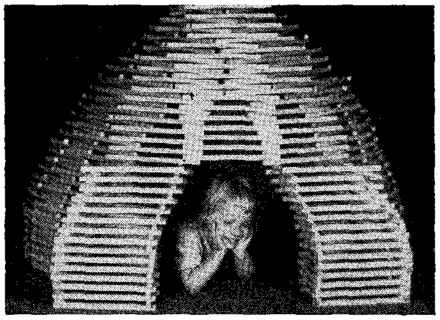

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evidence. It may also possibly be maintained that publication of these papers during Wise's lifetime would inevitably have elicited from him, if not a full confession, at least some statement which would have thrown a more sustained light (now lost forever) on the forgeries affair in general and particularly on the relationship between Wise and Forman—so important and, on the present evidence, so nebulous.

Propositions such as these, however, ignore one cardinal principle: that a man has a right to do what he likes with what he owns. These papers are Mr. Pforzheimer's legal property, and his obligations to the rest of the world in respect of them—to scholarship, to literary history, to bibliographers, to book-collectors—have therefore been throughout a matter solely and entirely for his own judgment. That his scruples about publication have seemed in general to benefit Wise rather than those who, both in England and America, have been investigating Wise's operations, is not, therefore, a matter for discussion. They, like other interested persons all over the world, will be duly grateful, as they read these fascinating and significant documents, that Mr. Pforzheimer has (in his own words) "at length decided to consent to their publication."

Perhaps Carter had in mind, in this exercise in sub-acid irony, the celebrated letter Dr. Johnson wrote to Lord Chesterfield, another man of wealth who had presumed a little too much. The noble lord did not reply to Johnson and displayed the letter conspicuously on his library table, urging his visitors to admire its power of expression. Mr. Pforzheimer's reaction was less prudent and was not at all in the grand style. He was in fact furious and showed it, writing to Carter that the postscript was entirely out of keeping with what he had in mind and enclosing a check for fifty dollars. Carter returned the check, writing amicably that he was "just as well pleased that your book should come out without my name being connected with it, since this will allow me to comment on its contents more fully and freely elsewhere." Mr. Pforzheimer closed the correspondence with an even angrier letter accusing Carter of having betrayed his confidence—a charge not explained—and of showing in general a most unwarranted and reprehensible attitude. It might be added that the fact that the Forman letter fell into the grasp of the dilatory and secretive Mr. Pforzheimer was one more instance of the benevolence with which Providence seems to have watched over T. J. Wise.

"WISE's greed for bibliographic dainties was like a gourmand's for food—something a little repulsive, really," John Carter has remarked. There is something monstrous—and irrational—in any *expertise* carried so

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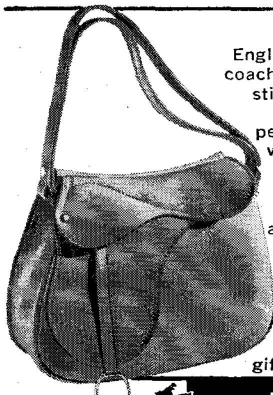

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far that power and display are substituted for enjoyment. Wise was a man of slight literary sensibility. A volume of his own poetry, called "Verses" (London, 1882, privately printed), bears on its title page a quotation from Martin Tupper, the Edgar Guest of Victorian verse: "Thoughts that have tarried in my mind and peopled its inner chamber." Tupperesque indeed were the thoughts that had tarried in the mind of young Tom Wise:

> Her spirit in some bright zone had birth,
> Afar from its house of clay;
> It rested awhile on this dull earth,
> Then sped in haste away.

Wise's love of literature was real, but it was blocked from creative expression by his lack of sensibility; it found an outlet of sorts in collecting and bibliography. Yet even here power and display were the dominant motives, and the result was perversion, or the substitution of the part for the whole. He loved books in the way a fetishist loves shoes or black silk stockings—as physical symbols, shorthand notes, so to speak, of the whole experience. (The first-edition mania might be related to another nineteenth-century fetishism: a first edition is a virgin.) A book or a manuscript was valuable to him not for its literary value or scholarly usefulness but as a physical object, fascinating in itself. In Wise's various operations, his lack of a moral sense helped. When to fetishism and amorality and bibliographical vanity is joined commercialism—the *one* aspect of books that Wise completely understood was their market value—it is not hard to understand the fakes, the vandalic rape of the British Museum's old plays, the dismemberment of manuscripts, and all the other confusions that this Till Eulenspiegel of bibliography introduced into the scholarly world.

Judgments of Thomas J. Wise have been as varied as his career. The *Times* obituary was Olympian: "His manner tended to be abrupt; he was often aloof from terms of general conversation, but always showed himself acute and tenacious as to all that concerned his beloved books." The *Telegraph* was ambiguous: "In questions of literary forgery, Mr. Wise was an authority who was always consulted." Mr. Percy H. Muir, writing in the *Book Collector*, was savage: "this crafty, greedy, pompous old rascal." John Carter, in the *Spectator*, was generous:

> It is to his credit that the profits [from the fakes] were put into the Ashley Library rather than devoted to some less worthy end. It is much more to his credit (in the Aristotelian if not the ethical

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sense) that the fraud, once embarked on, was carried out with such consummate skill and on such a heroic scale. The brilliant simplicity of its conception, the typographical appropriateness of the execution, the masterly authority of the establishment, all bespeak the artist: the discretion and efficacy of the marketing and distribution do no less credit to the business man.

He might have added a tribute to Wise's one indisputable virtue—courage. This persisted to the very end. In the last volume of the Ashley Library catalogue, issued in 1936, the "Enquiry" is duly listed. The entry reads, "Uncut in the original ruby-red cloth boards. . . . For an able comment . . . see *The Carter-Pollard Disclosures,* by Gabriel Wells, 1934 (*Post,* p. 127)."

The Dictionary of National Biography describes Wise as "very genial, if unrefined," showing that not even the grave is a refuge from the condescensions of the Establishment. The opening lines of its entry define his place in literary history perhaps as well as it will ever be defined: "WISE, Thomas James (1859-1937), book-collector, bibliographer, editor and forger."

—DWIGHT MACDONALD

●

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL

[*From the Congressional Record*]

MR. KERR. I understand that. I am not arguing with the Senator about the virtues of a high dam as distinguished from a low dam. I am merely trying to get the facts in the RECORD. If I correctly understand the situation, if the project the Senator favors should be constructed, it would result in the building of a low dam.

MR. THURMOND. A very low.

MR. KERR. Just a teeny, weeny dam.

MR. THURMOND. The Senator is exactly correct.

MR. KERR. A teeny, weeny dam.

MR. THURMOND. A teeny, weeny dam is exactly what it would be—only enough to slow up the water, to use it to produce steam.

MR. KERR. There would be the accumulation of a teeny, weeny quantity of water.

MR. THURMOND. Compared with a high dam. That is correct.

MR. KERR. But a part of that teeny, weeny amount of water would be in the State of Georgia.

MR. THURMOND. That is right.

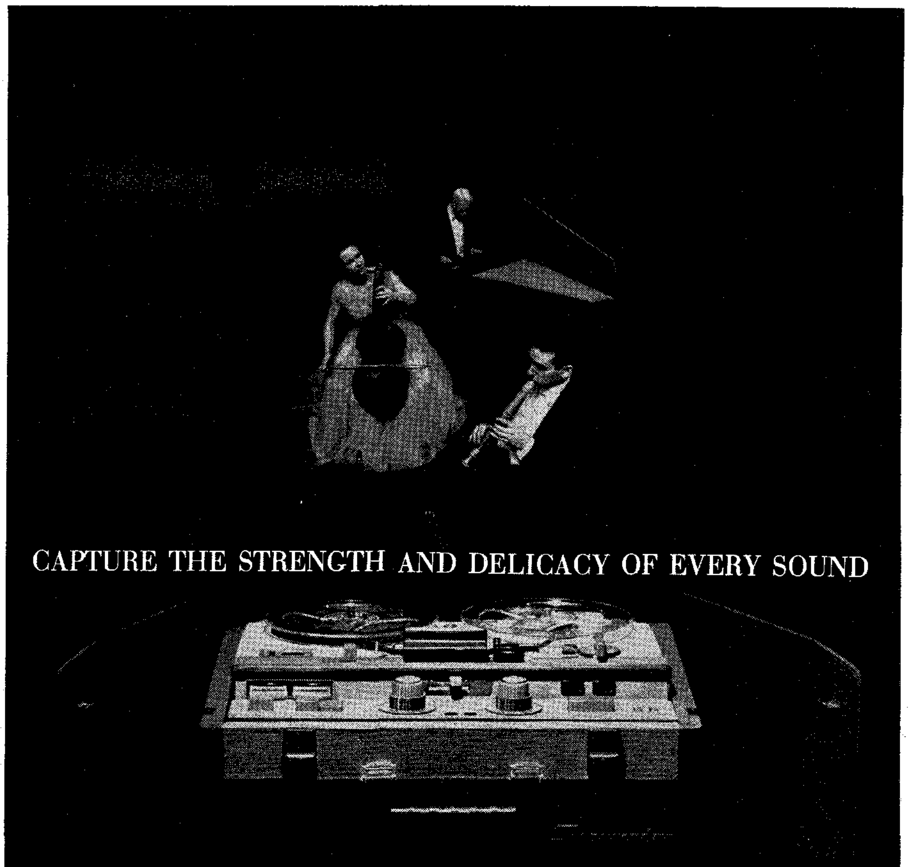
MR. KERR. And it is correct.

MR. THURMOND. That is right.

●

It will be of interest to Carl L. Bloxham, retired Fairhope business man and a world-traveler, to know that he left today by plane for New York City where he will board a ship for Europe and make a tour of European countries.—*Fairhope* (*Ala.*) *Courier.*

The news will catch up with him eventually.



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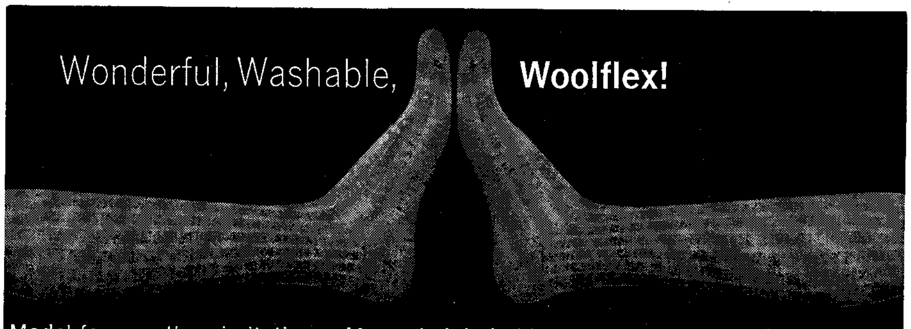

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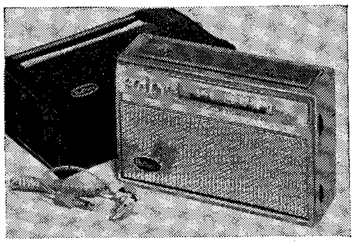

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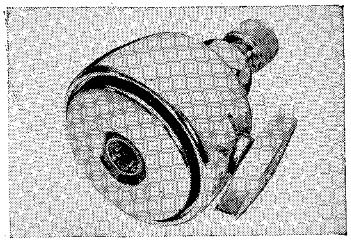

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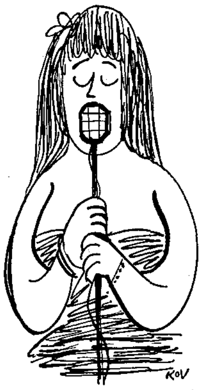
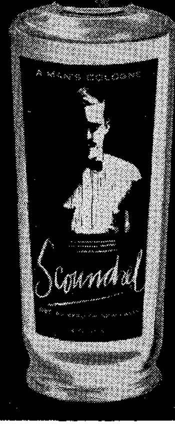
TABLES FOR TWO

The World Revued



AMONG the manifestations of the literary renaissance that came about at Princeton in the days of Fitzgerald was the Fromage Club, a discussion group whose requirement at its Saturday luncheons was that—on pain of expulsion for the flawed conversationalist—every remark contain, if not a downright double meaning, at least a parable, a parody, a paradox, or a pun. This early effort at improving the breed of public speaking has a modern parallel in the compositions handed in this fall to Julius Monk, headmaster of the miniature revue "Dime a Dozen," which is contained within the handsome walls of Plaza 9–, the most recent manifestation of the renaissance of the Plaza Hotel. Quite a few times, what starts out innocently to be one thing turns into something else. A practical talk between customer and barber becomes a commentary on a great political disaster, a Highland fling becomes a commentary on trading stamps, a minstrel show becomes a plea to let Fire Island be, a ballad of Old English ancestry becomes a commentary on the habits of Presidential offspring. The tradition of the revue is acceded to two or three times in the form of *chansons d'amour*, but these, too, are presented with grace. The music, never dropping into the mere patter pattern, is pretty indeed when it is not itself engaged in owlish parody, and the staging, by Frank Wagner, is largely a matter of airy but pertinent choreography.

I feel bound, as well, to be grateful to Ceil Cabot for the gentle, Ophelia madness that she gives to a wallflower ready to bestow her small petals on any young man at all, for her elf's-eye view of television, and for her passionate and preposterous tango in partnership with Jack Fletcher, a man from behind whose not altogether imperturbable face there peeks a suggestion of outright terror. This equivocal countenance is of special virtue when Mr. Fletcher is called upon to be the unwilling narrator of a brief dissertation on armed rocketry, or an inmate of a fitful play that maybe



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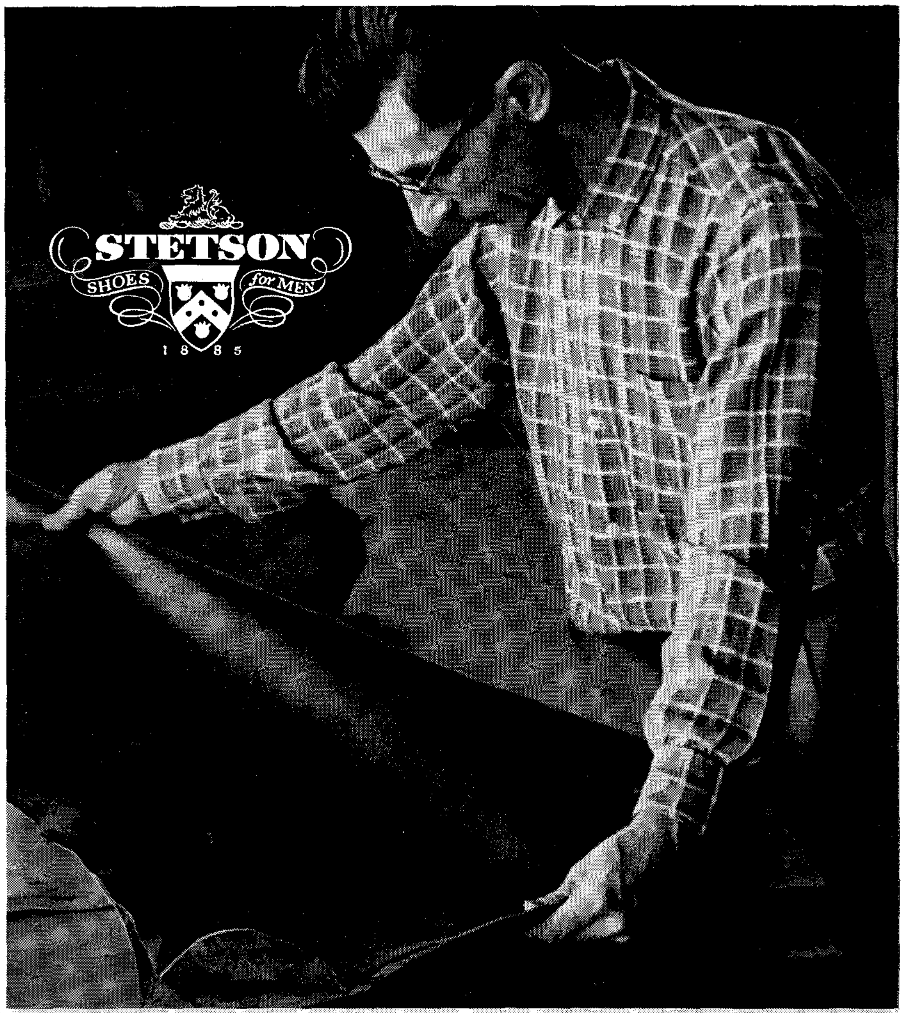
Tennessee Williams did write after all. Gratitude is also the due of Gerry Matthews, as a rapscallion politician, a blustery Scotch laird, and a balladeer (his lot is "Making of a Man," a chef-d'oeuvre by William Engvick and Alec Wilder); the due of Mary Louise Wilson, who goes her wicked ways with a God-forgive-me-for-what-I-am-about-to-do desperation; and the due of Rex Robbins, a throwback to Gilbert and Sullivan, who attains his full height, as it happens, in a very Gilbert-and-Sullivan song about the state, if any, of our theatre. A well-dressed revue (which this one is) must wear a flower in its hair, and she—the sole freshman on this Julius Monk team—is Susan Browning, the like of whose slender, supple, lyric voice has not been heard in the supper clubs since Nancy Dussault emigrated to Broadway.

The authors and composers of "Dime a Dozen" are a dozen or two or three themselves; out of their vast congregation, it would be fairest to choose the names of two Browns (William and Michael), Bruce Williamson, Tom Whedon, June Reizner, Lesley Davison, Bud McCreery, Allison Roulston, Maxwell Siegel, and William Roy—the last of whom, in tandem with Robert Colston, runs the house orchestra of two giant pianos.

"ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS" is the present state of affairs at Second City at Square East, and it—the third or fourth revue assembled by the Second City (née Chicago) company—is as forthright in speaking its mind as "Dime a Dozen" is roundabout. It's not parody but a simulacrum of life (which sometimes gets to be Paddy Chayefsky) or a slice of life (a student in Economics 101 interviewing a street vender of pretzels, or a boy and girl trying to be in love). Three of the original (a word applicable in several ways) cast—Alan Arkin, Eugene Troobnick, and Andrew Duncan—are still in effect; an efficaciously wistful addition named Anthony Holland and a perfectly beautiful and quietly witty addition named Zohra Lampert complete the roster, and neatly. Part of the evening is charades; the audience, scarcely ever as shrewd as the cast, offers suggestions for skits, and the (often) dross offered is by magic (often) transmuted into gold. This on-the-spot school of playwriting was brought to Manhattan two years ago by the neighboring Premise, which is still up to the same trick, and night people may with reason begin venturing more frequently from home now that the idea—to say



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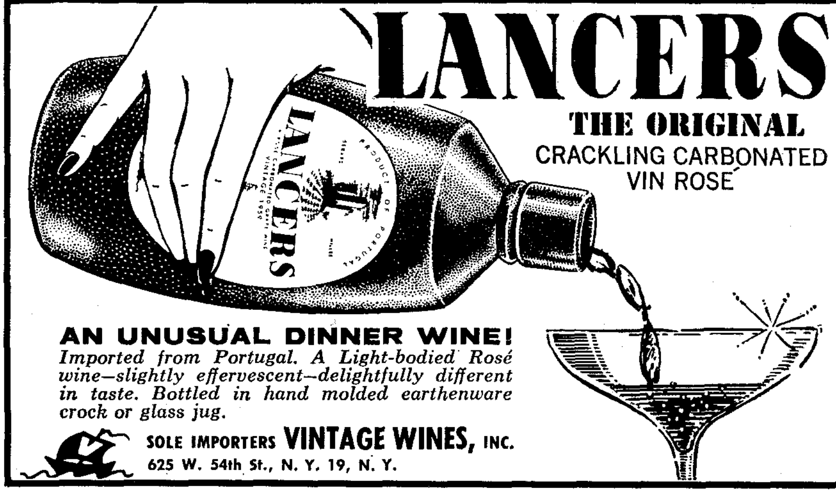

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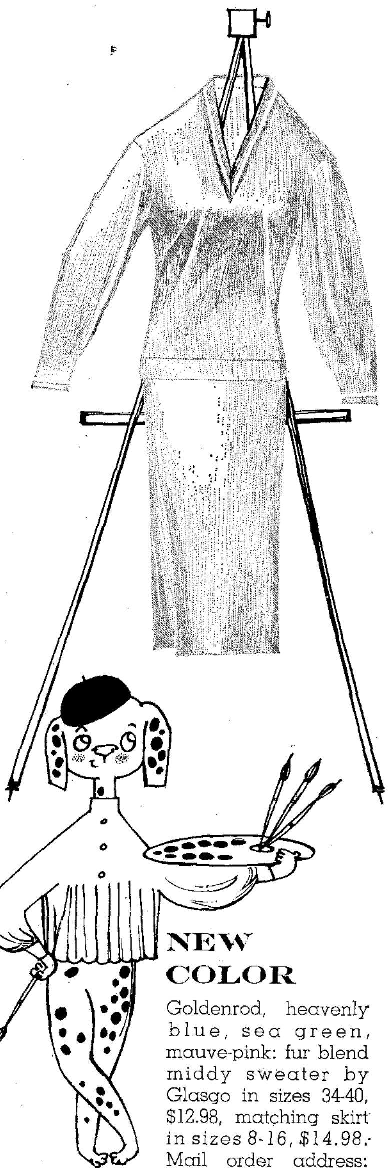

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nothing of the well-cast, well-composed small revue—is catching on.

"THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF YESTERDAY" is what Donn Arden, producer of "The Venus Touch," the gigantic revue at the Latin Quarter, has called his final tableau of the evening, and it would serve as well for everything there, for we are taken deep into antiquity—to the days when we used to run downtown after school to watch the beautiful Circassian slave girls being auctioned off in the market square of Constantinople. The Circassians are no longer slaves and no longer (alas!) being auctioned off, but they are still beautiful and ever so numerous (and have the same beautiful names—Edlee, Marti, Leisha, Jorjana, Jet), are still muted pastels (auburn to ivory), and are still inhabiting one of the muted-pastel castles that Mr. Arden is so fond of putting up for his wards. Lest there be too much of a good thing, Mr. Arden has added other touches of the grand traditional revue—the balletomane François Szony, who keeps catching a Miss Nancy Claire in midair, so that she can wave her lovely arms and legs at the audience; the three Carsonys, whose acrobatics imply that the law of gravity has been repealed; and a passage of Italian dumb-show slapstick by Gino Donati and an accomplice, executed in elegant slow motion. Mr. A. has startled traditionalists, though, by the insertion of Barbara Heller, a lean, terse misanthrope whose destructive criticism—visual and vocal—of the torch song, the Hollywood star at play, the strip tease, the Personality Girl onstage, and whatever else comes into her facile mind makes those of us who are suffering from an overdose of clichés realize that Dr. Heller has long been wanted in surgery.

—R. W.

•

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[*Memo circulated in the offices of the Hearst magazines*]

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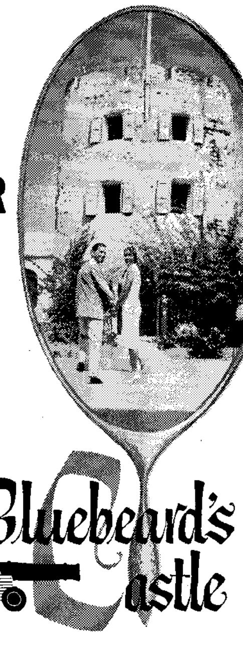

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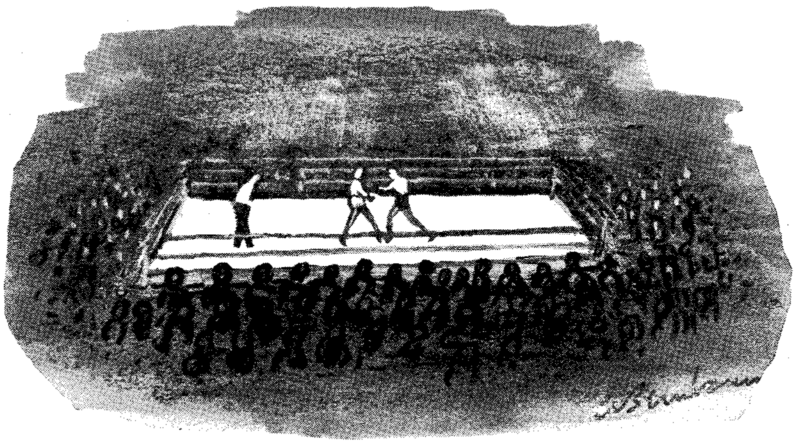
THE SPORTING SCENE

THE MEN IN THE AGBADAS

IN New Orleans, during the winter of 1959, I saw a match between a middleweight named Henry Hank and a light heavyweight named Jesse Bowdry, both colored and both pretty good. Hank, although he was outweighed by ten pounds, won by a knockout in the tenth round. A middleweight must be an exceptionally hard hitter to win at such a disadvantage in weight, so I made it a point to be in Madison Square Garden early this year when Hank came to town to fight another middleweight, a Nigerian named Dick Tiger. This time, Hank, although he hit Tiger some of his best shots, couldn't rock the other fellow at all, and the bout ended with the African chasing the American all around the ring. Hank had shown when he was being badly punished by Bowdry that he was game enough, but there are few dreams worse than the one in which you hit a man without making any impression, and in waking life the situation is even more frightening. The Nigerian, as dark as a Negro can be, had a chest like an old-fashioned black office safe, dropping away to a slender waist, big thighs, and slender legs; he boxed classically, his arms tight against his sides at the beginning of a punch, his savagely methodical blows moving in short arcs and straight lines. A middleweight who can take punches that would knock out a light heavy is even more exceptional than one who can deliver such punches, so when Tiger, a bit later, was matched to box Gene Fullmer, who was recognized as middleweight champion in most parts of the world, I thought he would beat him.



Fullmer, a Mormon mink-rancher from a suburb of Salt Lake City, who is a doting father and a regular churchgoer, is the kind of ringman that Pierce Egan, the Sainte-Beuve of the London prize ring, would have called "a *ruffian-like* fighter! who, disdaining to follow the systematic principles of the art, preferred desperate *rallies* and determined resolution, as the more sure methods to obtain victory, than by any scientific displays of judgment. . . . In all his battles the utmost desperation prevailed, and his *gluttony* [for punishment] was of the most inordinate kind." Continuing his description of a contemporary he called the Old Ruffian, the immortal author of "Boxiana" wrote, "In detailing his contests, one monotonous plan of *milling* was his *forte*, which was so evidently pourtrayed in his encounters that render any further observations unnecessary . . . than merely to state, that Symonds was a truly *bottom* pugilist." "Bottom" in Egan's era meant, as it still does in British horse racing (it has pretty well dropped out of boxing terminology), endurance coupled with gameness. A "bottom" fighter was one who won simply by wearing out his opponents.

"Monotonous" is the key word here in explaining my own aesthetic objection to the *ruffian* approach to the art; it would make me want to see such an anti-intellectual lose, even though outside the ring he brought up his mink on pâté de foie gras and his children on Dr. Spock. The boxer who interests me is the *reasoner* inside the ring. (Whether he learned his art in state prison does not concern me, and still less whether he is going back there.) One of the disturbing aspects of *ruffianism* is that its temporarily successful exponent is popular with the unthinking crowd, and so inspires hundreds of weaker imitators to get the beatings without the glory.

When a Fullmer-Tiger match was set for Candlestick Park, in San Francisco, on last August 27th, therefore, I determined to attend, hoping to see art vindicated. A few days before the scheduled date, I learned that the fight had been put off until September 12th, because the San Francisco Giants, whose park it was, were going to begin a long stand at home on the twenty-eighth of August, and the promoters feared that if it rained on the night of the twenty-seventh their bout would be off indefinitely. The promoters, a fellow named Norman Rothschild, from Syracuse, and a San Franciscan named Bennie Ford, both own restaurants—a common avocation among promoters, who then know that no matter what happens, they will not starve. In September, there was another postponement, because the people who were putting on the bigger Patterson-Liston fight, in Chicago, had tied up the good sites for closed-television showings. The Chicago people apparently thought that the middleweight bout would interfere with the buildup for the heavyweight battle. (Actually, the heavyweight fight was so bad that it helped queer the gate for the middleweights, while the middleweights were so good that they have revived interest in the Sweet Science.)

This time, the Tiger-Fullmer match was set back to Tuesday, October 16th, when the Giants presumably would have finished their season. But the Giants unexpectedly carried the regular baseball season to a playoff with the Dodgers for the National League pennant, and then protracted it again by forcing their World Series with the Yankees to a sixth game, which was scheduled for Friday, October 12th, in San Francisco. If the Yankees took that one, it would end the season, and even if the Giants won, the Series couldn't go beyond a seventh game, which would be played on Saturday. So there was no reason to think that the fight couldn't be fought on the following Tuesday night. I emplaned at Idlewild on the morning of October 12th; I wanted to see Tiger's and Fullmer's last workouts before the fight. It was overcast, as I remember, but not raining, and in California, I had heard, it hardly ever rained anyway, so I hoped that the Yankees would settle the Giants' hash while I was still airborne, and clear San Francisco of baseball fans. Baseball bores me to distraction, but talk about it is even worse. I had made a reservation at a San Francisco hotel, the St. Francis, well before the Giants got into the Series, and I was

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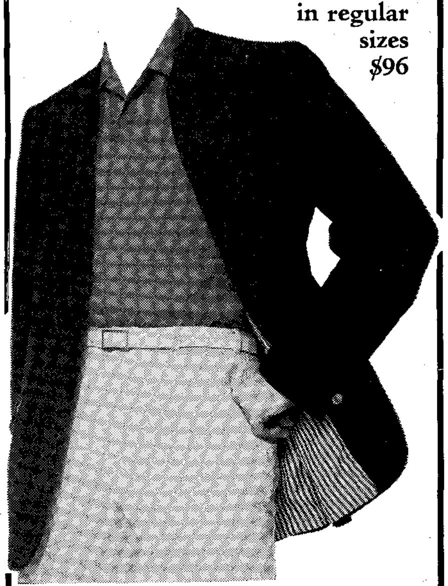

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glad I had done so, because I knew the city would be crowded.

I ARRIVED in the middle of a torrential rain, and the driver of the taxi from the airport said, like the Californians in stories about rain in California, "This is unusual weather we are having." The ball game, of course, had been called off, and the ground was so thoroughly soaked that it was already sure, the driver said, that they wouldn't be able to play on Saturday, either. My room at the excellent but crowded hotel was on a court, and the view from my window was like the tanks at the Coney Island Aquarium, minus the fish. The first news I gleaned from the *News-Call Bulletin*, the sole surviving evening newspaper in San Francisco, was that the fight, too, had been postponed, for a week, since nobody was sure when the World Series would end. I knew the bars would be full of idiots talking baseball, so I sent down to room service for a bottle of Scotch and dinner, and, after trying to read a book about beautiful San Francisco, turned in at about nine o'clock, when it would have been midnight in New York.

It kept on raining, all night and next day, but morning, though hard to perceive, reanimated me, and I called Jersey Jones, who is Tiger's manager, at the Governor, a small hotel on Turk Street, where the challenger's faction was staying. Jersey had been around the fight business for fifty years now, first as a small-time fighter, then as a sportswriter (that ended when Frank Munsey swallowed the New York *Globe* in 1923), and then as a press agent and manager. During all that time, he has never had a "big" fighter of his own, although he has had good ones who never quite made the first rank. He is a small man, who looks twenty years younger than he can possibly be—a graying youngster. Jersey said the Tiger would work that afternoon in the gymnasium at the West Coast Seaman's Union, and I joined the party just before the workout. There were only half a dozen men in the gym besides the Tiger and his people; the onlookers were two deckhands off a tanker and four Mexicans, one of them a fighter.

The Tiger's clan had the air I have often sensed among sporting people who have worked long on a single project, like qualifying a racing car for Indianapolis or readying a horse for a classic: they were in a little world of their own, within which details looked larger than the day's headlines. The tactical chief was Jimmy August, a bald, moonfaced man, short, stout, and anxious, whom

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I have known for thirty years or so, and who has had the same sort of career among trainers as Jones among managers. August is knowing and painstaking, but has seldom been associated with headline fighters. He once handled an inferior middleweight champion in one fight, and for a while he trained a left-handed light heavyweight who was recognized as a world champion in New York State; these were the high spots of his professional life, although he has spent almost every afternoon since 1922 in fighters' gyms, and nearly every evening, until the small clubs dropped away, seconding run-of-the-mill fighters in neighborhood boxing clubs. As a young man, August sometimes recounts mournfully, he completed one year in the School of Pharmacy at Columbia, and he looks even now as if he would be more at his ease behind a prescription counter than carrying a striking bag. Then, he says, he "had the misfortune to have two amateur fights," took to hanging around gymnasiums, and abandoned pill and pestle forever. There was one sparring partner, a colored middleweight named Willie Turner, from Fresno, and a cheery Chinese-American San Franciscan named Yip, who trained a few boys of his own at the gym and was now acting as car driver, errand man, and volunteer sideline coach. The Tiger, a dark image swathed in sweat clothes, felt his role as the focus of their attention, but he was like a good child, eager to please, and slightly petulant only when August limited his work. He was not letting Tiger do any sparring that day, the trainer said, because he had had him exactly right for Tuesday, and to continue at the same rate for the extra week would bring him down too fine. "But he's superstitious about training," August said. "He feels guilty unless he works every day. 'More, more,' he says. 'More, more.' You'll see when I tell him to knock off. If you left him to himself, he would train down to nothing. And today he is restless because I wouldn't let him run on the road. It's too slippery; he might sprain an ankle."

The Tiger, working on the big bag, stalked it as if it were a man, with short, realistic punches—not the thundering swings that some fighters put in against this happily inanimate target. His face, wide at the cheekbones, was intent, as if he were reading flesh into the leather. When August called him off it, he cried "One! One!"

The trainer finally nodded. "One more round," Jimmy said. "Only one." And the Tiger went at the bag for another three minutes. "None," August

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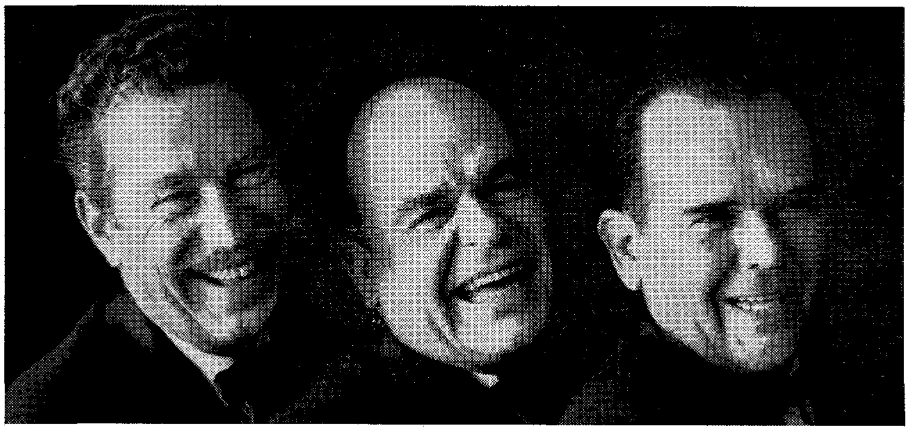

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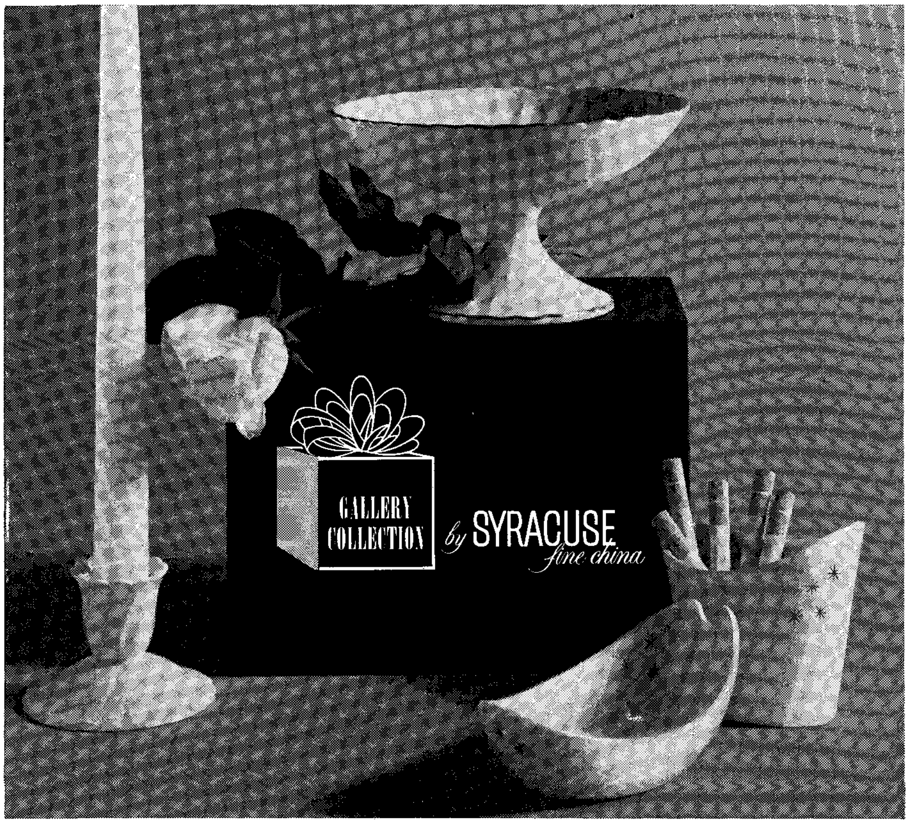

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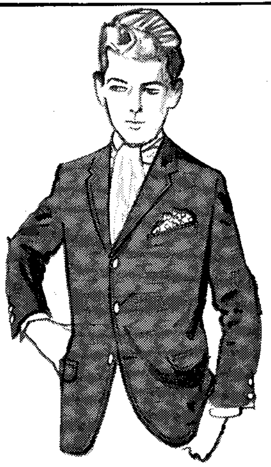

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said then, and switched him to another exercise.

As the Tiger finished each round, Yip wiped the back of his neck with a rough towel—a kind of ceremonial. "He hates the sweat on the back of his neck," Yip said. The Tiger looked as if he liked the feel of the towel.

August dissuaded the Tiger from continuing, in turn, belly bends, the light bag, and shadowboxing. "One! One!" he would cry, until August said "None." But it was hard to take the skipping rope away from him; he knew that that was the final item in his routine. When August at last, playing the stern parent, pocketed it, the Tiger broke into a wide grin. The play battle was over.

Jones and August said they had never seen anybody take to body punching like the Tiger. Seven years ago, he had come up from Nigeria to England strong but so crude that the manager who paid his passage had given up on him, Jones said. Later, he had done better, with the aid of Maurice Foran, a trainer in Liverpool, who, incidentally, had come over for this fight at the Tiger's expense. "But they don't teach them body punching in England," the manager went on. "If you hit a man below the neck there, the referee is likely to take the fight away on a foul. He had the left hook when he came here in 1959, and he was strong, and had had plenty of hard fights. That tests a man's ticker. But they would be easy fights for him now, with what he's learned. It's the body punching that will kill Fullmer. I wouldn't have taken the match for short money if I wasn't sure he will knock him out."

Mr. Foran, a pale, slender young man with wavy red hair, who had come in a few minutes earlier, said that he had not seen Tiger for three years, and, watching him spar, would hardly have thought he was the same fighter, he was so much improved. "I taught him a bit in England, but he was nothing like," he said. "He's a student—been learning since he first turned up off the boat. He didn't have an overcoat." Foran agreed with Jersey that the Tiger learned thoroughly. He thought it was a Nigerian trait.

Foran and another English Tiger rooter, named Harry Ormesher, had come on by plane, as I had, before learning of the latest postponement, and they were putting up at the Governor with the rest of the faction. Jones said he was glad they had come, because they helped take Tiger's mind off the length of the grind. Talking of old times, they made him laugh. Ormesher, pink, plump, and pawky in a dark pin-striped suit, was a

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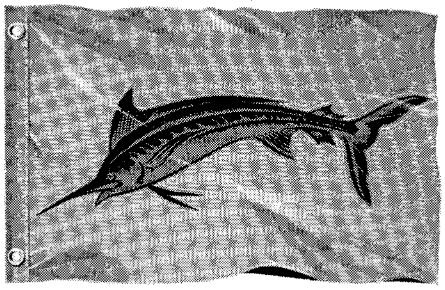

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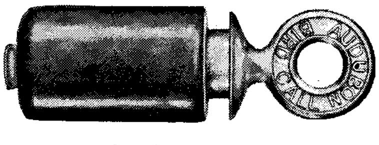

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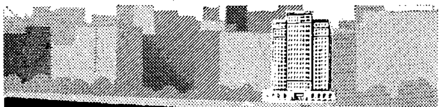

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type who would have been recognizable in America, before he began to talk, as a small-city banker or prosperous jobber, but he was in fact the leading bookmaker in a city of forty thousand inhabitants midway between Manchester and Liverpool—both great betting centers, what with football, dogs, and horses. In England, Ormesher had staked Tiger occasionally, I gathered, in the bleak days that followed his landing, when he had lost four successive fights to Liverpudlians who would have to pay their way in to a Tiger bout here. (He beat the two best of them several times each later, at first laboriously and then with ease.)

"This would be a fine, sunny day in Liverpool," Ormesher said, looking out at the downpour as we waited for the fighter to have his rub and shower. Ormesher talked to me about the new public betting shops in Britain, introduced last year, most of which, he said, were operated by the old, established legal-credit-system bookmakers, like himself. He felt a certain reserve about the new shops, although, he said, the volume of play had increased by at least sixty per cent over the old legal *and* old illegal play combined. (Illegal betting, which had continued unchanged from the days of "Esther Waters," dried up when the new shops were opened.) He sounded like an official of an old and dignified bank talking about the new consumers' credit department, or a Morgan partner about selling stocks to shopgirls on the installment plan. He feared that a lot of lads were now betting more often than they could afford. "It's champion for cigarette business, at any rate," he said. "You should see lads in our shop, crowded in shoulder to shoulder, listening to a race on the wireless. Minute it's over, every loser throws his cigarette on the floor—kind of automatic, it is. And every winner, he flips his fag up in the air—he knows he can afford another. We had a posh place when we opened—floor all dark-blue and light-blue squares—and now it's black from gaspers ground into it."

The sound of the rain and the Lancashire accent brought England back about us as we waited, and it was no time at all before Tiger reappeared, now a bit of a fop in a biscuit-colored sports jacket hairy with red threads, and a pair of narrow charcoal-gray slacks. Tiger is not tall for a middleweight—only five feet eight—and the gay clothes hid the menace of his muscles. He moved loosely, with a small suggestion of a jig step. A wide smile serves him in lieu of conversation, and while he answers questions willingly, he cannot be

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drawn into a lead. Looking at him, I decided that he must already have been asked every question in the world—if it was hot in his country, how many wives he had (he has just one; he is an Episcopalian), what he ate, whether he liked the United States. So I just shook his hand.

All of us—Ormesher, Foran, Jersey Jones, Jimmy August, Tiger, Willie Turner, Yip, and I—crammed ourselves into a well-banged station wagon. With Yip driving, we rolled through the rain to the Hotel Governor. On the way, Jimmy August, who was sitting next to me, said, "I forgot to tell you, he is a very patriotic Nigerian. He wants to win the title for Nigeria, like it was a Nobel Prize. The Nigerian Ambassador and the Minister of Labor and Social Welfare, which includes sports, are coming out here for the fight, with Hogan (Kid) Bassey, who used to be the featherweight champion. Bassey was the first Nigerian to win a world title, and he has a job with the government now, coaching the Olympic boxing team. Tiger would like a job, too." Jones, just behind me, overheard August and said, "Thirty Nigerian students from the University of California are coming to the fight, in their national costumes, and I had to arrange to get an extra row of seats put in on the field, at two dollars a throw, because that is all they can afford, but we want them up front, where they will show up."

When we got out, I asked Tiger about his ambitions, and he said, "Politician is better than fightah. I must get up in the morning to run, but he only read in a book and talk." This is about as much as he has said at one time in our acquaintance.

August and Tiger had adjoining rooms—an arrangement designed to keep the trainer sensitive to his man's morale—and Jersey and Mrs. Jersey had a room on the same floor. It was a familial, almost a patriarchal setup, reminding me of some Arcadian gyp horsemen I used to know who would sleep in the next stall to their horses and fine their apprentice jockeys for swearing. Most fighters, by the time they challenge for titles, think they know more than their handlers—Ingemar Johansson and Sonny Liston, for example, both ran their own training camps before fighting Patterson—but Tiger, a quiet man, has the temperament of a disciple.

The Governor, although comfortable, is not posh; when I went into the Coffee Shoppe and sat down in a booth, the waitress decently warned me that coffee was twenty-five cents there, while

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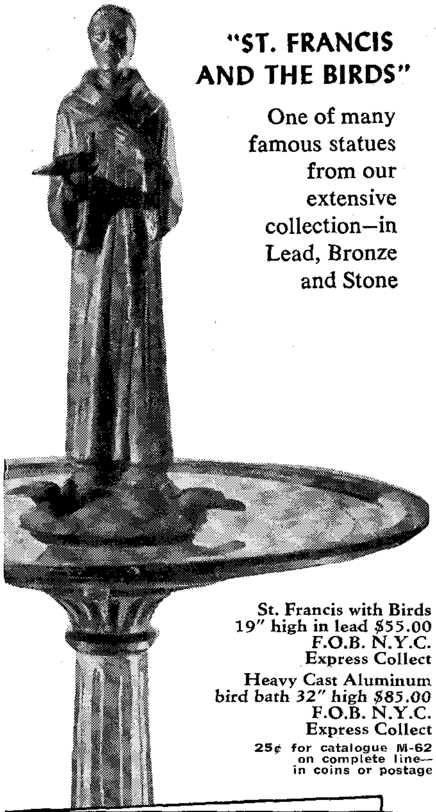
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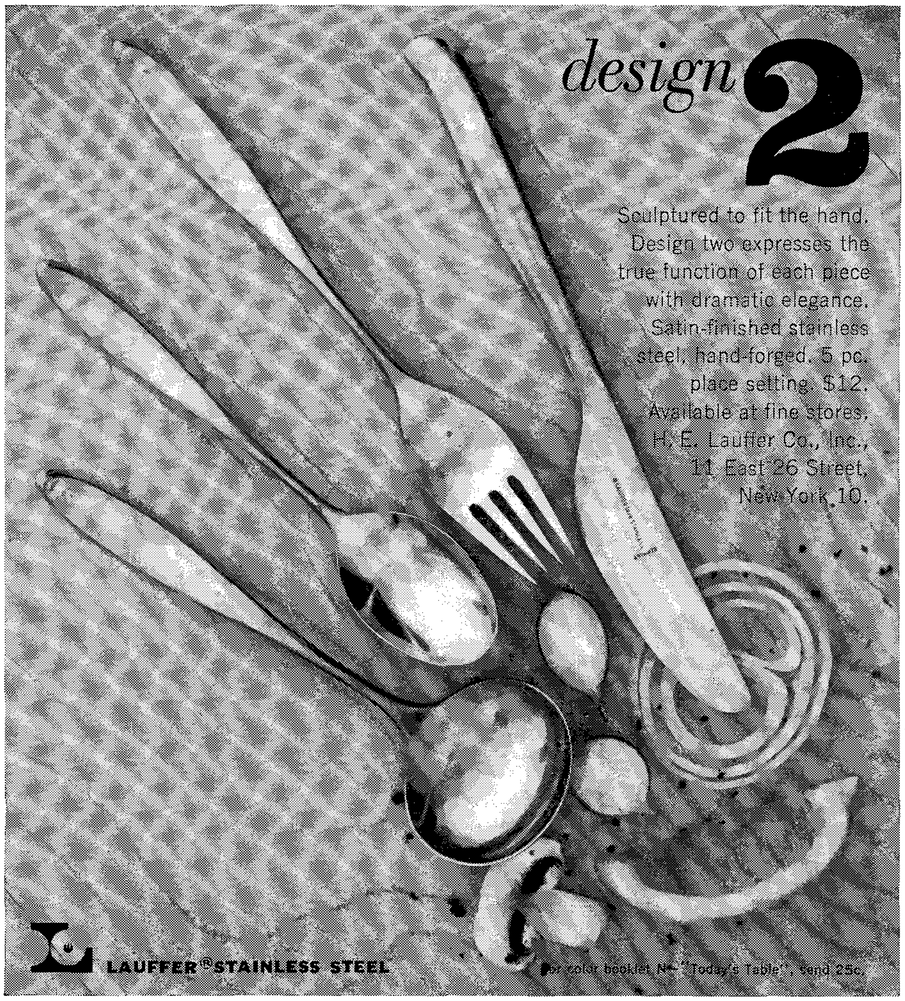
at the counter it cost only a dime. I adhered to my extravagance, and Jersey went upstairs to fetch Mrs. Jersey, who is much taller than he is, a Junoesque blonde with a fair, English complexion. She had been out shopping for souvenir teaspoons. They live, as one might expect, in New Jersey—in a town called North Arlington, near Rutherford—and Mrs. Jersey deserts the suburbs only for important fights.

THE time passed slowly. Sunday cleared, but the ground was too nearly saturated for baseball. Rothschild and Ford were glad they had announced the postponement, because it was now evident that the town would have no money or time that week for anything but the World Series. A nephew of mine who is studying economics at Berkeley came in with a Volkswagen—the Bay bridge is open now—and took me for a tour of San Francisco, which is accomplished by driving from hilltop to hilltop and looking back at the hilltop you have just left. You then drive across the bridge to Sausalito to look back at San Francisco, and, returning to San Francisco, look back at Sausalito. It is all very pretty.

On Monday, I weakened, and went to the sixth game of the World Series. The ticket man said I was lucky, because many visitors with tickets had gone home, unable to stay away from their businesses past the weekend. So he sold me a good twelve-dollar seat for thirty dollars. I had never seen a World Series game before, or wanted to after 1919, when I went into long pants. The town, however, was so exercised over the event that the church bells audible in my hotel played "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" and, one hour later, "Bye, Bye, Baby," the theme song of the dauntless Giants. The game was of a dullness only cricket can equal. The Giants got a three-run lead in an early inning, which was all they needed; the final score was 5–2. My seat proved to be in a box with a very pretty woman, who was accompanied by her mother. I estimated that the average player, if neither pitcher nor catcher, bestirred himself for about seven and a half minutes in a two-hour baseball game—which for a boxer would be like boxing fifteen-second rounds with three-and-three-quarter-minute intervals. I thought that at that rate Archie Moore would be able to go on into the next century.

Tuesday, I weakened again, just to see how the affair would end. The ticket man told me public interest had



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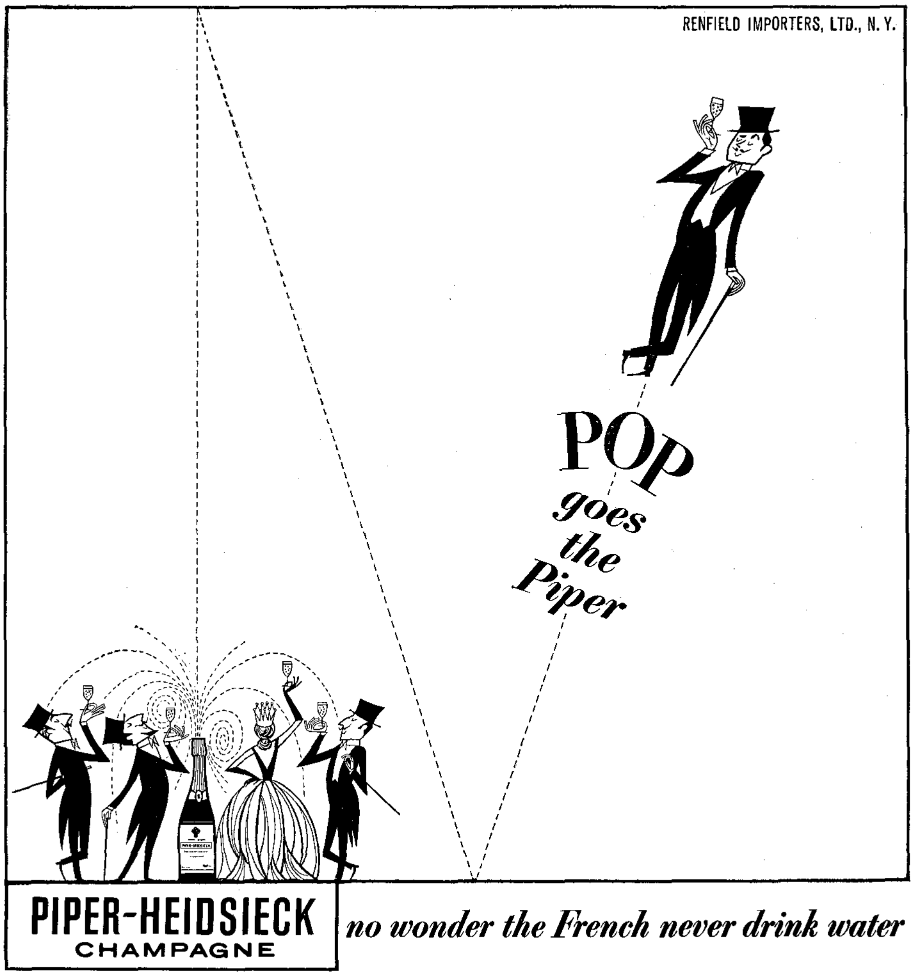

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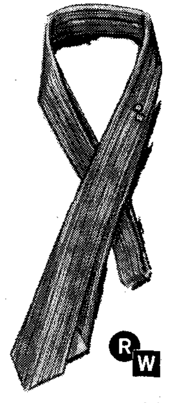

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risen, and this time charged me fifty dollars. The game was even duller than the sixth. I sat beside a reiterative imbecile who shouted "Hit! Hit! Hit! Hit!" through the nine half innings when the Giants were at bat, and "Don't give them nothing, Jack! Don't give them nothing!" to the pitcher through the nine half innings when the Giants were in the field. Many windblown foul balls fell near us, but none, unfortunately, concussed him.

The sportswriters tried to read an ex-post-facto thrill into the action by making much of a creditable catch by Tom Tresh, a Yankee outfielder, off Willie Mays, a Giant. Since nobody was on base at the time, or appeared likely to be in the near future, the catch caused only a mild ripple of interest when it occurred, but Willie McCovey, the batsman next *after* Mays, got a three-bagger. The theme of the post-mortem dithyrambs was that if McCovey had been up *before* Mays—which was obviously ridiculous, because the batters appear in predetermined order—and had been on third when Mays came to bat, Tresh's catch, if he had made it under the altered circumstances, would have prevented a run and created a furor. No one spoiled the dream by surmising that if *anybody* had been on third when Mays came up, Terry, the Yankee pitcher, would have thrown Mays four balls to get at a less dangerous hitter. Mays then wouldn't have hit toward Tresh, Tresh wouldn't have caught anything, and the game would have been even duller than the one I saw. The Yankees won, 1–0, by a run that the Giants had let them have, fearing worse, as a chess player sometimes concedes a pawn, hoping to retrieve the advantage later.

A San Francisco sports columnist I read said that the Giants had lived their finest hour. If the same McCovey, San Francisco's last batsman, had hit the last ball of the game to where a fielder wasn't, instead of to where a fielder was, he implied, things even then would have been different. Baseball is a game that reflects nineteenth-century America, where it was invented and when businessmen went bankrupt annually, consoling themselves with the reflection that they would be in the chips if the town hadn't gone bust. Prospectors overlooked claims that, if they hadn't, would have made them rich. (I had a great-uncle who between 1878 and 1911 barely failed to accumulate, according to his unsolicited testimony, more than a billion dollars in minerals.) Real-estate dealers habitually failed to

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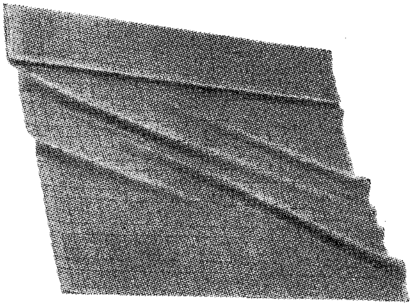

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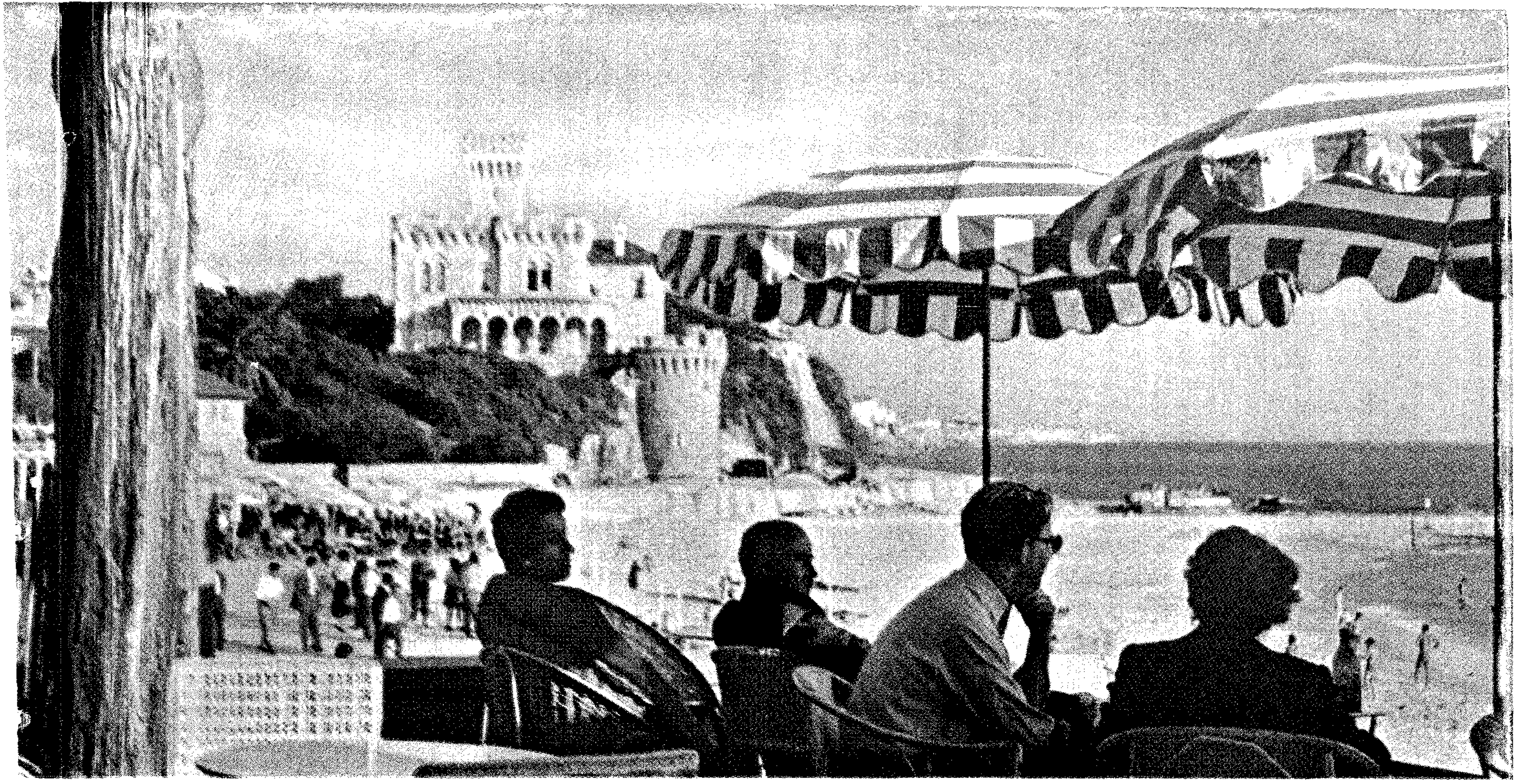

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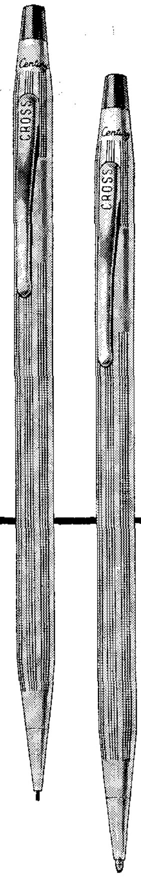
buy, in their own homemade legends, land at fifty dollars a town lot that if they had bought it would be worth that much a square inch, and my own father loved to tell how he passed up a half interest in the whole movie industry because he thought it was going to be a fad. All these tales are different versions of what would have happened if the fielder hadn't been there. Oddly enough, they made the men who told them happy; they were all baseball fans. (It may be noted here that the Yankees are the least popular of all ball clubs, because they win, which leaves nothing to "if" about.)

ON the day after my first World Series ended, I returned, chastened, to the Sweet Science, like an errant husband who has had no fun. Fullmer was training at the Newman & Herman Gymnasium, on Leavenworth Street, a more central and public place than the Seaman's Union. It is the kind of gym that charges admission and has seats for the public, like Lou Stillman's old place on Eighth Avenue. The "name" fighters who come to town train there, and Fullmer, as champion, by an unwritten law had had the choice of gymnasiums for training.

When I arrived, Fullmer was clowning with his three-year-old son, who wore boxing gloves. The champion's face is an advertisement of his style of *milling*—eyebrows built out with scar tissue until they shade over his eyes like porches, a bridgeless nose with ducklike nostrils, and a thin slit of a mouth. It was a figurehead used for ramming, like an ancient galley's. I had not before seen Fullmer in the flesh, but I had watched him in a dozen fights on television. At times, before throwing a punch, he pulls his right elbow back behind his ear, as if he were drawing a longbow at Crécy. At others, he leaps forward with his left elbow ahead of his advance, his fist retracted at an angle of ninety degrees. If the elbow connects, he brings the fist down to complete the demolition, with the motion of an old-fashioned subway guard chopping tickets. Mostly, though, he swings blows from the side, aiming at the ribs and the temples; a tiring opponent, shrinking in toward him, will catch them on the kidneys or the back of the head. They are not proper hooks, because Fullmer does not bend his elbows sharply but throws the blows as if he were beating a carpet, and the striking surface is as often the inside of his forearm as his fist. He exploits these barbarisms by inexhaustible strength, seconded by what Egan called *bottom*,



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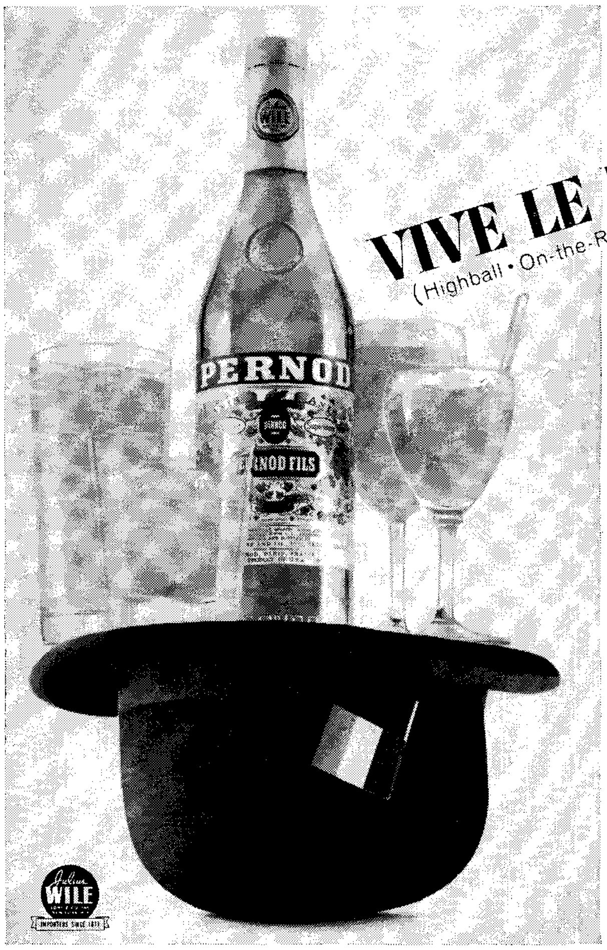

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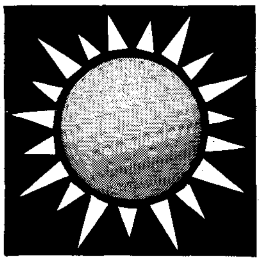

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mauling his adversary on the ropes and hauling at his arms until they go limp, like strands of overcooked pasta. In the words of the classicist Dave Shade, who was baffled by Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, a Fullmer-like adversary in the nineteen-twenties, "He does everything so wrong that it must be right."

The sources of his strength were visible through the sweat clothes—a torso ropy with well-covered muscle, like a hawser coiled around a bollard, and huge calves, which keep him bouncing long after most opponents' legs begin to buckle. He had a reputation for always losing the early rounds and then coming on to overwhelm the exhausted. This was precisely, I felt, what nobody could do with Tiger; he himself was too strong. The one thing Fullmer had seldom done in a fight was to take out the other man with one punch. The boxer who does that has got to be balanced, though he may be crude. The big-punch man is the only one who can reverse the tide of battle unexpectedly even in the last round.

The prospective battle therefore looked, as Egan would have said, "Lombard Street to a China orange" in favor of the exponent of scientific principles, but Fullmer did not appear to have heard the news. And as I watched him fooling with the child, I began to like him—a sensation as astonishing to me as it would be to find a *Time* writer or an anti-novelist personally amusing, or an atonal musician congenial, or a spray-gun painter good company. After lowering the boy over the top strand of the ring ropes, Fullmer sparred in earnest with a couple of heavy partners; his theory in working with heavier men is to develop strength, I suppose, but strength is what he has the most of. His manager, Marv Jenson, who is a big, Nordic, Chamber of Commerce type, and a community benefactor in West Jordan, Utah, his home town, told me that Fullmer had sparred three hundred rounds or so for the coming match, but I doubted whether any of them had improved his scientific judgment.

WHEN I called again at the Governor, late the next afternoon—I skipped the gym workout—I saw that the Nigerian influence had set in. The Tiger sat at the lunch counter in the Coffee Shoppe, eating a salad out of a wooden bowl, and on the next stool, like a small carbon copy, sat a fellow-countryman—Kid Bassey, the former featherweight champion—eating a steak. Bassey, famous earlier than Tiger, is more worldly, and, as small men often

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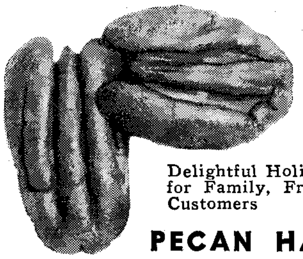

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are, rather peppery. The woman behind the counter, with the kindliest intentions, asked him, "And what do you eat in *your* country?"

Bassey answered, "Hu-mon *bee*-ings."

As the waitress hurried to the end of the counter to share this information with her colleague, he said to Tiger, "They think we have tails."

Tiger laughed at this—to him, evidently—new idea. "But we have not," he said.

Both girls returned. The one from the other end, more sophisticated, said, "I hope when you go back you take Jimmy August with you and throw him in the pot."

The inquisitive girl asked Bassey, "What kind of clothes do you wear there?"

Bassey said shortly, "We go neck-ed. In the jungle."

Tiger thought this was going a bit far. "You must not believe him," he said. "He is mischievous."

In between visits, I had picked up, at the promoters' office, a copy of Tiger's record, and some of the early, Nigerian fights interested me. He had beaten opponents named Easy Dynamite, Mighty Joe, Lion Ring, Koko Kid, Black Power, and, climactically, Super Human Power. He had outpointed Super Human Power in eight rounds. I asked Tiger what kind of a fighter Super Human Power had been, and he said, "A good fightah, for Nigeria. You know we take those names to sound big. Like Tigah. There are no tigahs in Nigeria, but it sound great."

Now that the World Series was over, the sports columns had space for the fight. On the two days following the Series, there were still quite a few post-mortems, but by Friday, which is payday for a lot of people, the ticket sale had begun to pick up. Until then, the fight's light had been hidden under the Giants' bushel, but now Rothschild, the entrepreneur, began to think it possible that he would not lose money. (Beginning with the onset of the Series, his prayer had become, like the poor horseplayer's, "Please, God, let me break even—I need the money.") He predicted twenty thousand paying customers, and receipts of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This, while it was not stupendous, would get him off the nut. A few boxing characters arrived in town, to see and be seen, among them Cassius Clay, the Minnesinger of the Ring, who brought a thin sheaf of verses he had composed on his own forthcoming con-

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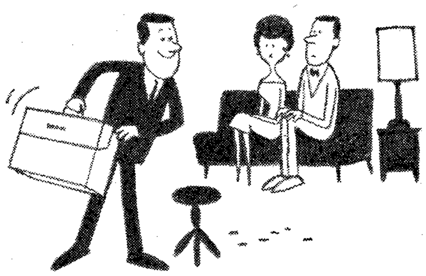

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test with the Nestor of the Ring, Archie Moore, in Los Angeles on November 15th. Mr. Clay recited for me, in anticipation of the event:

"He was old, and I was new,
And you could tell by the blows I threw.
I swept that old man clean out of the ring,
For a new broom sweeps most anything."

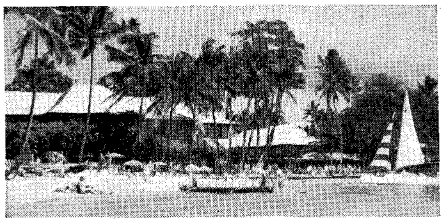
(The Nestor says he has prepared a punch for the Minnesinger—it is called the Lip-Buttoner.)

Once airborne by his Muse, Clay is hard to stop, and he insisted on rendering for me another poem that he had composed, on the theme of Floyd Patterson's Downfall:

"Liston was hungry, rough and tough,
While the champ had already had enough.
As the people left the park you could hear
them say:
'Liston will be champ until he meets
Clay.' "

The Tiger's faction was free of financial cares, because, Jersey told me, he had had to take a flat guarantee of twenty-five thousand dollars, with twenty-seven hundred dollars for total training expenses. This would have been a small percentage of the gate originally expected, but at least it was immune to reduction if the fight didn't draw. The fight was also to be shown on closed-circuit television, but neither Tiger nor the promoters would get any of that money at all; Jenson and Fullmer had kept that deal for themselves. Twenty-five thousand dollars had looked pretty stingy when the match was made, but as disasters accumulated during the promotion, it began to seem pretty good. "What we wanted was the title," Jersey said. "And we're sure to get it." But so many things can happen in the ring extraneous to the pattern of combat—a butt that splits the head, a cut that curtains the eye with blood, an outrageous decision by home-town judges (and Fullmer was a West Coast fighter)—that I knew he couldn't be all that sure, nor could Mrs. Jersey, who was probably planning to redecorate the house in North Arlington.

President Kennedy made his speech on Monday, and again the fight was relegated to dark corners of back pages. Who had time to talk about a prizefight, with the country apparently heading for war? The ticket sale again languished, but there would have been no point in another postponement. Suppose war came? To worsen Rothschild's and Ford's bad luck, fog struck on Monday—a black, almost London brand, which closed the airport against last-minute customers who might want to fly in from Las Vegas or other sporting



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centers. The fog also promised, to weather-wise San Franciscans, a cold, raw night in Candlestick Park, which is down by the water. The fight drew less than thirteen thousand admissions, including the Nigerians.

The main bout was to go on at seven-thirty in the evening, Pacific Coast Time, so that it could be on closed-circuit television in the East at ten-thirty, and the first preliminary was to begin at six-thirty. I got to Candlestick Park, the scene of the Giants' finest hour, even earlier than that, to find a low, black sky poised just over the ring lights, like a candle snuffer. The working-press seat assigned to me was where I liked it—at the end of a row, so I would have to climb over nobody, and just under one of the working corners, where I could watch the seconds between rounds. Early as I was, several people I knew were there before me. In the first row back of the working press I recognized Mrs. Jersey Jones and the bookmaker, Ormesher, and they were talking to Bassey, the eater of hu-mon *bee*-ings, who was now almost unrecognizably dashing in a sky-blue silk *agbada*, or long cape, worn over sky-blue trousers and soft leather slippers. On his head he wore a red *awo*, or skullcap. He spelled the words out for me. The Nigerians from Washington were just behind the pressmen. Crisis or no crisis, the Ambassador had come on. He was in red and black, and the Minister of Labor and Social Welfare was even more impressive, a vast man in a rose-colored *agbada* and an *awo* that was less a skullcap than a Chinese-mandarin pillbox, embroidered with gold leaf, like naval scrambled eggs, and topped with a tassel. The Minister, mountainous and a light cinnamon, was, I supposed, of a different ethnic group from Tiger, whose people are Ibos, from eastern Nigeria—black and built close to the ground, with great thick necks, corded with muscle from carrying heavy burdens on their heads. The students, as gaily, if less elegantly, robed, were slightly farther back. Tiger had a brilliant cheering section.

There was time for only two preliminaries—an uneventful four-rounder, and then a six-rounder, in which Willie Turner, Tiger's lone sparring partner, engaged a much taller fighter with a mustache. Turner, a bobbing, in-and-under kind of body puncher, did well for four and a half rounds, but in the fifth the bigger man, who was named Sonny Miles, knocked him down and put him on Queer Street. Willie's seconds worked on him hard before the sixth

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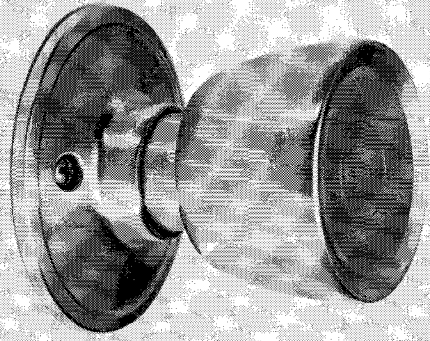

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round—he was in my corner of the ring—and his astonishment visibly turned to anger. He went out full of gaiety, as old Pierce would have it, and for two minutes looked like carrying off the decision after all. Then Miles caught him again, with a right to the jaw, and he wobbled. Miles pounded him until he was stopped by the referee, who walked between them as if he had heard the bell for the end of the round and the fighters hadn't. As a matter of fact, he was stopping the bout and awarding it to Miles, with just ten seconds to go. The crowd booed, zealous to defend a boxer's right to receive a full complement of blows.

Next, Tiger and Fullmer entered the ring—Tiger, I was delighted to see, had my corner—and it soon filled with other fighters and famous men of various sorts, a couple in *agbadas* and the rest in Ivy League, natural-shoulder clothes with the Continental look, who were introduced to the public, and who touched the principals' gloves as a form of handshake. Clay, the Minnesinger, was there, a dandified giant, and a fellow I know named Jackie Fields, whom I first saw box at the Olympic Games in Paris in 1924, where he won the featherweight championship. He got bigger and won the welterweight championship as a professional. I will always remember him because he once said, "When I was a kid I used to sleep on my nose so I would look like a fighter." The star of the presentees was Rocky Marciano, the hero of the early fifties, big and fat and, I am afraid, bald. The Tiger, who looked, as he usually does in the ring, polite and noncommittal, was attended by three seconds—Jersey, Jimmy August, and Foran, his old handler from Liverpool. They all looked more concerned than he did.

Now, as the great Egan had it, "the moment became interesting, and anxiety was upon the utmost stretch." The presentees descended from the ring, and the combatants came to the center, where the referee, a chunky old gentleman, mumbled into the microphone the usual injunctions about wanting a clean fight, which nobody remotely expected. They returned to their corners, and at the warning cry of "Ten seconds!" the handlers left the ring, Jersey clasping the Tiger's right glove in benediction as he dropped down. The bell rang, and Fullmer came out of his corner fast, in accordance with his monotonous mode, his object being to assert his domination from the first by slugging the stranger and shoving him into the ropes. Once he has a man in retrograde, he never lets him get set for an effective punch, and

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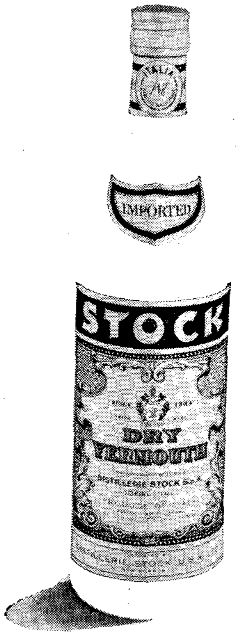

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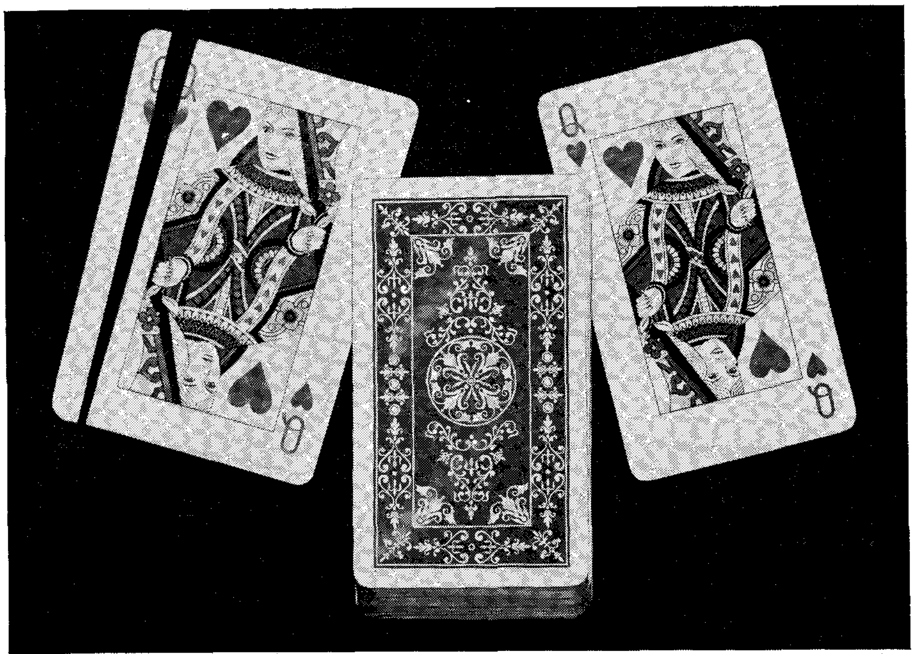
his slaps and chops reduce the victim to steak tartare.

The Tiger stood as firm as a cast-iron black jockey with a ring in his hand to hitch a horse to, and Fullmer found him about as easy to push. The champion lashed out with a couple of sidling swings. Tiger blocked with hands high, then punched to the armored belly with hands low and, coming up, smashed a left hook and a right cross to the impregnable jaw. He "hit Fullmer away," to revert to the historian's idiom, and the crowd, which had seen the champion fight before, howled incredulously. Fullmer came on again, seeking his "desperate *rallies*" and unable to believe in their inefficacy. Tiger's center of gravity was as low as his, Tiger's head was as hard, and Tiger's fists moved on the inside lines, within the arcs of Fullmer's arms.

Sometimes the ruffian, trying to get past this austerely conventional barrier, drove in with his left forearm across his face, throwing his right fist over it, like a man ducking behind a bar to throw beer bottles. The careful notes that at the beginning of a fight I sometimes promise myself I am going to make have turned, as usual, into one-line scrawls, one for each round, but they serve to recall the view from under Tiger's corner. In the first round, I noted, the arms close to the body did the business, and Tiger landed a great right to the jaw, which set the pattern for many to follow. In the second, he employed a good, hurting jab, but Fullmer landed a packet of overhand rights; this, I thought, was the only round of the fight in which Fullmer achieved equality. His smacking blows, though, being all on the outside, were more visible than hurtful. Inside, the calm black continued to demolish him, and by the end of the round it was usually Tiger who moved forward; he had taken the play away.

The first four rounds, Foran said afterward, settled the fight; if Tiger had let the champion get on top, he might never have been able to get started himself. As it was, the pattern soon became clear. In the third, Fullmer's left eye was streaming blood, and in the fourth, brawling desperately to turn the tide, he took a dreadful beating; trying to wrestle Tiger to the ropes, he was himself spun off his feet—a proof of relative strength that must have dumfounded him. In Egan's day, such a fall counted as a knockdown, but in ours it is disregarded.

And now the blows began to take a cumulative effect; Fullmer, like Henry Hank, began to back away. He even awkwardly jabbed—an exercise that in



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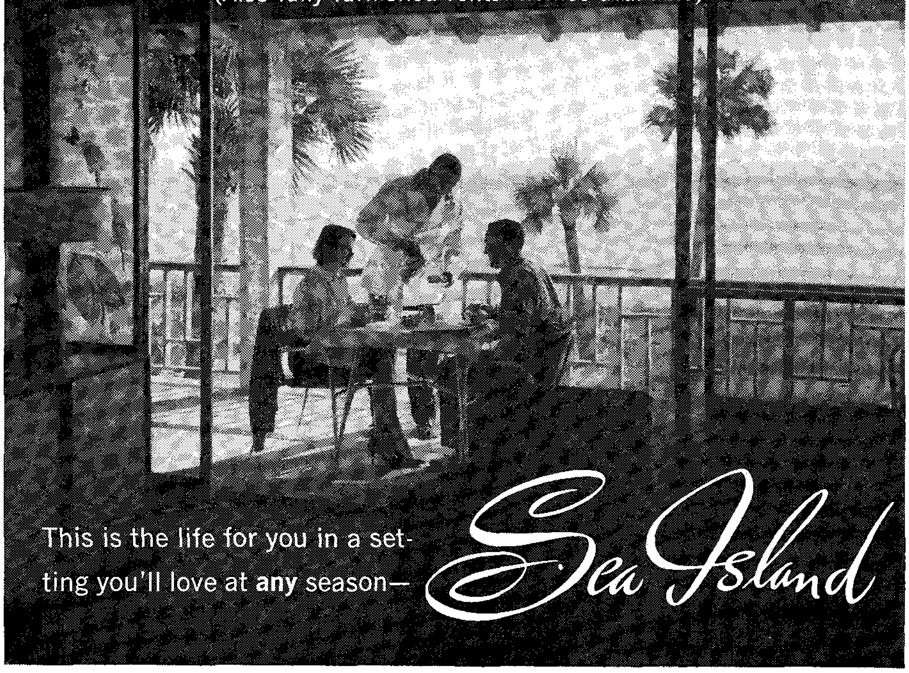
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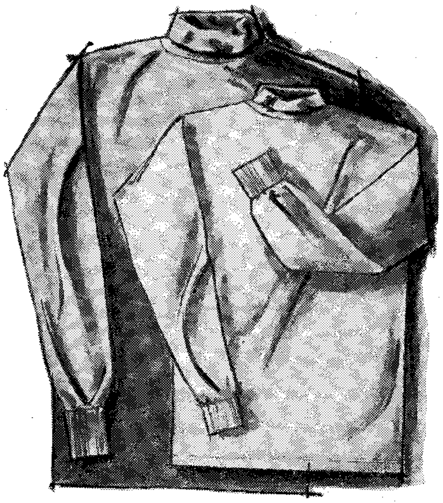

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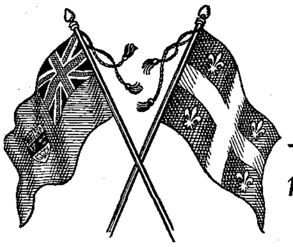
all his previous fights he had scorned as sissy. His ineptitude proved how little he had practiced it. Here the Tiger's limitations—he has them, like all artists—aided Fullmer. Eugène Delacroix once wrote a chapter on the difficulty of knowing when a picture is finished, and the Tiger, like that glorious painter, hesitates over the same point. Come to him and he will murder you, but go away and he will merely follow, implacable, until you recover sufficiently to throw another punch, when he will murder you again. He is a counterpuncher, and must have a lead to counter. (He is, though, the kind of counterpuncher who draws leads by constantly moving forward, and so puts the onus on the other fellow.) Fullmer's normal style was made as if bespoke for Tiger; its collapse gave the Nigerian his only difficulty.

The notion of recapturing the play kept Fullmer in trouble; whenever he mustered up enough strength for self-delusion, he would launch himself at the Tiger again, and the Tiger would punish him and send him reeling back. The first four rounds had been thrilling; the next four were simply grim, illuminated only by the courage of the target. His resolution was as strong as ever, but his imagination was as limited. Instead of recovering, therefore, as he might have done if he had stayed on the bicycle—a term unknown to Egan, who wrote before bicycles were invented—he went steadily downhill, like a general who every time he receives a small reinforcement squanders it in a meaningless counterattack. In the ninth round, with the once-invincible legs turning to rubber and one eye shut off by a screen of blood, he looked done—as any less eminent glutton would have been. He was lucky to get to his corner, and in the normal course of events, with a one-minute rest, he would still have been so weak when he stood up that he must have gone down quickly. But the referee, after giving him the full minute (in Egan's time it was thirty seconds), apparently had a fear that should have occurred to him when the previous round ended. He called into the ring the doctor of the California State Boxing Commission, to examine Fullmer's injuries and see if he could safely continue. The doctor was no chamois for agility, and once he reached Fullmer's corner he took his time in forming a prognosis. Fullmer gained another bit of the breath of life with every second that passed. When the doctor discharged him as fit, two more minutes had passed; he had had the advantage of a three-minute rest after a three-minute



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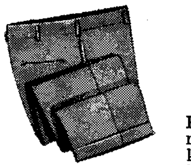

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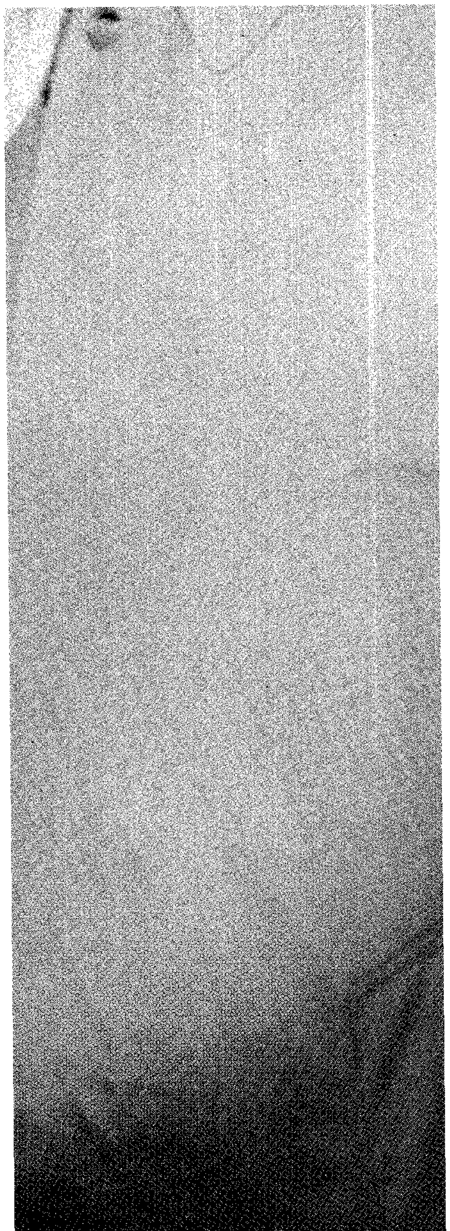

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round—a reprieve that, given his great recuperative powers, cancelled out the damage the Tiger had done him in the last three or four rounds.

I wondered that Jones didn't protest, but his man was, after all, safely ahead on points; he could not afford to have the match end in an indecisive wrangle. When the champion came out again, partly restored, the great moments of the fight were already in the past. Fullmer was now fighting only to go the distance, and the Tiger, though still pursuing, had small hope of knocking him out. The certainty of winning the championship on points may have made him a bit conservative; only an unlucky collision of heads or a broken hand could now endanger him, and cautious well-wishers in the crowd—perhaps people who had bet on him—were shouting, "Steady, Tiger! Watch his head! Take it easy!" And others—disgruntled Fullmer supporters, I imagined—began to boo the champion because he continued to back away. These brave fellows, of course, if they had been in his place, would have crawled out through the ropes.

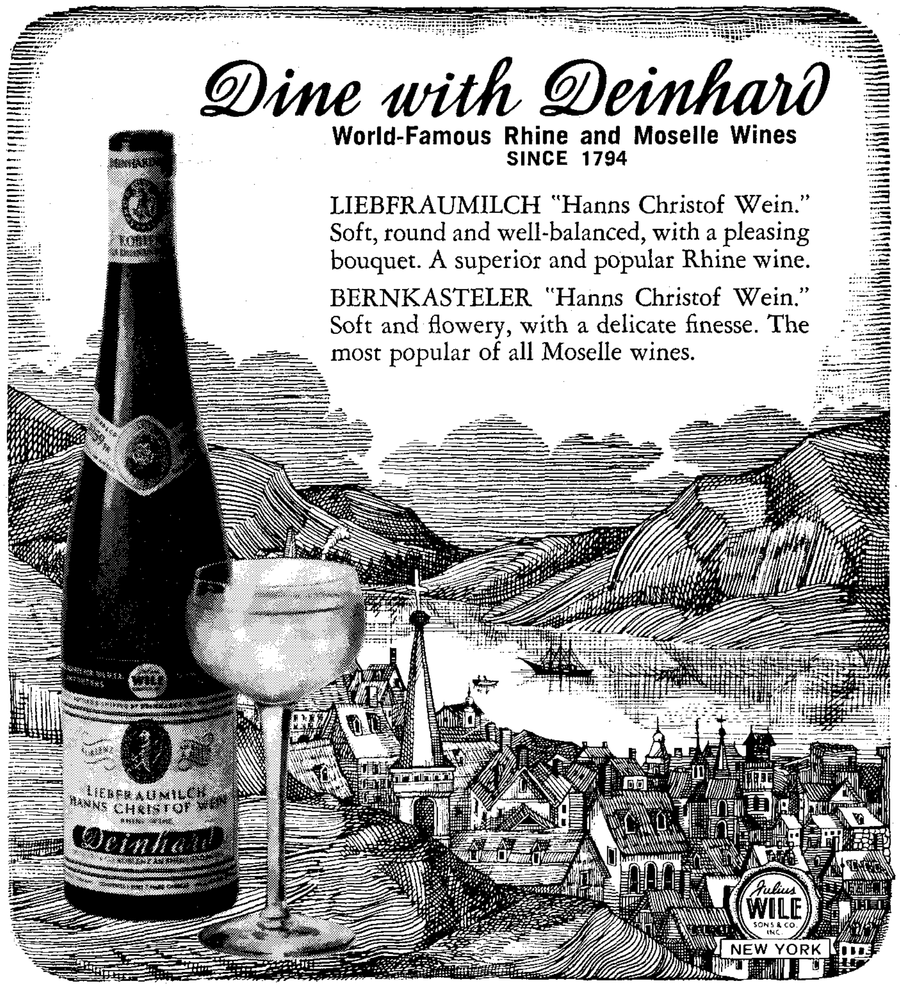
In the eleventh round, Tiger, angry at not having already finished the evening, paused in his pursuit and, raising his hands, motioned to the champion to come to him again and fight. He had been promised a victory party by the representatives of his government, and he didn't want to keep the Minister and the Ambassador waiting. It was, at that, an impolite gesture, not like the usual Tiger at all. Delacroix may have sounded sharp when a friend like Géricault asked him, "When the hell are you going to finish that picture?"

The Nigerians, chauvinistically impervious to pity, raised their voices.

"Belly, belly, Tigah!" one cried, as repetitiously as the man at the ball game chanting "Hit! Hit! Hit!"

Another, more literary, cried, "What a punishment you are receiving, Fullmer! What an ordeal you are undergoing!"

And now, having recovered a bit, the insatiable glutton returned to the hopeless attack, with the result that near the end of the thirteenth he was again in trouble, the Tiger forcing him back toward his own corner with a flowing sequence of blows from which he could not disengage himself. The glutton sagged, and it looked for a moment as if he really would, after all, be knocked out. But the muddled referee helped him survive again. This time, the referee really thought that the round had ended and that he himself had been too excited to hear the bell. He stepped between the



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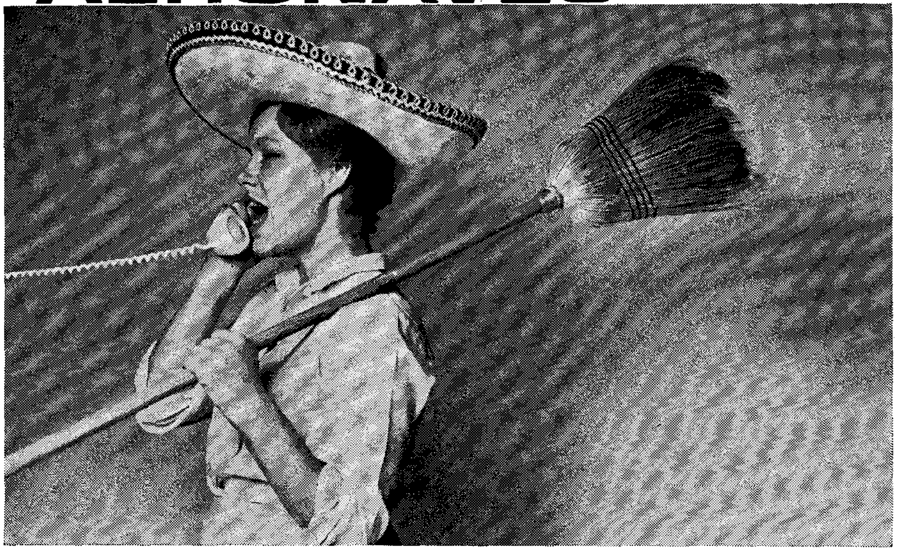

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fighters and waved them to their corners—ten seconds too soon. By that time, I was glad.

Tiger's seconds, like horse-race bettors who begin to shout only when they see they have a winner, began to root him home in the fourteenth. "Belly, belly!" I could hear August shouting, and Jersey shouted, "Easy!" But when August clambered down the ladder from the ring after the interval, I saw, to my amazement, that he continued to look anxious.

"How does it look?" he asked, as if he still could not believe what he saw.

"Perfect!" I yelled, but he still looked flabbergasted. Things had worked out too well to be believed—"Like a Leavenworth problem," my old friend Major General Terry de la Mesa Allen once said after a battle that went that way. Not a single unforeseen emergency had developed. The Tiger wasn't even cut.

The Nigerians swarmed into the ring when the bell ended the fifteenth round. They had no need to wait for the decision, which was unanimously in favor of their Tiger. I waited while Tiger came down from the ring, surrounded by bounding wearers of the *agbada*, and headed for the dressing rooms under the stand. Then I joined Mrs. Jones, who hadn't peeped once during this crisis in the family fortunes, and Mr. Ormesher, who was as cheerful as if a 100–1 shot had won the Derby with all the fancies unplaced. We all walked over to the entrance to the dressing rooms and sat down on a bench to wait for the winning faction to emerge; Mrs. Jones, naturally, was ineligible to go farther. We were all going on to the Nigerian party, at the Mark Hopkins, later. I grew impatient after a while, and wandered through a labyrinth of passages under the stand until I got to a shower room, where Tiger stood, like a bit of black basalt, under the stream.

Jersey, waiting outside, said, "He is the first fighter I ever had who did exactly what I told him." He paused a moment, probably musing on the scores of others who would have been champions, too, if they had followed his advice. "He is the first champion I ever made all by myself," he said modestly. August said, lying, that he had never been worried once, and Tiger, when he came out of the shower, said that Fullmer had hurt him, but never sufficiently to distress him. The only marks showing were a few ridges on his cheekbones and temples. Henry Hank, he said, had hit him much harder than Fullmer, but had not kept him so constantly at work.

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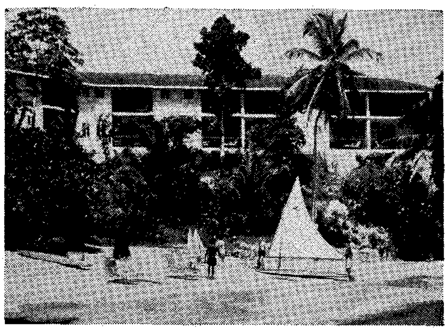

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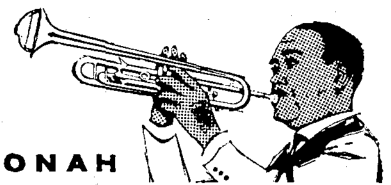

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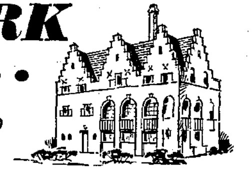

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After all of us had joined Mrs. Jones, we headed for the Governor, so that Tiger could change into his party clothes. While he was upstairs, the rest of us waited in the bar, where a deeply décolletéd lady pianist was banging out heart-rending old favorites, and a party of thoroughly marinated baseball fans were still arguing about an event I barely remembered—the World Series. The "if" legend they had now set up was that if the runner on third in the Giants' half of the ninth inning had been allowed by the baseline coach to come home, he would have scored, tying the game. (He would have been out.) The Tiger was well liked at the Governor, which now began to seem a friendly place to me; the bartender bought us drinks, and you would be a long time waiting for that at a hotel with four stars.

When Tiger came down, he was conservative but magnificent in a dove-gray *agbada* fastened with small silver pins. He wore a maroon pillbox. Jimmy August had switched to a knitted shirt with black and red stripes, but he was slight competition. We hired a pair of taxis for the drive to the Mark Hopkins, leaving the beat-up station wagon down on its own level. The social stratum, like the land, rose as we advanced. At the Hopkins, the Minister of Labor and Social Welfare had laid on a suite worthy of Nigeria's preëminence among African nations. Bar and buffet were well supplied, and the national costume turned the salon into a garden. The Minister's own *agbada* made him look like a garden wall covered with rambler roses as he raised his glass in honor of the modest hero. "To the champion!" he thundered genially. "*Our* champion! *Your* champion! *Ev*-erybody's champion!"

And the rest of us joined all the men in *agbadas* in singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow . . ."

It wasn't until I got downstairs, considerably later, that I remembered there might, for all I knew, be a war on.

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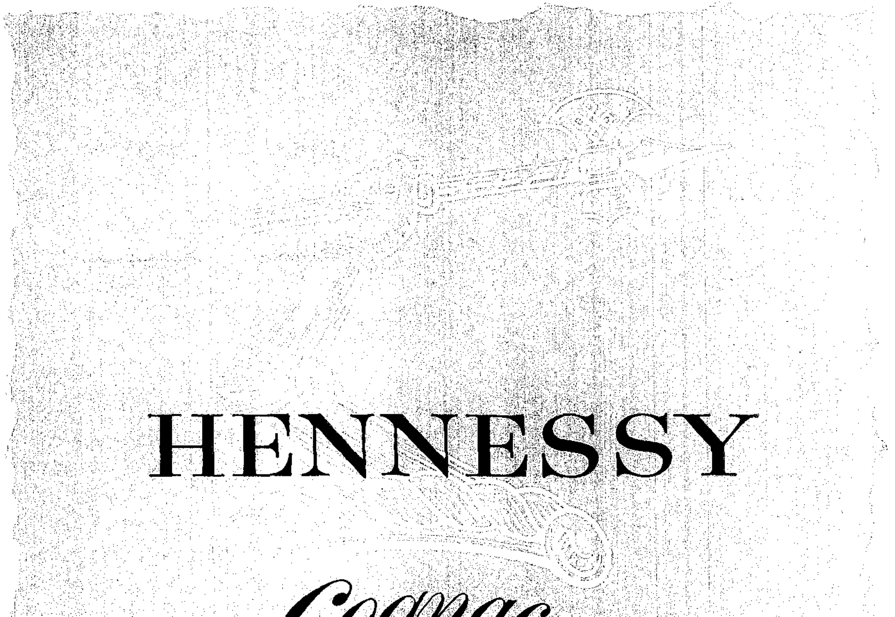

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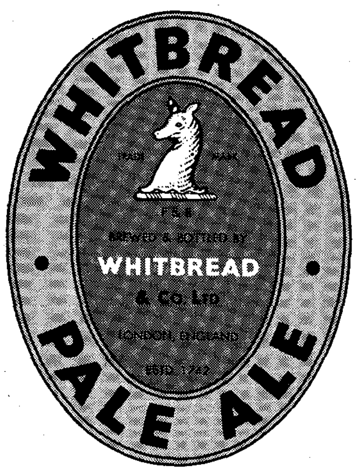

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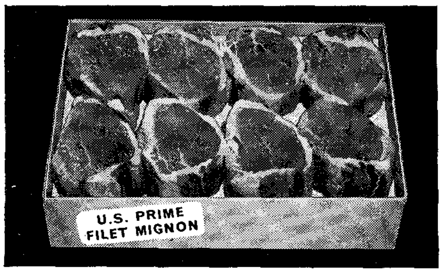

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Family Matters

"PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT" is a pleasant surprise. The Tennessee Williams comedy of a few seasons back, which I don't remember as being all that comic, has been boldly and attractively hoked up in a screenplay by Isobel Lennart, has been directed with unembarrassed broadness by George Roy Hill, and features a small and very expert cast—Tony Franciosa, Jane Fonda, Jim Hutton, Lois Nettleton, John McGiver, and Mabel Albertson—who seem to have enjoyed themselves immensely in the course of making it. In a bit part is a formidably feathered spaniel, afraid of the dark and unable to sleep unless a night light is left burning; he, too, appears to have enjoyed himself immensely. In short, a cheerful, harmless trifle, in which a characteristically gloomy Williams preoccupation—one of the two young husbands in the comedy has always pretended to be a great rake but is actually in mortal fear of failing to prove himself as a man—is mercifully lost sight of in a storm of gags oral and visual, and is resolved in a final scene of firelit marital dalliance. Unlikely as it sounds, in some uncanny fashion the scene works.

I hope Miss Fonda won't be cross if I say that the skill with which she has embodied a fluttery Southern bride astonished me—it's plain that she's a born comedienne and had no business essaying those quasi-tragic roles in "Walk on the Wild Side" and "The Chapman Report." Let me less backhandedly praise John McGiver for the life he contrives to pour into the highly conventional part of the crude husband and father who behaves like a brute at the office and is a henpecked coward at home. As an example of how wise Mr. Hill has been to let his camera make capital of what it happens on, I call your attention to a scene in a police station, which, when the called-for action is finished, continues for a few seconds longer to let us observe Mr. McGiver as, in a passion of frustration, he stands pounding the sergeant's desk. Oh, masterly apparent inadvertence of cutting!

BY a miscalculation that I first deplored and then came to thank heaven for, I arrived half an hour late

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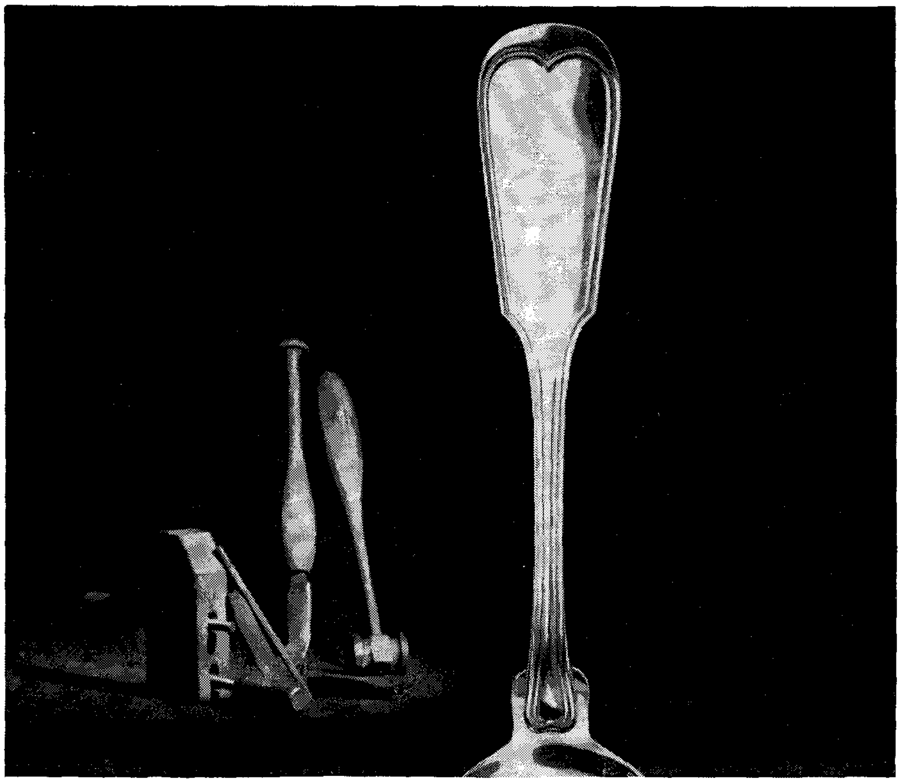
at “Gypsy,” a thoroughly repellent adaptation of the successful Broadway musical. Based, as you doubtless know, on the memoirs of Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, the story tells of a psychopathic mother who, in a campaign of self-aggrandizement that would have made Napoleon blanch, uses and destroys everyone within sound of her extremely loud voice. This monster is played by Rosalind Russell, and if at any point Miss Russell was attempting to mitigate the horror of the creature, I failed to detect professional evidence of it. The direction, by Mervyn LeRoy, is heavy and coarse, and seems, by its nature but not by intention, to match the story's milieu and period—vaudeville in the early nineteen-twenties. “Heavy and coarse” will also serve to describe the screenplay, by Leonard Spigelgass; the camerawork; the color; and the sets, none of which look real and all of which are ugly. Natalie Wood and Karl Malden are Miss Russell's fellow-stars, and have almost nothing to do but be ranted at and, once or twice, rant back. Miss Wood is awfully pretty, though, and I had the feeling that she and Mr. Malden would have liked to step out of character and demand, “What on earth are *we* doing in this hateful botch?”

“The Lady with the Dog” is a scrupulous Russian rendering of the famous Chekhov short story. Iya Savvina is Chekhov's Bovary-like young heroine to the life, and Alexei Batalov is the practiced lover who succeeds in destroying her virtue as a part of his accustomed holiday-making, then finds that he doesn't forget her. The climax of the story is the discovery that there can be no climax—that a couple of ordinary people, not very eagerly pursuing joy, have all unwittingly placed themselves in a permanent painful bondage. This sort of calculated anticlimax may be of the highest literary value but is of little use in films, and for me the charm of the setting—Yalta at the turn of the century—and the modesty (and blessed brevity) of the episode were barely enough to make our heroine's repeated bouts of weeping endurable. Another bucket of tears and I'd have thought only of how little I wished to measure the depth and breadth of her tiny, middle-class doom.

“Paris Belongs to Us” is a far-out picture by Jacques Rivette, a young French intellectual and former associate of François Truffaut on the *Cahiers du Cinéma*. I call it “far-out” from kindness; the truth is that I found its in-

FRANK SMITH STERLING



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Hyung Sook longs to go to school. But schooling is not free in Korea and the boy's widowed mother cannot afford the school fees. She works as a seamstress and earns about $4.00 a week. Every penny goes for rice and rent for their one small room.

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cessant meanderings a bore—a failure of craftsmanship masquerading as the appropriate means of conveying the sense of an enormous political conspiracy being carried out in Paris by nobody can be quite sure whom against nobody can be quite sure whom. The whole point of a labyrinth is, of course, that there be at least one way to penetrate it successfully; here, all the ways fail, and the absence of a design struck me, most unreassuringly, as not being by design at all. It was evidently anticipated that adverse judgments would be passed on the picture, because a number of Rivette's more celebrated friends—among them Claude Chabrol, Jacques Demy, Jean-Luc Godard, Alain Resnais, and Truffaut—have issued a manifesto about it, warning philistines not to respond to it philistinely. I quote a sentence of the manifesto as an almost flawless specimen of what the English call "waffling," which is to say saying nothing at length: "The film is primarily the fruit of an astonishing persistence over several years to bring to the screen a personal vision of the world as rich and diverse as if expressed by any other means." —BRENDAN GILL

•

The space age has come to Wisconsin in a big way!

Consider what has happened in the last two weeks.

A Milwaukeean, Lt. Cdr. James A. Lovell, jr., has been picked as one of America's nine new astronauts, and may become the first spaceman to reach the moon.

And Donald (Deke) Slayton, a native of Sparta, in Monroe county, was appointed as the first co-ordinator of astronaut activities at the manned space flight center, Houston, Tex.

And two weeks ago Wisconsin became the first state to be hit by a chunk of a Russian sputnik, with that honor falling on Manitowoc.

The question now is: Can we keep up the pace we've set?—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Try orbiting a cheese wheel.

•

PROSE PASSAGES WE HATED TO COME TO THE END OF

[*From the Financial Times, Montreal*]

The road may well be paved with sugar candy. Commissions may be easier to make and spending money freer to flow. But those who are wont to wear their pyjama tops in winter time embroidered "Freedom" may find that they are garbed in cheese cloth and that their nationalism, with which it all started, was nothing but a belch blowing others to a seat of power they could never have reached had they had intelligent audiences, unemotional employers and innocent, rather than simple, governments to deal with.

A Message from

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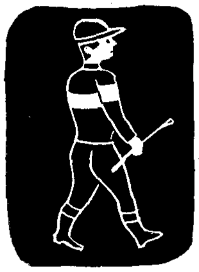
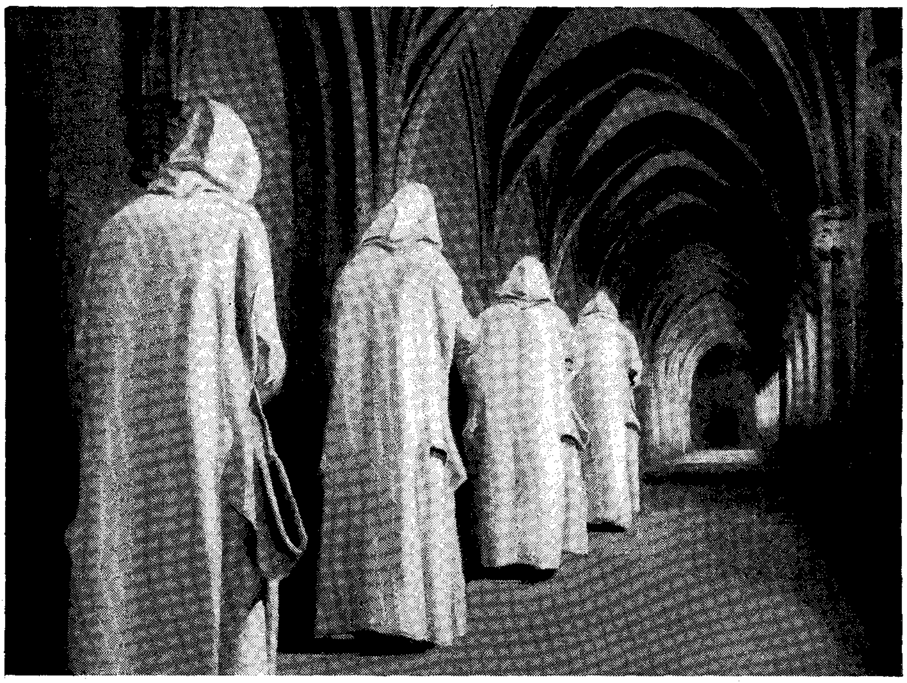


IT has long been one of my firm convictions that races on muddy tracks are never satisfactory tests of form. What happened last Saturday is a good case in point. At Aqueduct, Cicada, this season's top three-year-old filly, finished fifth in the Ladies Handicap, which was won by Royal Patrice, and at Garden State Park, in Jersey, Mongo beat Carry Back in the Trenton Handicap. The footing was squishy at both racecourses, and the weather wasn't fit for man or beast.

In the paddock, Cicada looked a little light in flesh, which wasn't surprising, for it was her seventeenth start since February. Nevertheless, she quickly overhauled and passed the lightly weighted Tamarona, who had led around the first turn, and she kept on going lengths ahead of the other runners. Turning into the straight, however, she shortened her stride, just as she did in the Alabama Stakes at Saratoga, which was run in much the same sort of going, and in the last furlong Royal Patrice, Waltz Song, Oil Royalty, and Shirley Jones swept past her. I must say that Royal Patrice's performance was a smasher. She was off last and was no better than ninth for nearly a mile of the mile and five-sixteenths, and she made a very wide turn for home, but she came rolling down the stretch like a runaway locomotive. It was her fourth victory in twenty-one starts this season. I'm reluctant to make excuses for beaten favorites, and yet it's only fair to point out that Cicada ran close to the rail, where the mud was deepest, all the way around. (Shoemaker, who rode her, kept Chateaugay in exactly the same place earlier in the afternoon, and it certainly cost him that race.) Also, Cicada carried high weight for her age. Believe it or not, the Ladies Handicap was her last race this year. She's going—if she hasn't gone already—to a farm in Westchester, where she'll rest until she's shipped to Florida. Affectionately has been turned out for a vacation, too, and will go to Santa Anita later on. And as for Primonetta, who won the Falls City Handicap—her seventeenth victory in twenty-five starts—out at Churchill Downs, her racing days are now over,



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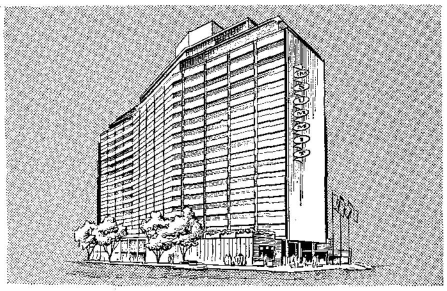

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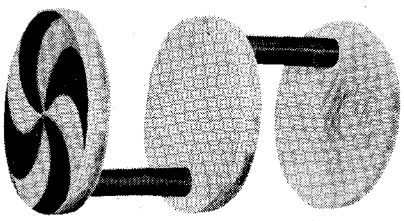

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for she's going to the brood-mare paddocks.

WHENEVER Carry Back runs, you can count on him to do his best, and it seemed to me as I watched the Trenton Handicap on television that he'd never tried harder. Crowded to the rear shortly after the start, he didn't get settled into his stride for half a mile, by which time he was so far behind the leaders that he looked hopelessly out of it. Then he began to close the gap, and it was such a gallant effort that you couldn't help hoping he'd make it. Indeed, about sixty yards from home Carry Back caught up with Mongo, who had led most of the way, and passed him, appearing to have the race won, but Mongo came on again in the last few strides and got his nose in front by inches as the two horses went under the wire. Although Carry Back lost, it was his best race this year. This isn't the first surprise that Mongo has sprung; an earlier one was in the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City, when he beat T. V. Lark by a neck. He is owned by Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott, who will probably have him made into a jumper next year.

EVEN before the rain came, racing at Aqueduct last week was on the thin side. Though there were plenty of horses scooting around the course, few of them made a lasting impression. A popular diversion was betting on anything that Shoemaker or Ycaza rode—a sure sign that the horseplayers were getting worn down. As for the events this weekend: Never Bend should have no difficulty in accounting for the Garden State Stakes at Garden State Park, one of the season's richer prizes for two-year-olds. Whether Jaipur will start in the Roamer Handicap for three-year-olds at Aqueduct will depend on his mood at the moment, which nobody can guess. (He couldn't be coaxed onto the track for the Man o' War a couple of weeks ago.) The Washington, D.C., International at Laurel in Maryland on Veterans' Day Monday should be a good show. For its eleventh running, it will have horses from ten countries, including two from the U.S.S.R. What, no *troika*?

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Mrs. Evelyn E. Kuhlke, 2810 Marine St., reported Wednesday that the cash box at St. John's Episcopal Church, 14th and Pine, was bent by Someone trying to break it open.—*Boulder* (*Colo.*) *Camera.*

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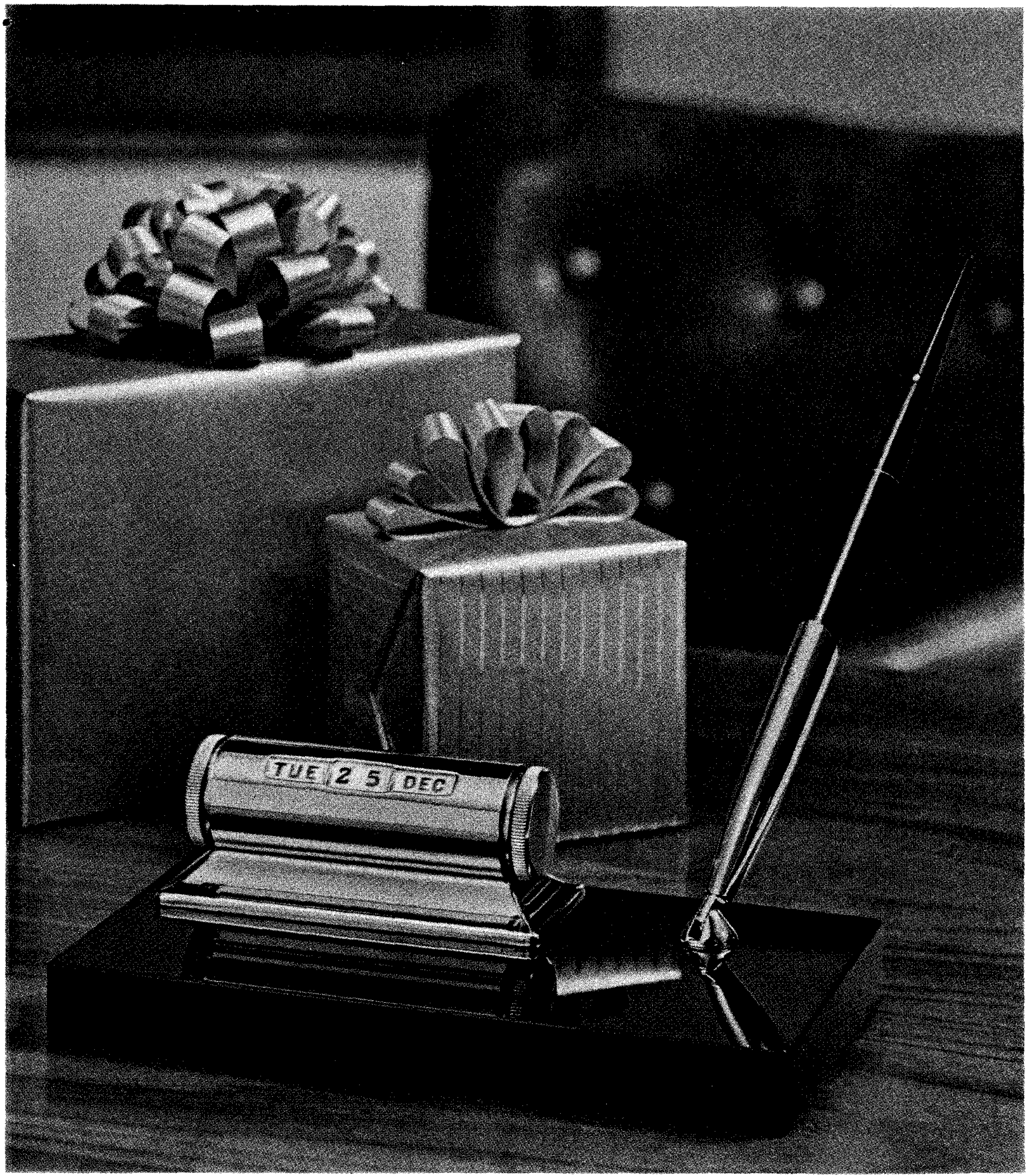

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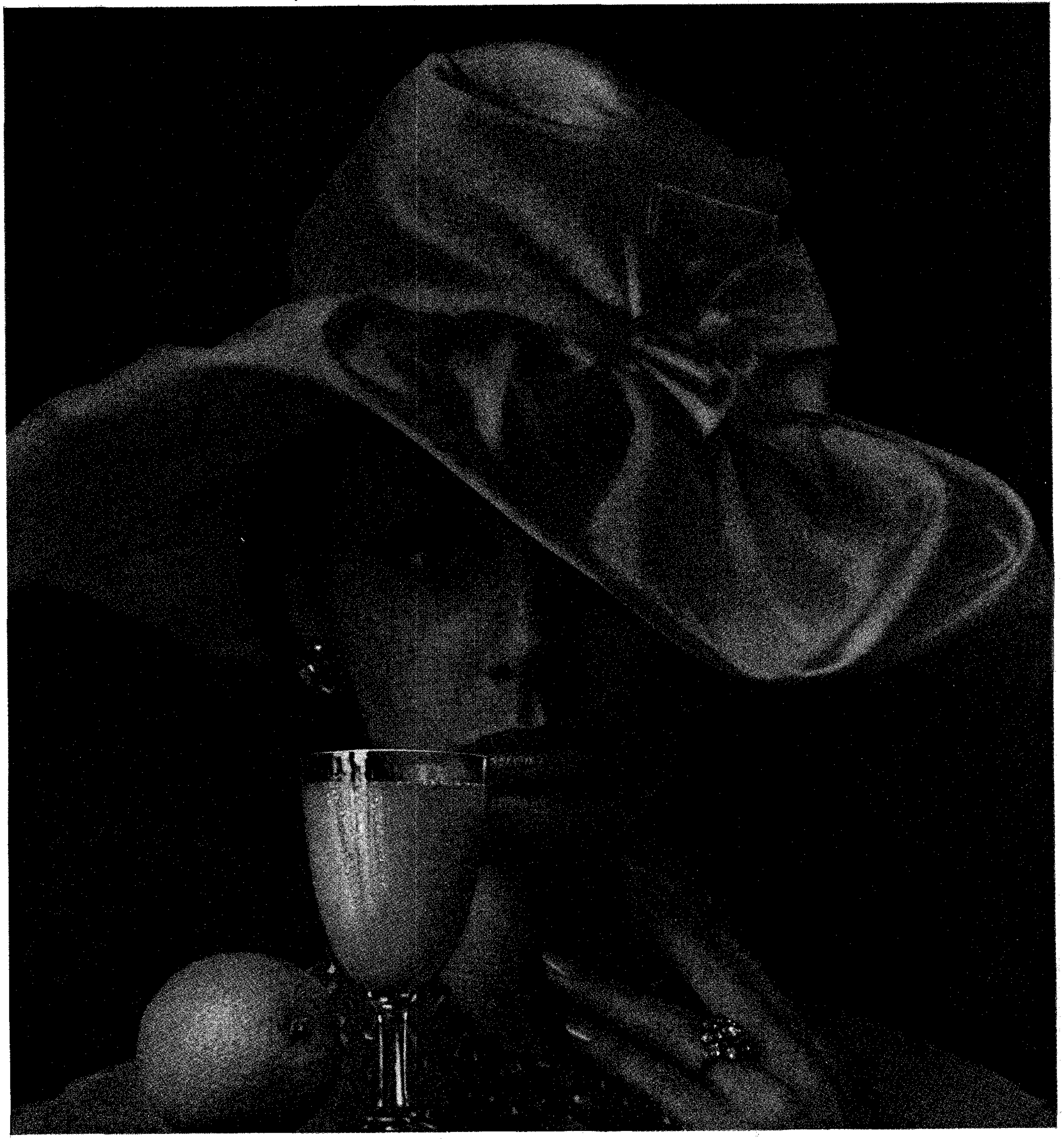

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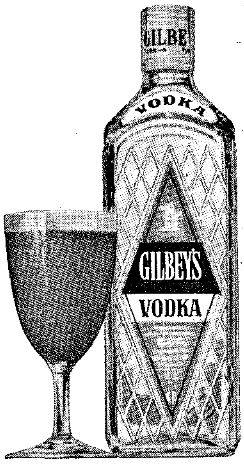

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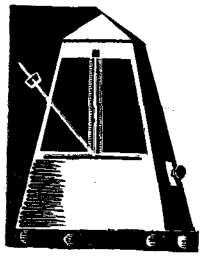
MUSICAL EVENTS

Faust, Quixote, and Giovanni



IN an interesting and informative book called "Opera as Theater," George R. Marek, general manager of the R.C.A. Victor Record Division, has pointed out, along with many other things, certain problems connected with the libretto that Lorenzo Da Ponte wrote for Mozart's "Don Giovanni." One is Mozart's referring to the work as a "*dramma giocoso*," thus emphasizing its comic aspects, which contrast curiously with some very tragic moments, and another is the presence of quite a number of rather awkward ambiguities, which have always taxed the ingenuity of stage directors. Mr. Marek is unquestionably right in feeling that the libretto is weakened accordingly. Yet, to my mind, he has missed a very important point about the villainous hero of the opera, and has done so by thinking of Don Giovanni as a character in a drama. I would say that Don Giovanni is nothing of the sort. He is not a character but a figure of fantasy—a myth—and the portrayal of his adventures, instead of calling for an ordinary theatrical performance, takes on some of the attributes of a rite that is bigger and more imposing than life.

In the case of a myth, one can forgive the author, librettist, or playwright a few lapses from the ordinary practices of his craft. In fact, a myth can sometimes be more powerful than the literary form in which it is expressed. I can think, offhand, of two other myths of this type that are strongly embedded in the cultural heritage of Western civilization—Goethe's Faust and Cervantes' Don Quixote. Both are wonderful myths, but there are many highly intelligent people who, while respecting them both, find it extremely tedious to wander through the complexities of Goethe's monumental work or to follow the endless adventures recounted by Cervantes. In each case, it is a matter of the myth's being greater than its literary clothing—or, at any rate, a matter of the literary clothing's being dated and unpopular, while the myth retains all its force. In the case of "Don Giovanni," the myth is certainly greater than Da Ponte's sometimes rather foolish and tacked-together libretto, but it is

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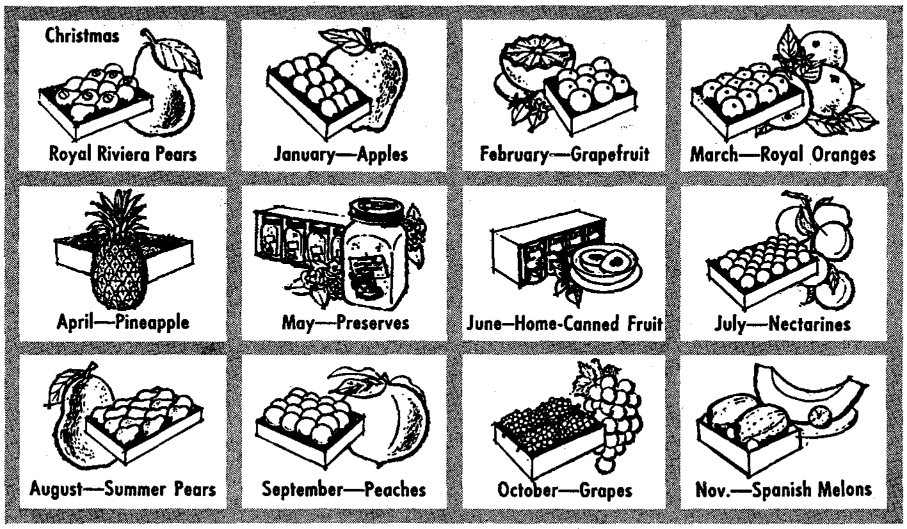

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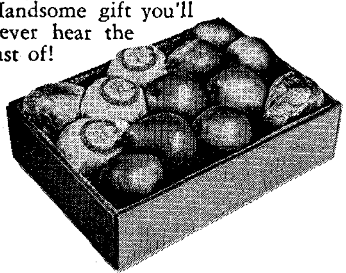

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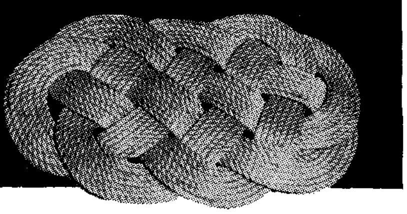

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not greater than Mozart's music, and when one goes to hear the work, such defects as the vulgarity of Leporello's "Catalogue" aria drop into the background as long-familiar details that really detract nothing from the majestic scope of the opera as a whole. Mr. Marek is, of course, correct in his analysis of "Don Giovanni's" faults as a play, and also in pointing out that it is not the equal, as a play, of "The Marriage of Figaro," which deals with real characters and contains no myths. Still, there is something enormously exciting and impressive about Don Giovanni himself. Like Faust and Don Quixote, he is a personification—the personification of reckless hedonism, including all the beauty and all the criminality that can be associated with this idea. He is, as most people who go to see the opera know beforehand, not only the archetype of all seducers but a murderer as well—and, besides that, a man who commits murder just for fun. He is certainly not a comic figure, nor is he, properly speaking, a tragic one, though he goes to Hell in the last act, after shaking hands with the statue of the man he has murdered. (I might remark that Don Quixote occupies a similar position between the comic and the tragic.) The fact is that, having something of the supernatural about him, Don Giovanni is beyond both comedy and tragedy. He is a proud symbol of the *élan vital*—a force of nature that is necessary to human survival and at the same time is highly dangerous if it is not held in check by moral law. It is this point, I think, that makes one's hair stand on end as one listens during the overture to the hushed, retributive scales representing the dead Commendatore. We are about to witness a tussle between a superman and a ghost. We know that the ghost is going to win. We also know that in winning he is going to hurl into the underworld a personage who represents something magnificent but morally intolerable. This point may not always be obvious in Da Ponte's libretto, but the character of Mozart's music leaves no doubt about it.

The performance of "Don Giovanni" at the Metropolitan Opera on Thursday evening of last week unfortunately revealed most of the flaws that Mr. Marek has written about. This was partly due to the fact that the Metropolitan's staging, originally devised by Herbert Graf, has sagged into a pretty careless state; the basic motif of crime and retribution has been lost in a mass of horseplay. It was also partly due to the conducting of Lorin Maazel, who was

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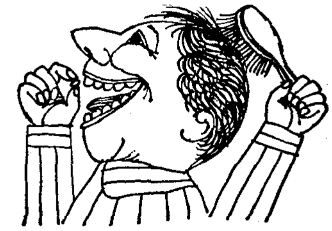

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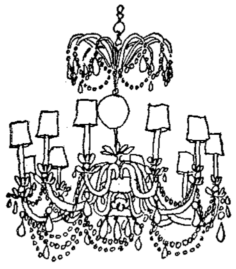

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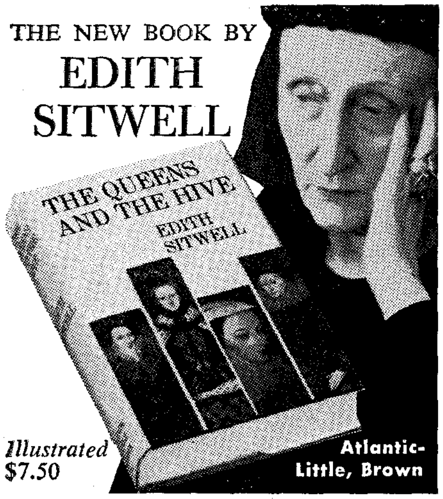

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making his Metropolitan début, and who led the first act in a rather disjointed and uneven manner. When he got to the second act, things went much better. (All the same, one couldn't help thinking that "Don Giovanni" is a tough opera for a young conductor to make his début in.) As for the individual singers, they contributed some fine moments. Gabriella Tucci has much too light a voice for Donna Elvira, but Cesare Siepi remains the most imposing and vocally impeccable of contemporary Don Giovannis. Eleanor Steber, though her voice is not what it once was, handled the part of Donna Anna with consummate artistry, providing a model of what can be done when sheer will and experienced style are added to vocal equipment that is still impressive. Roberta Peters, as always, was the ideal Zerlina. Nicolai Gedda has a somewhat heavy voice for the lyric-tenor role of Don Ottavio, but despite this handicap, he sang well. Ezio Flagello was an unusually fine Leporello, Theodor Uppman clowned a bit too much but sang acceptably as Masetto, and Ernst Wiemann was suitably dignified as the Commendatore. It is too bad that, with such generally sterling ingredients, this performance lacked the magic it should have had. I had great difficulty getting my hair raised during the overture, and it remained flattened to my skull during most of what followed.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

HYMENEAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From "School Soundings," published by the Marblehead public-school system*]

Family living is correlated with every phase of the home economics program but is also offered as a separate subject. It is a course planned primarily for senior boys and girls and designed to help them plan for marriage and the future. Units include Developing a Personality, Dating Problems, Preparation for Marriage, Children in the Home, and Family Adjustments. Child Psychology and Mental Hygiene are included and a field trip to the State Mental Hospital in Danvers climaxes the course.

•

UCLA Art Council Lectureship will feature a lecture by Marcel Proust at 4 P.M. today in RH Auditorium. Mr. Proust will investigate the influence of art in his search for spiritual truth.

This lecture is the second in a series of three talks on French art and literature sponsored by the Council. The third lecture will be delivered Wednesday at 8:15 P.M. in RH Auditorium by Andre Malraux.—*U.C.L.A. Daily Bruin.*

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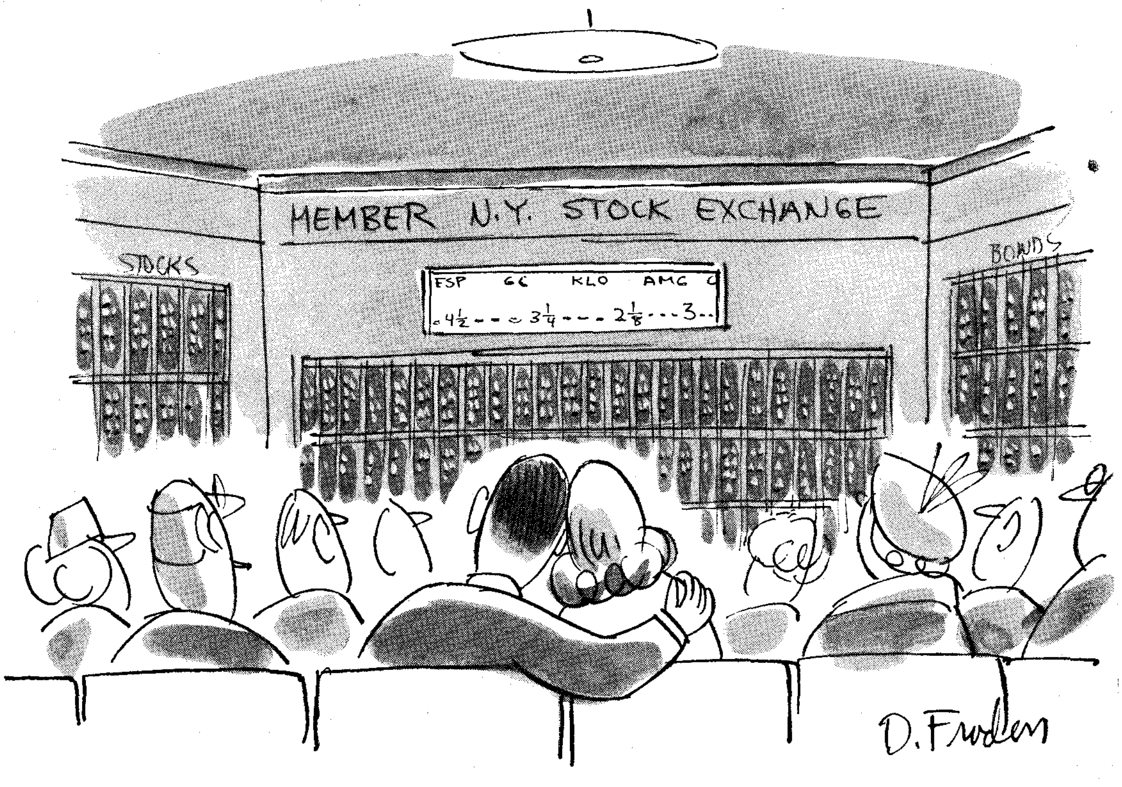
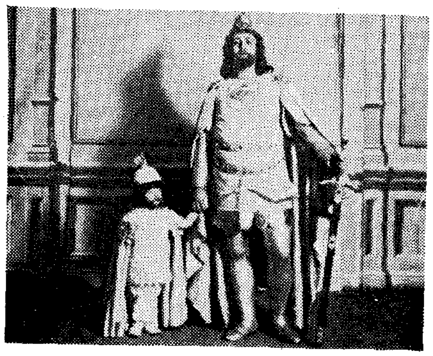
Command Failure

CHRISTOPHER HIBBERT'S "The Destruction of Lord Raglan" (Little, Brown) is the story of the loss of reputation and the death of the commanding general who was saddled with much of the responsibility for the dismal failures of the British Army in the first phase of the invasion of the Crimea in the war of 1854. Mr. Hibbert, who feels that Lord Raglan has been cruelly wronged by history, writes very much from the service point of view, and his approach is in marked contrast with that of Mrs. Cecil Woodham-Smith, who went over much of the ground in her study of the events leading up to the futile destruction of the Light Brigade, published some years ago as "The Reason Why." The cavalry charge in which the Brigade was thrown away was the consequence of a failure in command that Mrs. Woodham-Smith attributed to a clash between the personalities of the officers concerned. According to her, Lord Raglan issued an ambiguous order because it was in line with his character; it was garbled in transmission and made into a recipe for disaster because it was passed through a chain of officers who were violently hostile to each other for a variety of reasons, which she most entertainingly explored. Mr. Hibbert, who has been shot at in battle, concedes that the men didn't like each other, but takes the view that ambiguity is a condition of combat; Lord Raglan's order was totally misunderstood because it is the sort of thing that happens in the stress of combat: the commander sees one set of facts, his subordinate in the line sees another, and the idea that seems so clear at corps level is a mystery when it gets through to the battalions. At first blush, Mr. Hibbert's approach is obviously more reasonable, particularly in regard to Lord Cardigan, the dazzlingly incompetent commander of the Light Brigade. Mrs. Woodham-Smith was concerned with such information as that he was the only son in a household of eight children. She introduced him with a paean to the handsomeness of his family, the Brudenells, which ended with the splendid phrase "In him the Brudenell beauty had come to flower." Her evidence may have been the family portraits at Deene, the house in the Midlands where the Brudenells have been living for more than four hundred years. But a painter working for a wealthy patron who would not hesitate to refuse payment for an "unsatisfactory" portrait is likely to give a certain lustre to his sitters, and the spectacular good looks that used to distinguish the families of the landed gentry and the very rich from the rest of us have faded with great speed into ordinariness since the invention of the camera. The possibility that Mrs. Woodham-Smith might have taken the expensively established legend of the Brudenell beauty at its face value makes her seem—at least in contrast to the hardheaded and soldierly Mr. Hibbert—unworldly. He deals with Lord Cardigan in terms of his success or of his failure to carry out his duties as a soldier, and leaves the question of his looks to an illustration, a copy of a daguerreotype, which establishes that the noble cavalryman looked uncommonly like a dissipated Montadale ewe. Thus it seems clear that Mr. Hibbert is giving the nonsense-free account of things.

And yet to understand Lord Raglan and what happened to him in the Crimea, it does become necessary to look beyond the narrow confines of the matter in hand. That Lord Cardigan was brought up among women who spoiled him appears to have had a decisive effect in determining his ideas of what was due to him and what he could do, and these ideas, in turn, had their effect on what he did in the Crimea. Mr. Hibbert passes lightly and rapidly over the fact that Lord Raglan was born in the milieu that produced Lord Cardigan and that so enormously enlarged his self-esteem. The facts are that though he was not brought up among a litter of girls, Lord Raglan did happen to be a son of the Duke of Beaufort, the owner of the vast Badminton estate, in Gloucestershire, and one of the pillars of the old order of oligarchy. No child of the Duke's could grow up to regard himself as an ordinary human being; every circumstance of his life was contrived to offer him proof that, by virtue of merely being a Somerset, he was immeasurably superior to anyone who worked, engaged in trade or manufacturing, or followed any of the professions. And it must be understood that the Army in his day was in a peculiar constitutional position; though its funds were voted by the Parliament, it was not under the control of Parliament, and its Commander-in-Chief and all his subordinate officers derived their authority directly from the Crown. Service of the king, not of the public, was a suitable employment for a su-

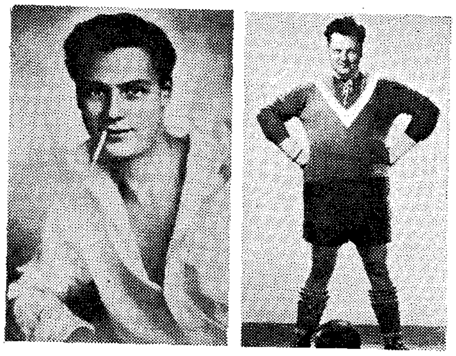


Once upon a time in Old Vienna
there was a little boy named Walter
with lovely long golden curls.
(He fixed that.)



He made his stage debut at the
age of four with his father Leo,
who was very big in the opera.
(Vienna is famous for its strudel)

He grew up handsome—very handsome.
And so he too became big in the
theatre. *Very* big. *(Vienna is also
famous for its Wienerschnitzel)*



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Eventually he became so famous
he was persuaded to write a book.
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perior person, and the odium attached to the other professions did not fall upon the Army. It was in consequence largely officered by the younger sons of the landed gentry, such as Lord Raglan. To make sure that only the wealthy men reached the higher ranks, the Army had no system of promotion based on seniority or experience; commissions were quite simply sold, and a man wishing to leave the Army disposed of his rank by private treaty to anyone ready to meet his terms. There was a measure of price control; the prices of commissions were supposedly set by regulation, and the figures were printed annually in the Army List, but commissions were generally sold at well above the set rates.

Lord Raglan's first commission was bought for him when he was fifteen and still at school; he became a lieutenant at nineteen, and at the age of twenty-three he acquired a property worth, at the official figure, nine thousand pounds—a lieutenant-colonelcy in the 1st Foot Guards. In 1810, a year before he became a lieutenant colonel, he was appointed military secretary to the Duke of Wellington, and he was the Duke's closest associate from then on, through the remainder of the Napoleonic wars, until the great man died, in 1852. Wellington was then Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, and Lord Raglan expected to succeed him. He was, however, passed over, but was compensated by being made Master General of the Ordnance, and was responsible for the discipline and organization of the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers in particular and for the equipment of the Army in general. If he had been in any sense a professional soldier he would have investigated the department he had taken over to find out whether it was fulfilling its functions. But as he was Lord Raglan, and now the brother of the Duke of Beaufort, it did not occur to him that it was his duty to do this. The appointment was his due as a superior person, and it was the duty of his subordinates to make his tenure of office easy and tranquil. With the equipment and the organization of 1775, the British Army had done very well in the Napoleonic wars, and there was no need for upsetting changes just because a lot of mechanics said they knew more about soldiering than the men who had won at Waterloo. The only concession Lord Raglan felt able to make to the changes brought about in warfare by forty years of rapid industrial development was in the matter of muskets, and the smoothbore weapon called Brown Bess, which

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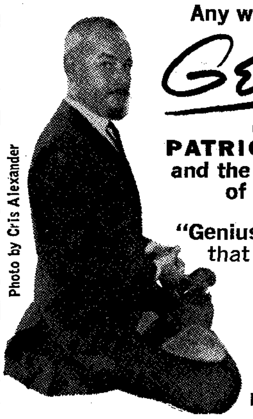

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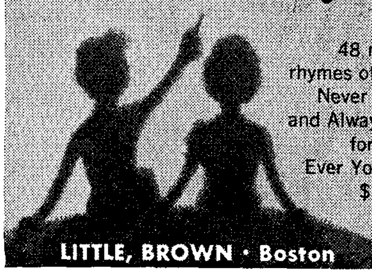

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had seen the British through the Seven Years' War of 1756-63, was replaced by an adaptation of the muzzle-loading Minié rifle. But that was all the modernization he had to his credit when, in 1854, he was made commander of the expeditionary force to be sent against the Russians in the neighborhood of the Black Sea.

Mr. Hibbert makes much of the difficulties Lord Raglan faced at the head of an army with an obsolete artillery, no supply train, no field hospitals or hospital ships, no field kitchens, no camping equipment, no staff organization, and no established chain of command. His argument is that no soldier could have overcome them, and that they were created by the demands for economy in the Army by Cobden, Bright, and Hume, the leading Parliamentary representatives of the manufacturing interests. Yet Raglan sat opposite Hume for six years in the House of Commons without, Mr. Hibbert remarks, ever speaking in defense of the Army's requests for appropriations, though he could have spoken with special weight and authority as the Commander-in-Chief's military secretary. As Wellington's closest associate, he was in an excellent position to influence the way in which money was spent by the Army when it did get it. But he was not concerned to see that the country had the most efficient army it could get for the money; he wished only to make sure that the Army, as the police power of the state, would remain wholly under the control of the landed gentry. Lord Raglan's explanation of why the British Army could not adopt a training scheme as effective as the Prussians' latest one was, Mr. Hibbert tells us, simply to cry, "Joseph Hume!"—as if Parliamentary opposition were the only obstacle. The real objection to the Army reforms that the rise of Prussian power, the appearance of a military dictatorship in France, the beginnings of the collapse of the post-Napoleonic European system, and the advance of Russia combined to make urgent was that they could be worked only if commission by purchase was abolished and the Army became a career for the educated sons of middle-class families. They had started, by way of the Indian Army, to filter into the service in the thirties and forties, and Lord Raglan, like other members of his class, considered this a dreadful portent of what might happen if anything was changed. The extraordinarily ineffective expeditionary force that undid Lord Raglan was the product of the military policies he had helped to frame and had support-

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HORIZON—A MAGAZINE TO ENGAGE THE MIND AND DELIGHT THE EYE

WORD PLAY

The poor old English language takes a beating every day. Many people call someone *notorious* when they mean *celebrated.* They talk about *belaboring* a point (as if it were a dragon about to attack) instead of *laboring* it. And they make *data* a singular noun, leaving themselves out of luck when they need a plural.

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ed. There was no small element of poetic justice in his doom, and he was hardly the blameless victim of a malicious press campaign and a public outcry for a scapegoat that Mr. Hibbert is at pains to present. The giveaway is his acceptance of the command of the expeditionary force. He was sixty-six, he had not been on active service for thirty-nine years, and he had never held an independent command; he was not up to the job, but he took it. Mr. Hibbert's description of the consequences is moving, but as blunder after blunder leads to the melting away of the army, through shapeless battles, privation, and disease, and he continues to insist that the polite, diffident, and lethal commander who made them all has been the victim of a terrible misunderstanding, it becomes clear that Mr. Hibbert, not Mrs. Woodham-Smith, is the romantic and the sentimentalist. He is not bewitched by anything as mild as the legend of the beauty of the Brudenells. He seems bemused by a perverse military glory that makes Lord Raglan almost admirable for having died of a broken heart after bringing about the worst mess in British military history. Lord Raglan had, it is true, exquisite tact and a great deal of charm, and he was exceedingly brave and cool under fire. But he had no capacity for command, and the chilling lesson of his career is that a country which reserves positions of responsibility for men whose only qualification to hold them is wealth or family connection is heading for serious trouble. Lord Raglan was allowed to buy his way to the top of the tree, and many thousands of young men were dead by the time it was discovered that he did not belong there.

—ANTHONY WEST

•

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A good starting point for starting again.

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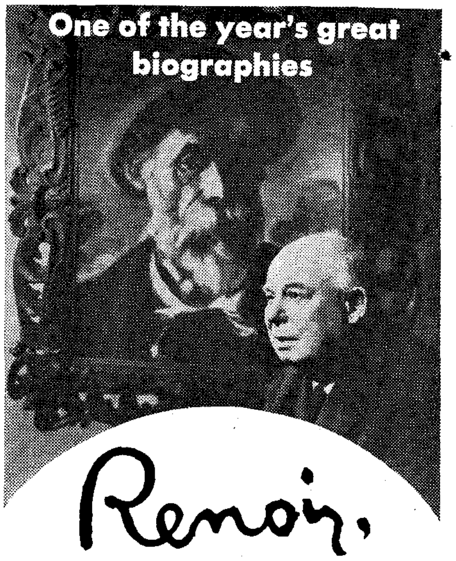
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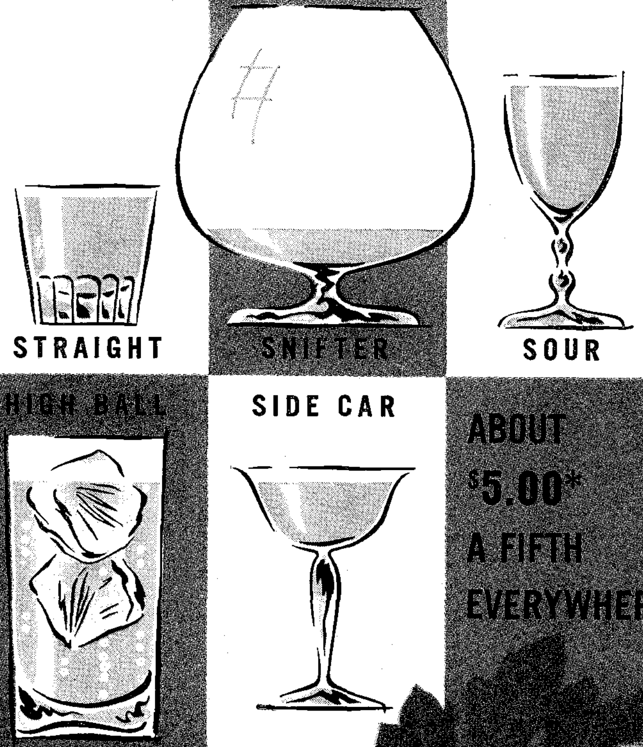

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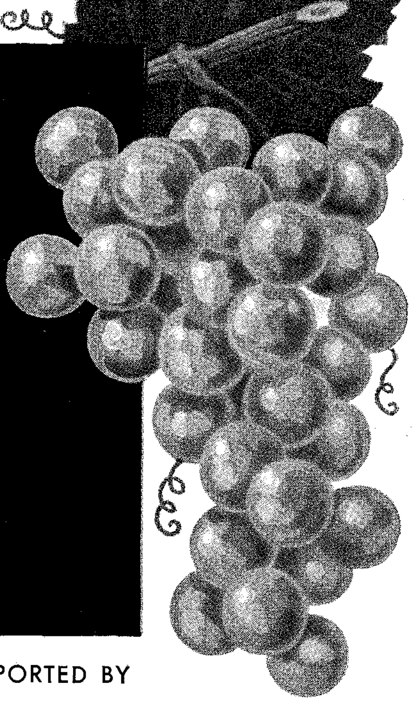

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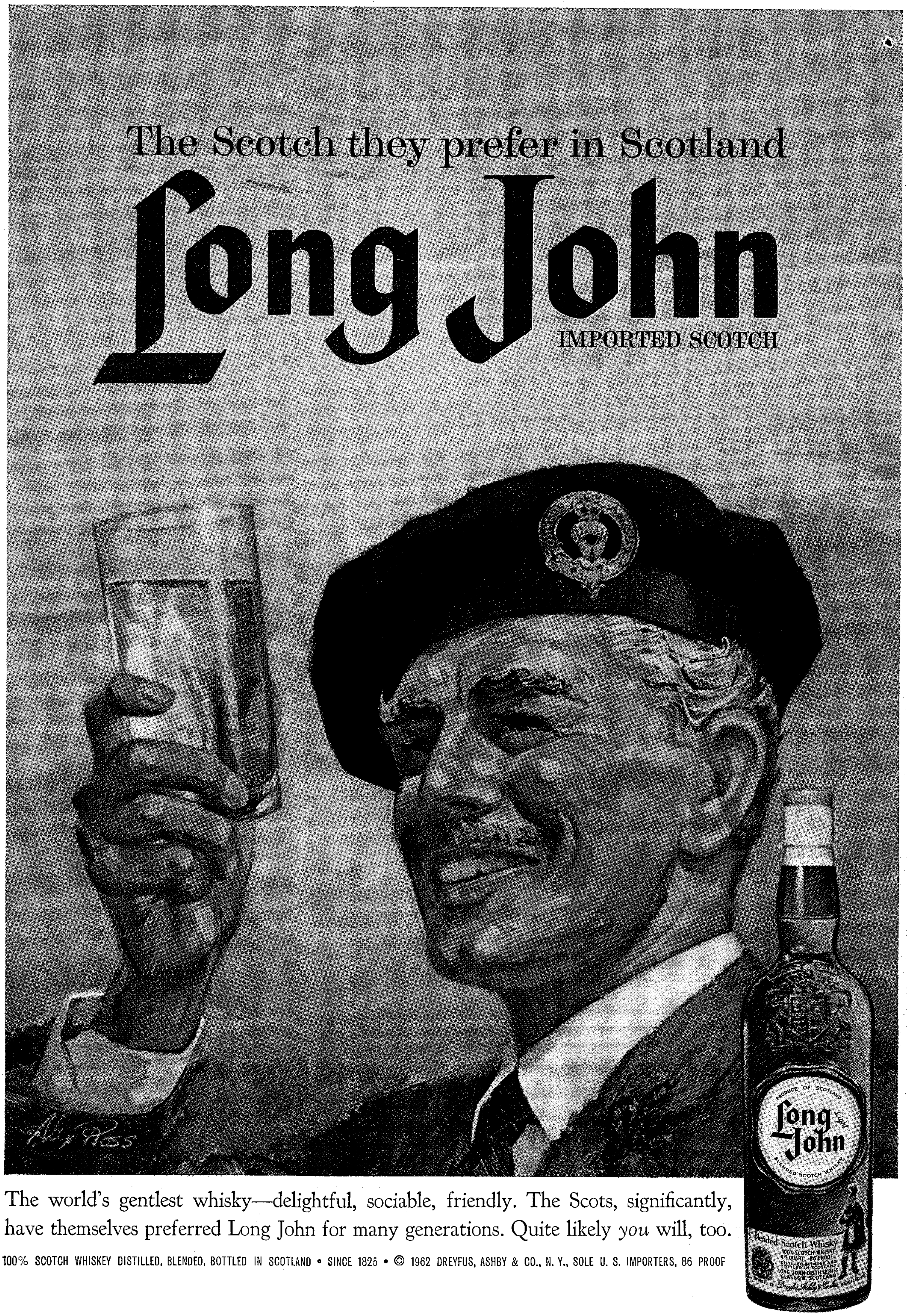
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